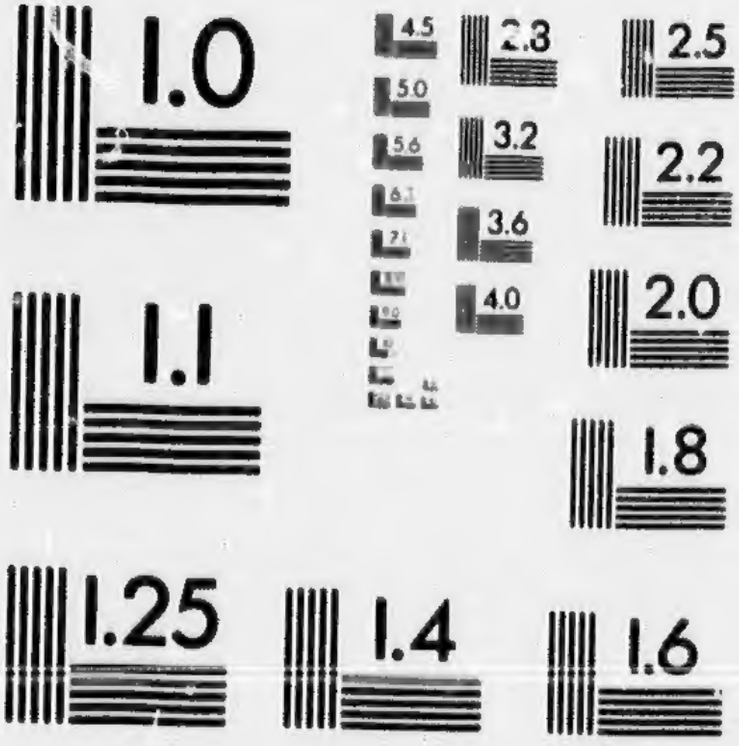
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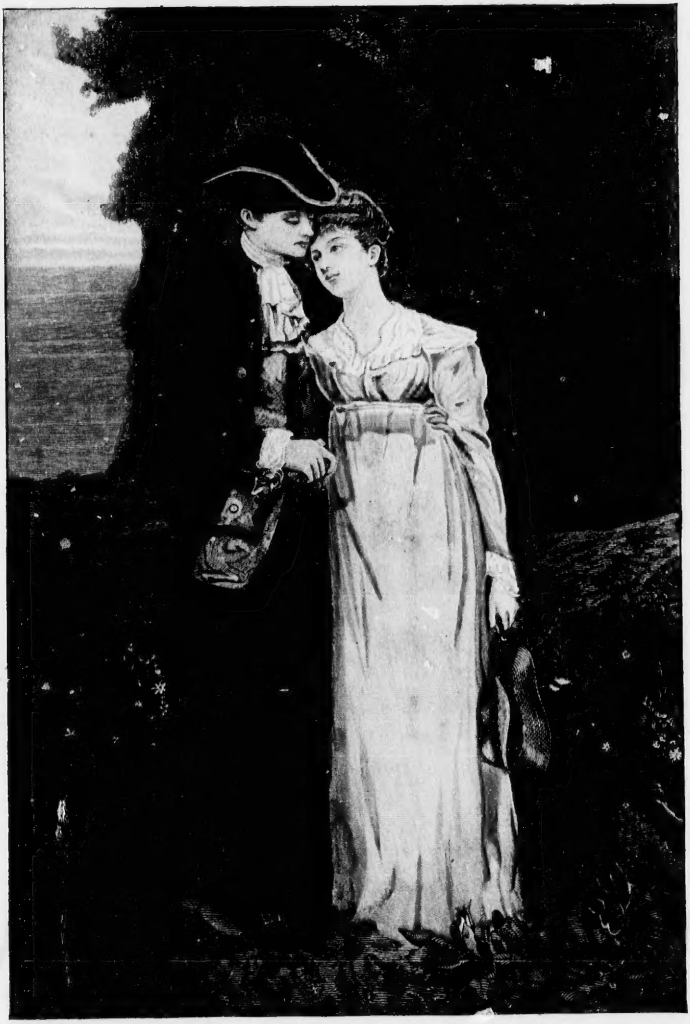
Beautiful Gems

of Thought and Sentiment

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"THE OLD OLD STORY."

Beautiful Gems of Thought and Sentiment



BEFORE THE PIER GLASS.

BEAUTIFUL GEMS

OF

THOUGHT and SENTIMENT

BEING

A VAST TREASURY OF CHOICE PRODUCTIONS IN POETRY, PROSE AND SONG FROM THE LITERATURE AND MUSIC OF ALL AGES,

CONTAINING

CAPTIVATING SONGS OF LOVE AND ROMANCE; NARRATIVES AND LEGENDS; LYRICS OF PATRIOTISM AND ADVENTURE; POEMS OF SENTIMENT, RELIGION, TRAGEDY AND COMEDY; BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTIONS OF SCENES IN NATURE; SONGS FOR THE FIRESIDE, CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH;

FAIRY TALES AND FLORAL GEMS; POPULAR MELODIES; WIT AND HUMOR, MASTERPIECES OF ELOQUENCE, PATHOS, ETC., ETC

COMPILED BY

HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF

"Earth, Sea and Sky," "Crown Jewels," etc., etc.

Embellished with Superb Steel-plate Engravings.

McDERMID & LOGAN.

LONDON, ONTARIO.

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PREFACE.

THIS new and comprehensive work comprises the rarest gems of Poetry, Prose and Song ever given to the world. The richest thoughts of the master minds of all ages, the sweetest songs of immortal bards, the thrilling productions which awaken the deepest emotions of every heart, the brightest jewels kindled by the light of human genius are brought together in this volume.

From Homer and Virgil to Dante; from Dante to Milton and Dryden; from the world-renowned authors of past ages to Tennyson, Thackeray, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, and many others in our own time, no less renowned, the beautiful productions which have charmed the world are culled, comprising a vast treasury of all that is most captivating, most soul-stirring, most pathetic, most sublime, most lofty in thought, glowing in description and eloquent in language.

THE FIRESIDE.—This work is expressly designed to be a companion in the home, a source of entertainment and instruction in the household, and so it is especially adapted to the fireside. The most refining sentiments, the most beautiful descriptions of domestic life, the most elevating thoughts adapted to the rising generation, awaken afresh the joys of home life and create that influence which is the mother of all true character.

SCENES IN NATURE.—Here is a vast and pleasing collection of pen-pictures, poetical genius portraying the beauties of the world and painting in vivid colors the glories of creation.

"Faint and far, in lines of beauty, fancy has unfurled
To the vision all the sunny gardens of the world."

This part of BEAUTIFUL GEMS is a panorama of those brilliant scenes which have always inspired the pen of the poet and charmed the heart of the beholder. Here are elysian fields of delight, mountain crags and peaks robed in solemn grandeur, silvery brooks and turbulent rivers. Each in turn, the seasons bring to the reader their peculiar types of loveliness, and he keeps company with such authors as Thompson, Lowell, Longfellow, Eliza Cook, George Eliot, Wordsworth, Felicia Hemans, and others too numerous to name, but whose fascinating writings are known and admired wherever the English language is spoken.

NARRATIVES IN SONG.—Here is a collection of the most striking lyric narratives ever produced. Tales true to life are gracefully told, vividly drawn with the most delicate touch, and their effect upon the reader is one of charming delight.

LOVE AND ROMANCE.—This part of BEAUTIFUL GEMS is a volume in itself, and needs no word of praise to recommend it to the reader. The theme of love, with its companion, romance, appeals to the inmost heart. Here is the great master passion portrayed in all its tenderness, in all its majesty and power. Here is a treasury of the heart's best emotions expressed in song; poems, the choicest in all literature, varied in their sweet cadences by having a great variety of the most gifted authors, such as Tom Moore, Byron, Goldsmith, and scores of others.

HEROISM AND FREEDOM.—All lovers of the heroic here find their taste fully gratified. Here are songs which have aroused the hearts of nations; here is the bugle peal and the roll of the

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drum; here is the pæan of victory and the sweet melody of peace. Stirring deeds of valor and patriotism are here commemorated; here are jubilant songs of freedom and victory.

BALLADS AND LEGENDS.—Fascinating tales in rhyme, some of them bordering on the weird and fantastic; quaint old legends, with all their beautiful meaning, told in song, enliven the pages of this part of the work. Pleasing ballads charm the ear, recalling descriptions of the bards of ancient times, when the wandering minstrel sang his lays amid scenes of pastoral beauty.

SONGS OF SENTIMENT.—This is an appropriate title for this most beautiful collection of gems. Of all the utterances of gifted and noble minds, those most worthy of preservation are such as pertain to the inner life, the living soul. These have been collected with great care. All that is commonplace has been rejected, and only the golden thoughts have been preserved.

POEMS OF PATHOS.—Productions that touch the heart, awaken all its deepest emotions, turn the eyes to fountains of tears, and thrill the whole inner being, have been born of the most gifted minds, and no one can read them unmoved. In BEAUTIFUL GEMS are found the masterpieces of Tom Moore, Tennyson, Stoddard, Robby Burns, George D. Prentice and many others.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.—A theme sweet and delightful, suggesting the joys of innocence and the charms of early life. Here is rich food for the leisure hour; selections that have unbounded charms alike for young and old enliven the pages of this superb volume.

FAIRY TALES.—Under this title is a select series of enchanting tales of wonderland, the realm where Fancy's own sweet self, Queen Mab, holds reign. In these charming pages every child will find delightful entertainment, combined with instructive moral lessons, stamping themselves indelibly upon the mind, and sowing the seeds of moral beauty in the heart.

POEMS OF RELIGION.—This section of the work comprises priceless gems of religious sentiment that are dear to all hearts. Their peculiar value and attractiveness is beyond all estimate. Many are new, while others are old, and countless precious memories cluster around them. Here such authors are represented as William Faber, Horatius Bonar, Anna Waring, Phillips Brooks, Bryant, etc.

PERSONAL POEMS.—A rare collection of pen-pictures in which the greatest of the world's great men are immortalized, statesmen, patriots, authors, painters, explorers, heroes and others.

SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.—These are the charming melodies that have, by their inherent beauty, pathos, humor and sentiment, survived their day. They find favor with all readers, while many of them are landmarks, denoting the flight of time.

TRAGEDY.—This department embraces a collection of extracts the most thrilling to be found in literature. The great master genius, Shakespeare, here utters some of his loftiest sentiments.

WIT AND SATIRE.—Treasures are drawn from the most celebrated humorists of the world, and the wit of nations and ages is gathered here to interest and entertain those who peruse the pages of BEAUTIFUL GEMS OF THOUGHT AND SENTIMENT. This part of the work is exceedingly varied, rich, and attractive.

MASTERPIECES OF ELOQUENCE.—These are all in prose, and are culled from the most famous orations of the world's greatest orators, past and present. Here the loftiest and most thrilling sentiments are expressed in language the most beautiful and sublime.

MUSIC, VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL.—To further enhance the value of BEAUTIFUL GEMS as a book for the home, a profuse variety of charming musical selections has been added to its contents. These comprise the sweetest and the best of the popular productions, and all lovers of music will find them a source of exquisite pleasure and delight.

CONTENTS OF POETRY.

THE FIRESIDE.

		PAGE
The Holidays	*Eliza Cook*	17
No Ills but What we Make	*Charles Cotton*	17
The Rose-Colored Globe	*William Alexander Stout*	18
Christian Names	*Charles Lamb*	18
The Seven Ages	*William Shakespeare*	18
To a Grandmother	*Bernard Barton*	18
Grandpapa	*Maria Muloch Craik*	18
Footsteps of Angels	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	19
Joys of Home	*John Bowring*	19
Mother, Come Back	*Eliza Cook*	19
The Old Clock on the Stairs	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	20
The Means to Attain Happy Life	*Lord Surrey*	20
Music in the Home	*Alaric A. Watts*	20
The Only Daughter	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	21
Flowers in a Sick-Room	*Felicia Dorothea Hemans*	21
The Island Hunting-Song	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	22
A Cradle	*Nathaniel Parker Willis*	22
My Old Straw Hat	*Eliza Cook*	22
Departed Days	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	23
Annie of Tharaw	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	23
The Old Maid	*Amelia B. Welby*	24
Mother Margery	*George S. Burleigh*	24
Sings of Christmas	*Celia Logan*	25
Waiting by the Gate	*William Cullen Bryant*	25
Time's Cure		26
A Petition to Time	*Bryan Waller Procter*	26
The End of the Play	*William Makepeace Thackeray*	26
Old Dobbin	*Eliza Cook*	27
Under the Mistletoe		28
The Eden of Repose	*Edgar Allen Poe*	28
Love's Home	*Laman Blanchard*	28
Maternal Love	*Marchioness De Spadara*	28
Bridal Ballad	*Edgar Allen Poe*	29
The Fireside	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	29
Let the Cloth be White	*Will Carleton*	29
Woman's Voice	*Edwin Arnold*	30
Delight in Disorder	*Robert Herrick*	30
Birthday Verses	*Nathaniel Parker Willis*	30
Enoch's Return	*Alfred Tennyson*	31
The Bachelor's Dream		32
The Grandfather's Stick	*Eliza Cook*	32
A Mother's Love	*Felicia Dorothea Hemans*	33
Bed-Time	*S. Walter Norris*	33
The Traveller Away From Home	*Oliver Goldsmith*	33
If Our Old Clock Could Speak	*Will Carleton*	37
The Prime of Life	*Walter Learned*	38
My Aunt	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	38
The Moneyless Man	*Henry T. Stanton*	39
Song of the Dying Old Man to his Young Wife	*Eliza Cook*	39
Filial Affection	*Henry Kirke White*	40
Daily Trials	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	40
Dreamin' O'Home		41
The Fisher's Cottage	*Charles G. Leland*	41
To My Mother	*Edgar Allen Poe*	41
Evening	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	42
The Reaper and the Flowers	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	42
The Soldier's Dream	*Thomas Campbell*	42
The Dorchester Giant	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	43
The Quiet Mind	*Robert Greene*	43
The Old Barn	*Eliza Cook*	43
Reflections of a Proud Pedestrian	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	44
The Farmer's House	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	44
The Early Home	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	45
The Welcome Back	*Eliza Cook*	45
For Annie	*Edgar Allen Poe*	45
The Hair-Pin	*J. B. Alden*	46
A Grandsire's Dream		47
The Bucket	*Samuel Woodworth*	47

SCENES IN NATURE.

Evening on the River	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	48
The Early Spring	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	48
The Wind in a Frolic	*William Howitt*	48
The First Robin	*Maria Upham Drake*	49
The Rhodora	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	49
The Violet	*William Wetmore Story*	49
Dawn	*Nathaniel Parker Willis*	49
In Winter Twilight	*James Buckham*	50
Rain on the Roof	*Coates Kinney*	50
Morning Pleasures	*James Thomson*	50
The Black Canon		51
The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill	*Sir Walter Scott*	51
Birds in Summer	*Mary Howitt*	51
To a Nightingale	*William Drummond*	52
Ode to the Cuckoo	*John Logan*	52
To Primroses Filled with Morning Dew	*Robert Herrick*	52
A Drop of Dew	*Andrew Marvell*	52
When Day Meets Night	*Charles W. Coleman, Jr.*	53
The Willow	*John Keble*	53
An Early Primrose	*Henry Kirke White*	53

		PAGE
Twilight	*Herman Merivale*	53
The Foliced Leaf	*Alfred Tennyson*	54
Loch Katrine	*Sir Walter Scott*	54
Autumn Leaves	*George Cooper*	54
Storm at Night	*Lord Byron*	54
To Daffodils	*Robert Herrick*	55
The Grove	*Abraham Cowley*	55
Night in New Orleans	*Mary Ashley Townsend*	55
Song to the Violet	*James Russell Lowell*	55
The Evening Star	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	56
April	*Nathaniel Parker Willis*	56
At the Brookside	*Julian Shallcross*	56
The Rainy Day	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	57
The Child on the Beach	*Hannah Flagg Gould*	57
The Hunter's Song		57
It is not Always May	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	58
The Life-Boat	*Thomas Moore*	58
Moonlight on the Hudson	*Charles Fenno Hoffman*	58
Song of the Hempseed	*Eliza Cook*	59
To the Humble-Bee	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	60
The Spanish Herdsman	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	61
To the Evening Star	*Thomas Campbell*	61
Evening in the Alps	*James Montgomery*	61
The Dove	*Nathaniel Parker Willis*	62
The Lion and Giraffe	*Thomas Pringle*	62
Mysterious Music of Ocean	*F. S. Eckard*	63
Lake Erie	*Ephraim Peabody*	63
The Birth of Thunder	*W. J. Snelling*	63
The Angler	*John Chalkhill*	64
The Angler's Trysting-Tree	*Thomas Tod Stoddart*	64
Afar in the Desert	*Thomas Pringle*	65
The Song of the Prairie	*I. K. Mitchell*	66
To the Magnolia	*Thomas Ward*	66
To the Fire-Fly	*Thomas Moore*	66
The Farmer's Herds	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	66
The Green Linnet	*William Wordsworth*	67
The Ivy	*Henry Burton*	67
Woodland Streams	*Frances Brown*	68
The Rain	*Laura A. Boies*	68
The Wayside Spring	*Thomas Buchanan Read*	68
Fair Weather and Foul		68
Passing the Icebergs	*Thomas Buchanan Read*	69
Apostrophe to the Ocean	*Lord Byron*	69
Song of the Sea-Weed	*Eliza Cook*	70
The Decaying Year	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	72
Morning in London	*William Wordsworth*	72
Northern Lights	*Guy Humphrey M' Master*	72
A Farewell	*Alfred Tennyson*	73
Oh! Arranmore, Loved Arranmore	*Thomas Moore*	73
With Husky Haughty Lips, O Sea	*Walt Whitman*	73
Æolian Harp	*William Allingham*	74

		PAGE
The Pleasure Boat	*Richard Henry Dana*	74
Windless Rain	*Paul Hamilton Hayne*	74
The Useful Plough		75
Trout Fishing	*James Thomson*	75
Deserted	*Richard Kendall Munkittrick*	75
The Grasshopper and Cricket	*Leigh Hunt*	75
The Voice of the Grass	*Sarah Roberts*	76
Sunrise on the Hills	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	76
The Early Bluebird	*Lydia Huntley Sigourney*	76
Gayety of Nature	*Mary Russell Mitford*	77
A Soothing Song	*Hartley Coleridge*	77
The Tiger	*William Blake*	77
Sonnet on Night	*Joseph Blanco White*	77
Sunset	*Alexander Smith*	78
Summer Night-Fall	*Robert Lowell*	78
Morning	*William Shakespeare*	78
To Me the World's an Open Book	*George Perkins Morris*	78
Night at Sea	*Letitia Landon Maclean*	78
The Gray Nun	*Virginia B. Harrison*	79
The Dying Swan	*Alfred Tennyson*	79
Night	*Edward Young*	79
What is Solitude?	*Charles Fenno Hoffman*	79
To a Shower	*James William Miller*	80
The Question	*Percy Bysshe Shelley*	80
The Owl	*Alfred Tennyson*	81
On the Billows	*Thomas Moore*	81
Arbutus	*Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.)*	81
To the Driving Cloud	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	82
The Language of Flowers	*James Gates Percival*	82
Sensitive Plant	*Percy Bysshe Shelley*	83
Lilies of the Field	*John Keble*	84
Song of the Rose	*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*	84
The Ice Mountain	*J. C. Rockwell*	84
The Cricket	*William Cowper*	84
The Departure of the Swallow	*William Howitt*	85
A Doubting Heart	*Adelaide Anne Procter*	85
To a Mosquito	*Edward Sanford*	85
A Girl Leading Her Blind Mother Through the Wood	*Nathaniel Parker Willis*	86
Hymn to the Night	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	86
A Wave	*J. C. Rockwell*	86
Whither?	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	87
Summer Evening	*Amelia B. Welby*	87
Rain in Summer	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	87
Spring is Coming	*James Nack*	88
Afternoon in February	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	88
Autumn		89
The Seasons	*Percy Bysshe Shelley*	89
An April Day	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	89
Ode to the North-East Wind	*Charles Kingsley*	90
Spring	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	90
The Cloud-Ship	*Sophia Helen Oliver*	90
Autumn	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	91
Early Spring	*W. Edmondstoune Aytoun*	91

	Page
Indian Summer . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	91
To the Moon . . . *W. Edmondstoune Aytoun*	92
The End of the Drouth	92
The Swiss Alp . . *W. Edmondstoune Aytoun*	93
To the Rainbow . . . . . *Thomas Campbell*	93
Ossian's Address to the Sun . *James Macpherson*	93
The Merry Heart . . . *Mary Russell Mitford*	94
The Frost . . . . . *Hannah Flagg Gould*	94
Falling Snow . . . . *Alfred Perceval Graves*	94
Autumn's Sighing . *Thomas Buchanan Read*	94
October . . . . . *Alexander M'Lachlan*	95
Autumn-Time . . *Laura Rogers M'Carthy*	95
Call Us Not Weeds	95

NARRATIVES IN SONG.

The Dog of the Alps . . . . . *Eliza Cook*	96
Robin Hood and Allen-A-Dale	96
The Sparrow at Sea . . *Elizabeth Akers Allen*	97
The Erl-King . . . . . *Theodore Martin*	98
The Great West . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	98
Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore *Thomas Moore*	99
Dorothy . . . . . *Emily A. Braddock*	99
The Black Knight *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	99
The Fisher . . . . . *Theodore Martin*	100
The City on the Sea . . . *Edgar Allen Poe*	100
The Steamboat . . . *Oliver Wendell Holmes*	101
The Spanish Maid . . . . *Washington Allston*	101
Old Ironsides . . . . *Oliver Wendell Holmes*	102
The Lady Saint . . *D. Brainerd Williamson*	102
The Indian's Bride . . *Edward Coate Pinkney*	103
The Haunted Palace . . . *Edgar Allen Poe*	104
Rodney's Ride . . . . *Elbridge S. Brooks*	104
The Belfry of Bruges *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	105
Rory O'More . . . . . *Eliza Cook*	106
The Shepherd and the Dog *William Wordsworth*	107
Teddy O'Neale . . . . . *Eliza Cook*	108
Norwegian Love-Song . . . . *James Walker*	108
The Spider and the Fly	108
The Troubadour . . . *Letitia Landon Maclean*	109
Scene from Marmion . . . *Sir Walter Scott*	109
The Cavalier's Choice *W. Edmondstoune Aytoun*	110
The Skeleton in Armor *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	110
Helvellyn . . . . . *Sir Walter Scott*	112
The Glove . . . . . *Lord Lytton*	112
A Quaint Old City *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	113
A Night Ride on the Engine . . *Emma Shaw*	114
The Chameleon . . . . . *James Merrick*	114
The Massacre of Pentucket *John Greenleaf Whittier*	115
Valkyriur Song . . *Felicia Dorothea Hemans*	116
The Pilgrim's Vision . *Oliver Wendell Holmes*	117
Daniel Periton's Ride . . . *Albion W. Tourgee*	118
The Engine Driver's Story . . . *W. Wilkins*	119
Bernardo Del Carnio . *Felicia Dorothea Hemans*	120
The Fire . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	121
The Suliote Mother . *Felicia Dorothea Hemans*	122
The Captives Freed . . *Walter S. Keplinger*	122
Burial of the Minnisink *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	123
The Bull-Fight of Gazul . *John Gibson Lockhart*	123
The Destruction of Sennacherib . . *Lord Byron*	125
The Fireman's Wedding . . . *W. A. Eaton*	125
The Norman Baron *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	126
A Monarch's Death-Bed	127
The Merrimack . . . *John Greenleaf Whittier*	127
The Weather in Verse . . . *Vandyke Brown*	127
The Bridge-Keeper's Story . . . *W. A. Eaton*	128
Abner's Second Wife . . . . *P. C. Fossett*	129
Kit Carson's Ride . . . . . *Joaquin Miller*	129
Kate Ketchem . . . . . *Phœbe Cary*	131
Old Times and New . . . . . *A. C. Spooner*	132
The Fire Fiend . . . . . *C. D. Gardette*	133
A Legend of Bregenz . *Adelaide Anne Procter*	134
The Miser . . . . . *George W. Cutter*	136
The Soldier's Pardon . . . . *James Smith*	137
The King of Denmark's Ride *Caroline E. Norton*	137
The Cave of Silver. . . . *Fitz-James O'Brien*	138
Gertrude . . . . *Felicia Dorothea Hemans*	138
The Outcast . . . *Nathaniel Parker Willis*	139
The Death of Leonidas . . . . *George Croly*	139
The Castle on the Mountain *Theodore Martin*	140
The Jolly Old Pedagogue . . *George Arnold*	141
The Drunkard's Dream . . *Charles W. Denison*	141
I Cannot Turn the Key and My Beirn Outside	142
The Whitby Smack	142
The Wandering Jew	143
His Mother's Cooking . . . *Lizzie M. Hadley*	143

LOVE AND ROMANCE.

The Light of Stars *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	144
A Lover's Speech . . . . . *Thomas Moore*	144
To One in Paradise . . . . *Edgar Allen Poe*	144
How Few that Love Us *Oliver Wendell Holmes*	145
She Walks in Beauty . . . . . *Lord Byron*	145
She Was a Phantom of Delight *William Wordsworth*	145
Oh! Breathe Not His Name . . *Thomas Moore*	145
To the Queen of My Heart *Percy Bysshe Shelley*	145
The Love I Bear . . . *William Cullen Bryant*	146
The Ballad of Oriany . . . *Alfred Tennyson*	146
A Summer Girl . . . *Samuel Minturn Peck*	147
Epitaph . . . . . *Ben Jonson*	147
Tell Thy Love Now . . . . *Bessie Q. Jordan*	147
Trust	148
They Know Not My Heart . *Thomas Moore*	148
Catharina . . . . . *William Cowper*	148
The Bird's Release . . *Felicia Dorothea Hemans*	148
Female Friendship . . . *William Shakespeare*	149
Love Tales . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	149
Questions and Replies . . . . *Charles Mackay*	150

CONTENTS OF POETRY.

	Page
How Have I Thought of Thee — *Emma C. Embury*	150
To Lady Irwin — *Mary Wortley Montague*	150
Under the Milk-White Thorn — *Robert Burns*	151
When He Who Adores Thee — *Thomas Moore*	151
True Love Never Runs Smooth — *William Shakespeare*	151
Come Into the Garden, Maud — *Alfred Tennyson*	151
A Prudent Choice	152
My Heart is Beating — *Alexander Smith*	152
Concealed Love — *William Shakespeare*	152
A Lady	152
The First	152
The Flower's Name — *Frances Brown*	152
What is Love? — *Robert Browning*	153
The Last Separation — *John Dryden*	153
As Pants the Sea — *Lord Lytton*	154
Rosaline — *J. Stanyan Bigg*	154
Fairest of Creation — *James Russell Lowell*	154
Echo — *Oliver Wendell Holmes*	156
Constancy — *Thomas Moore*	156
The Cane-Bottomed Chair — *D. M. Moir*	156
Captivated	156
Beware — *James Russell Lowell*	157
A Lady Asleep — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	157
Come, Rest in This Bosom — *Samuel Rogers*	157
Death of Gabriel — *Thomas Moore*	157
'Tis Summer all the Year — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	158
Enraptured — *M. A. Maitland*	159
Love in Adversity — *William Shakespeare*	159
Her Voice — *Lord Byron*	159
Waking Song — *Mel. R. Colquitt*	160
When Thou Wert Nigh — *George Darley*	160
Then Fare Thee Well — *Eliza Cook*	160
The Maid's Lament — *Thomas Moore*	160
Waiting — *Walter Savage Landor*	161
A Dream — *James Thomson*	161
To a Lady — *Alexander Smith*	161
"No, Thank You, John" — *George Denison Prentice*	161
She Loves Him Yet — *Christina G. Rossetti*	161
Love Me Still — *Frances S. Osgood*	162
A Weary Lot — *Emma C. Embury*	162
Ill Omens — *Sir Walter Scott*	162
From the Rape of the Lock — *Thomas Moore*	162
Adieu — *Alexander Pope*	163
The Two Pilots — *Thomas Carlyle*	163
The Hebrew Wedding	163
The Heart in a Snare — *Henry Hart Milman*	164
By the River — *Oliver Wendell Holmes*	164
Faithful and Constant — *Joaquin Miller*	164
Hester — *William Shakespeare*	164
Little Golden-Hair's Story — *Charles Lamb*	164
We'll Be True to Each Other — *Gerda Fay*	165
The Faithful Wife — *Eliza Cook*	165
The Entrancing Miss O'Dowd	166
Sweeter Than Truth — *Philip James Baily*	166
The Language of the Eyes — *Lord Lytton*	166
Let Us Love One Another — *Charles Swain*	167
Loved Once — *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*	167
The Tender Passion — *Frances Kemble Butler*	168
Thou Art Fair — *William Motherwell*	168
At the Sign of the Blind Cupid — *Walter Learned*	168
The Dearest — *John Sterling*	168
Platonic — *William B. Terrett*	169
Last Love — *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*	169
What the Bee is to the Floweret — *Thomas Moore*	170
To Meet Again	170
The Loved and Lost — *Charles Wolfe*	170
Lines to an Indian Air — *Percy Bysshe Shelley*	170
She is Far From the Land — *Thomas Moore*	170
Summer Hearts — *James Russell Lowell*	171
Painful Yet Sweet — *Henry Kirke White*	171
Love's Attraction — *David Garrick*	171
Forget Me Not	171
To a Fair Young Friend — *Thomas Campbell*	171
A Flirtation — *Henry Davenport*	172
Too Late — *Alexander Smith*	172
The Heart's Devotion — *Alfred Tennyson*	172
Caroline — *Thomas Campbell*	175
To Mary — *Lord Byron*	175
Fair Inez — *Thomas Hood*	175
Endymion — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	176
To a Lady	176
To a Face Beloved — *Nathaniel Parker Willis*	176
Love Omnipresent — *Nathaniel Parker Willis*	177
They May Rail at This Life — *Thomas Moore*	177
Maidenhood — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	177
Love's Seasons — *Amelia Rives Chanler*	178
A Fairy Bank — *William Shakespeare*	178
The Flower of Dumblane — *Robert Tannahill*	178
In a Quandary — *Bryan Waller Procter*	178
Fancy Free — *William Shakespeare*	179
A Valentine — *Edgar Allen Poe*	179
Ah, How Sweet — *John Dryden*	179
The Lover Up a Tree	180
The Parting Word — *Oliver Wendell Holmes*	180
Love's Comparison — *Frances Sargent Osgood*	181
A Happy Face — *Lord Byron*	181
The Bloom Hath Fled Thy Cheek, Mary — *William Motherwell*	181
Leoline — *Robert Bulwer Lytton (Owen Meredith)*	182
Adam's Description of Eve — *John Milton*	182
Highland Mary — *Robert Burns*	182
Fair, Sweet, and Young — *John Dryden*	183
To the Nightingale — *John Milton*	183
I Die, Dear Life — *William Drummond*	183
The Despairing Lover — *William Walsh*	183
I Love My Love Because He Loves Me — *Bryan Waller Procter*	184
The Song Again — *Thomas Kibble Hervey*	184
A Maiden — *Charles Swain*	184
Cherry Ripe — *Robert Herrick*	184
Unless I Change My Mind	184
The Chieftain's Daughter — *George Perkins Morris*	185
Fairest of the Rural Maids — *William Cullen Bryant*	185
Mary Will Smile — *William Clifford*	185
The Force of Love — *Abraham Cowley*	185
Near the Lake — *George Perkins Morris*	186

	Page
We Parted in Sadness — *Charles Fenno Hoffman*	186
The Maiden's Sorrow — *William Cullen Bryant*	186
To Elmira — *William Leggett*	187
Your Heart is a Music Box — *Frances Sargent Osgood*	187
Where Hudson's Wave — *George Perkins Morris*	187
'Tis Said that Absence Conquers Love — *Frederick W. Thomas*	187
The Green Isle of Lovers — *Robert C. Sands*	188
The Pastor's Daughter — *George Perkins Morris*	188
Lost Feelings — *James Montgomery*	188
I Love Him — *Bryan Waller Procter*	188
When Other Friends are Round Thee — *George Perkins Morris*	189
The Conflict is Over — *Charles Fenno Hoffman*	189
Give Me the Boon of Love — *Henry Theodore Tuckerman*	189
Believe Me, if All those Endearing Young Charms — *Thomas Moore*	189
Proposal — *Bayard Taylor*	189
Bright, O Bright Fedalma — *Marian Evans Cross (George Eliot)*	189
A Glimpse of Love — *Thomas Buchanan Read*	190
Why Not — *Richard Henry Stoddard*	190
The Doorstep — *Edmund Clarence Stedman*	190
The Bridge of Snow	190
Said a Smile to a Tear — *Randolph Kenney*	191
The Mad Lover — *Alexander Brome*	191
Through the Meadow — *William D. Howells*	191
Serenade — *Thomas Hood*	191
Lovely Tyrant — *Abraham Cowley*	191
Praise of Little Women	192
I Die for Thy Sweet Love	193
Look Out Upon the Stars — *Edward Coate Pinkney*	193
An Irish Melody — *Denis Florence M'Carthy*	[illegible]
Lovely Mary Donnelly — *William Allingham*	194
At the Church Gate — *William Makepeace Thackeray*	194
Dear Betty — *Charles Hanbury Williams*	195
The Girl of Cadiz — *Lord Byron*	195
The Spinning-Wheel Song — *John Francis Waller*	195
The Milk-Maid's Song — *Christopher Marlowe*	196
The Milk-Maid's Mother's Answer — *Sir Walter Raleigh*	196
The Old Story	196
Woman's Smile — *Thomas Campbell*	197
My Love — *James Russell Lowell*	197
Loud and Chill was the Blast — *T. L. Peacock*	197
Widow Machree — *Samuel Lover*	198
The Dove's in the Bough — *Douglas Jerrold*	198
The Poet's Wife — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	198
The Power of Love — *William Shakespeare*	198
A Cobbler There Was	199
On the Banks of Allan-Water — *Matthew Gregory Lewis*	199
Love's Philosophy — *Percy Bysshe Shelley*	199
When Polly Goes By	199
Dried Be that Tear — *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*	200
The Mystic Thread of Life — *Lord Byron*	200
The Dilemma — *Oliver Wendell Holmes*	200
The Tale is Old	201
The Widow's Wooer — *Emma C. Embury*	201
The Hemlock Tree — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	201
Love Makes a Change — *Miles Copley*	201
Lines By a Clerk — *Oliver Wendell Holmes*	202
Our Yankee Girls — *Oliver Wendell Holmes*	202
Queen Mary — *Henry Stuart Darnley*	202
Why are You Wandering Here? — *James Kenney*	202
Oh, Saw Ye the Lass?	203
The Scented Vase — *Thomas Moore*	203
The Gold-Hunter — *Joaquin Miller*	203
Till Death — *Elizabeth Akers Allen*	203
Like a Tale of Olden Time — *Gerald Massey*	204
Love-Letters — *Rowland Brown*	204
When Stars are in the Quiet Skies — *Lord Lytton*	204
Serenade — *Sir Walter Scott*	205
My Letter	205
A Lady Stung by a Bee	205
Kitty Maclure — *Samuel Lover*	205
Love's Sweet Memories — *Sarah J. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood)*	206
Woman's Fidelity — *Bryan Waller Procter*	206
Love and Death — *Felicia Dorothea Hemans*	206
Terence's Farewell — *Helen Sheridan Dufferin*	207
My Own Shall Come	207
My Mother Dear — *Samuel Lover*	207
The Going of My Bride	208
Mother, He's Going Away — *Samuel Lover*	208
A Spring Love-Song — *Elizabeth Akers Allen*	208
Watching — *Alice Cary*	208
Nina to Rienzi — *Anna H. Phillips*	209
The Lovers — *Phœbe Cary*	209
Love and Fame — *Anna H. Phillips*	210
Love Rules — *Sir Walter Scott*	211
Oh! Had We Some Bright Little Isle of Our Own — *Thomas Moore*	211
I'm not Myself at all — *Samuel Lover*	211
The Song of the Camp — *Bayard Taylor*	211
My Eyes! How I Love You — *John Godfrey Saxe*	212
The Burial — *Elizabeth C. Ellet*	212

HEROISM AND FREEDOM.

	Page
America — *Samuel F. Smith*	213
Prince Eugene — *John Hughes*	213
My Native Isle — *Thomas Moore*	213
Woman on the Field of Battle — *Felicia Dorothea Hemans*	214
Mad Anthony's Charge — *Alexander N. Easton*	214
A Pair of Gloves	216
An Ode in Imitation of Alcæus — *Sir William Jones*	216
The Death of Nelson — *S. J. Arnold*	216
Revolutionary Heroes — *Oliver Wendell Holmes*	217
The Silent Brave — *William Collins*	217
Back from the War — *Lewis Morris*	217
The Banner of Murat — *Prosper M. Wetmore*	217

CONTENTS OF POETRY.

PAGE

Eliza at the Battle of Minden — *Erasmus Darwin* 218
The Arsenal at Springfield — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 218
The Spartan's March — *Felicia Dorothea Hemans* 219
The Chevalier's Lament — *Robert Burns* 219
Concord Hymn — *Ralph Waldo Emerson* 219
On the Shores of Tennessee — *Ethel Lynn Beers* 220
Adams and Liberty — *Robert Treat Paine, Jr.* 220
Reveille — *Michael O'Connor* 221
The Conquered Banner — *Abram J. Ryan* 222
Grecian Liberty — *Lord Byron* 222
The Young American — *Alexander Hill Everett* 223
God Save the King — *Henry Carey* 223
For Country's Sake — *Thomas Moore* 223
Tell Among the Mountains — *James Sheridan Knowles* 223
Battle of Lookout Mountain — *George Henry Boker* 224
The Banner of the Sea — *Homer Green* 225
A Forced Recruit of Solferino — *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* 225
The Fourth of July — *Charles Sprague* 226
Come O'er the Sea, Maiden — *Thomas Moore* 226
The Vow of Washington — *John Greenleaf Whittier* 226
America to Great Britain — *Washington Allston* 227
Though the last Glimpse of Erin with Sorrow I See — *Thomas Moore* 227
The Gladiators — *J. A. Jones* 228
Hallowed Ground — *Thomas Campbell* 228
The Old Continentals — *Guy Humphrey M'Master* 229
Song of the Greeks — *Thomas Campbell* 230
Joe — *Alice Robbins* 230
Saxon Grit — *Robert Collyer* 231
The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls — *Thomas Moore* 232
Our Natal Day — *Will Carleton* 233
You Put no Flowers on My Papa's Grave — *C. E. L. Holmes* 233
King Christian — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 233
The Taxed Tea 234
The Blasted Herb 234
Liberty's Call 235
To the Ladies 235
Collinet and Phebe 236
Independence—1776 236
Battle of Trenton 236
Sir Henry Clinton's Invitation to the Refugees — *Philip Freneau* 237
Our Women 237
The Song of the Forge 238
Wounded — *William E. Miller* 238
Sublime was the Warning — *Thomas Moore* 239
Give us Men — *Josiah Gilbert Holland* 239
The Home of Freedom — *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 239
Ensign Epps — *John Boyle O'Reilly* 240
The Battle of Fontenoy — *Thomas Davis* 241
The Sea Fight 241
Song of Marion's Men — *William Cullen Bryant* 242

PAGE

Indian Heroism — *Anne Hunter* 243
Indian Death Song — *N. L. Frothingham* 244
Lochiel's Warning — *Thomas Campbell* 244
The Cameronian's Dream — *James Hyslop* 245
The Covenanter's Battle Chant — *William Motherwell* 245
Marco Bozzaris — *Fitz-Greene Halleck* 246

SONGS OF SENTIMENT.

Clear the Way — *Charles Mackay* 247
An Arab Saying 247
Room Enough for All 247
The Messenger-Bird — *Felicia Dorothea Hemans* 247
The Hand that Rocks the Cradle is the Hand that Rocks the World — *William Ross Wallace* 248
Cheerful View of Life 248
Who is My Neighbor? 248
A Man's a Man for a' that — *C. E. Briggs* 248
The World — *Robert Burns* 248
The Reaper — *Ella Wheeler Wilcox* 249
The Day is Done — *William Wordsworth* 249
Only a Word — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 249
The Sphinx 250
Seaweed — *Ralph Waldo Emerson* 250
Take Back the Virgin Page — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 251
Cleon and I — *Thomas Moore* 252
Death the Leveller — *Charles Mackay* 252
Unrecognized — *James Shirley* 252
Life — *Clara J. Denton* 253
Old Farmer Grudge — *Bryan Waller Procter* 253
Hymn of the City — *William Cullen Bryant* 253
Solace Toward the Sea — *Algernon Charles Swinburne* 254
Together — *Hunter Macculloch* 254
Limits of Humanity — *Theodore Martin* 254
The Fountain — *William Wordsworth* 255
The Weaver — *Mary Clark Huntington* 255
The Crowded Street — *William Cullen Bryant* 256
Not on the Battle Field — *John Pierpont* 256
Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition — *Horace Smith* 257
Little and Great — *Charles Mackay* 258
I Wonder — *Helen A. Manville* 258
Weep no More — *John Fletcher* 259
After the Ball — *Nora Perry* 259
How Easy it Is 259
We Move On 260
My Ship — *Elizabeth Akers Allen* 260
The Dream — *Lord Byron* 260
What 262
The River to the Night — *Alvah Lillie Fristie* 263
Fidelity — *Lola Marshall Dean* 263
Retrospection — *Amy Seville Wolff* 263
Never Trouble Trouble 264
The One Gray Hair — *Walter Savage Landor* 264
The Two Locks of Hair — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 264
The Lava Flow — *Charles F. Lummis* 264

	PAGE
The Statue Over the Cathedral Door *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	265
The Spirit of Beauty . . . . *Rufus Davies*	265
Only . . . . . *Jessie Gordon*	265
To a Pair of Slippers in the Egyptian Exhibition, London . . . . . *Edwin Arnold*	265
The Two Mysteries . . . *Mary Mapes Dodge*	266
Preferences and Treasures . . *Charles Mackay*	267
The Common Lot . . . *James Montgomery*	267
Demeter and Persephone . . *Alfred Tennyson*	267
Some Day . . . . . *James Whitcomb Riley*	268
At the Mid Hour of Night . . *Mary A. Ford*	269
A Wife . . . . . *William Allingham*	269
Ashes . . . . . *William Winter*	269
One Day at a Time *Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.)*	269
Is Life Worth Living? . . . . *Alfred Austin*	270
A Beautiful Thought . *Hannah More Kohaus*	270
The Bird and the Ship *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	271
The Best We Can . . . . *Eben E. Rexford*	271
The Silver Lining	271
Sailor's Song . . . . . *Alice Cary*	272
The Sailor Boy's Sister . . . *Francis Lucas*	272
Genius	272
Those We've Left Behind Us . *Thomas Moore*	273
An Act of Kindness . *Thomas Noon Talfourd*	273
Never Put Off	273
The Sleeper . . . . . *Edgar Allen Poe*	273
The Occultation of Orion *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	274
The Old Wife . . . . . *Theron Brown*	274
The World's Age . . . . *Charles Kingsley*	275
Uncaring . . . . . *Cora Irene Shaw*	275
The Joy of Incompleteness	275
The Beautiful . . . . . *E. H. Burrington*	276
The Stove in the Village Store	276
Uncrowned Kings . . . . . *Berkeley Aiken*	277
To a Bereaved Mother . . *John Quincy Adams*	277
How! . . . . . *John Boyle O'Reilly*	277
Things That Do Not Die	277
Epicurus and the Sphinx . . . *Charles Mackay*	278
Eulalie . . . . . *Edgar Allen Poe*	278
Why Should We Quarrel for Riches	279
Song of the Bell *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	279
Be of Good Cheer . . . . *Eben E. Rexford*	279
The Tired Wife . . . . . *Josephine Pollard*	279
Perfection	280
The Two Maidens . . . *Sarah Josepha Hale*	280
A Dream Within a Dream . *Edgar Allen Poe*	280
A Woman's Song . . . . . *Clement Scott*	280
The Arrow and the Song *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	281
In the Shadows . . . . . *Pauline Johnson*	281
Only a Smile	281
Oh, Gently Touch the Chords *Felicia Dorothea Hemans*	282
Life . . . . . *Charlotte Brontë*	282
A Woman's Question *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*	282
Breast Forward . . . . . *Robert Browning*	283
Watching . . . . . *Emily C. Judson*	283
Watchwords . . . . . *Arthur Cleveland Coxe*	283
The Laborer . . . . . *William D. Gallagher*	284
Alabama	284
Crabbed Age and Youth . *William Shakespeare*	284
A Farewell . . . . . *Charles Kingsley*	285
Dying in Harness . . . *John Boyle O'Reilly*	285
A Bird Lesson . . . *Amanda Shaw Elseffer*	285
The Vikings' Graves	285
Gold	286
What is Good . . . . *John Boyle O'Reilly*	286
Haste Not, Rest Not *Christopher Christian Cox*	286
The Water-Drinker . . . . *Edward Johnson*	286
The Philosopher's Scales . . . . *Jane Taylor*	287
In the Down-Hill of Life . . . *John Collins*	287
Drink and Away . . . . . *William Croswell*	288
Tommy's Dead . . . . . *Sidney Dobell*	288
From the Cottage to the Castle *Thomas Moore*	289
Eldorado . . . . . *Edgar Allen Poe*	289
Beautiful World . . . *John Stuart Blackie*	290
Midnight Mass For the Dying Year *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	290

BALLADS AND LEGENDS.

The Drum . . . . . *Douglas Jerrold*	291
The Beleaguered City *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	291
The Captain's Well . *John Greenleaf Whittier*	292
One Word	293
A Mother's Daring . . . . *John F. Nicholls*	294
The Lamentation for Celin *John Gibson Lockhart*	294
Three Loves . . . . *Lucy Hamilton Hooper*	295
The Sea-Bird's Song . *John Gardiner Brainard*	295
Beth-Gelert; or, the Grave of the Greyhound *William Robert Spencer*	295
God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop *Robert Southey*	296
Nathan Hale	297
Exile of Erin . . . . . *Thomas Campbell*	298
The Dream of Eugene Aram . . *Thomas Hood*	298
The Virgin Mary's Bank *Jeremiah Joseph Callanan*	300
Elsie's Child . . . . . *Julia C. R. Dorr*	301
The Fate of John Burgoyne	303
A Fable	303
Affair of Honor	304
Siege of Savannah	304
The Present Age	305
Farewell to Thee, Araby's Daughter *Thomas Moore*	306
Abigail Becker . . . . . *Amanda T. Jones*	306
Oh! the Pleasant Days of Old *Frances Browne*	308
Rosabelle . . . . . *Sir Walter Scott*	309
The Watcher . . . . . *Sarah Josepha Hale*	309
Captain Paton's Lament *John Gibson Lockhart*	310
The Miser and Thief . . . . . *E. T. Fay*	311

	Page
Horatius . . . . . *Lord Macaulay*	311
The Lake of the Dismal Swamp *Thomas Moore*	314
Oh, Where, Tell Me Where? . . *Annie Grant*	314
"The Uncle" . . . . . *H. G. Bell*	315
The Last Buccaneer . . . . *Charles Kingsley*	316
Crippled For Life . . . . *John F. Nicholls*	317
The Outlaw . . . . . *M. Henderson*	318
The Legend of Kalooka . . . *J. Edgar Jones*	319
The Horse . . . . . *Eliza Cook*	320
Sir Marmaduke . . *George Colman the Younger*	320
Alone by the Bay . *Louise Chandler Moulton*	320
The Sexton . . . . . *Eliza Cook*	321
The Fisher's Widow	321
Decoration Day *Thomas Wentworth Higginson*	321
After "Taps" . . . *Horace Binney Sargent*	322
The Gift of Empty Hands *Sarah M. B. Piatt*	322
The Burial of the Dane *Henry Howard Brownell*	323
The Ballad of Constance . . . *William Winter*	323
The Old Canoe . . . . . *Emily R. Page*	324
My Castle in Spain . . . . . *John Hay*	324
Down the Track . . . . . *Rosa H. Thorpe*	325
Orgia . . . . . *William Winter*	325
When I Went Fishing With Dad *Mary E. Vandyne*	326
John and the Squire	327

POEMS OF PATHOS.

The Factory Boy . . *Zadel Barnes Gustafson*	328
The Ship at Sea	328
The Child Musician . . . . *Austin Dobson*	328
The Soldier's Tear . . *Thomas Haynes Bayly*	328
If . . . . . *May Riley Smith*	329
Lost on the Shore . . . . . *Holme Lee*	329
The Grave's Victory . . *Alvah Lillie Frisbie*	331
The Three Horsemen	331
Alone . . . . . *Robert J. Burdette*	331
Twenty Years Ago	331
Two Birds	332
The Lark at the Tomb . . *Henry Hart Milman*	332
Spirits of the Dead . . . *Edgar Allen Poe*	333
On the East Coast	333
He Never Smiled Again *Felicia Dorothea Hemans*	334
The Last Look . . . . . *George R. Sims*	334
Parson Kelly . . . . . *Marian Douglas*	335
As a Beam O'er the Face of the Waters *Thomas Moore*	336
The Congressional Burying-Ground *Caroline Gilman*	336
Left Alone at Eighty . . . . *Alice Robbins*	336
The Angel's Story . . *Adelaide Anne Procter*	337
Evelyn Hope . . . . . *Robert Browning*	339
The Shepherd's Lament . . *Theodore Martin*	339
Keats' Last Sonnet . . . . *John Keats*	340
Unforgotten . . . . . *Mary Bradley*	340
The Pauper Child's Burial *Margaret L. Bailey*	340
The Law of Death . . . . . *John Hay*	340
The Castle by the Sea *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	341
Extempore Effusion Upon the Death of James Hogg . . . . *William Wordsworth*	341
On Another's Sorrow . . . . *William Blake*	342
Farewell, Life . . . . . *Thomas Hood*	342
On a Tear . . . . . *Samuel Rogers*	342
One by One . . . . . *Adelaide Anne Procter*	343
The Origin of the Harp . . . *Thomas Moore*	343
The Broken Heart . *Charles Gamage Eastman*	343
Peace! What do Tears Avail? *Bryan Waller Procter*	343
Our Travelled Parson	344
I saw From the Beach . . . *Thomas Moore*	345
The Grave . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	345
Old . . . . . *Ralph Hoyt*	346
Dirge . . . . . *Ralph Waldo Emerson*	347
To-morrow	348
Rest After Conflict *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	348
Funeral of Lincoln . *Richard Henry Stoddard*	348
It is Not the Tear at This Moment Shed *Thomas Moore*	349
The Old Cart	349
Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded Reaping . . . . . *Thomas Moore*	349
The Beggar	349
The May Queen . . . . *Thomas Moss*	350
My Ship—My Captain . . . . *Alfred Tennyson*	350
What Can an Old Man do but Die *Thomas Hood*	353
My Child . . . . . *John Pierpont*	353
A Farewell . . . . . *Marc Eugene Cook*	354
The Blind Old Milton . *Elizabeth Lloyd Howell*	354
The Disappointed . . . *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*	355
Grandmother's Sermon	355
Dirge for a Young Girl . . . *James T. Fields*	356
Solitude	356
The Dead Mariner . . . *George D. Prentice*	356

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

Only a Baby Small . . . . *Matthias Barr*	357
Too Many of We	357
To a Child . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	357
Our Little One	359
The Blind Boy	359
The Mother's Song . . . . *Colley Cibber*	359
For the Sake of Peace . . . *Alvah Lillie Frisbie*	359
Little Helpers	360
The Pet Lamb . . . . . *E. L. Brown*	360
Little Bell . . . . . *Thomas Westwood*	361
The Enemy on the Wall . . *Thomas Westwood*	361
My Little Flower . . . . . *Maria Mulock Craik*	362
Hay Making	362
The Pilgrim . . . . . *Dora Greenwell*	362
The Child-Bud . . . . *John Bunyan*	362
In the Garden . . . *Francis Turner Palgrave*	363
Little Willie . . . . . *Jennet Humphreys*	363
Alice Fell . . . . . *Gerald Massey*	363
William Wordsworth	363

PAGE

Which Is It? . . . . . *A. G. Plympton* 364
The Fresh-Air Fund 364
The Chimney Sweeper . . . *William Blake* 364
Crippled Jane . . . *Caroline Elizabeth Norton* 365
All the Children 365
How the Leaves Came Down 366
The Orphans . . . . . *Harriet B. Bird* 366
Measuring the Baby . . . *Emma Alice Brown* 366
The Goose 367
Going After the Cows 367
At School . . . . . *Jennet Humphreys* 367
Life's Game of Ball 368
A Little Face 369
Be True 369
The Child Asleep *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 369
The Baby's Writing 370
Japanese Lullaby . . . . . *Eugene Field* 370
Grandpa and His "Dear" 370
Bells Across the Snow *Frances Ridley Havergal* 370
A Baby's Reflections 371
Dear Little Hand . . . . . *Lewis Morris* 371
The Noon Recess 371
The Doorway . . . . . *Gertrude B. Duffee* 371
Who Can Tell What a Baby Thinks?
Josiah Gilbert Holland 371
The Three Kitties 372
Since the Baby Died 372
I Didn't Think . . . *Margaret E. Sangster* 372
The Lost Doll . . . . . *Charles Kingsley* 373
The Music of Childhood . . . *Jean Ingelow* 373
Mamma's Good-Night 373
The Nutting 373
Our Lambs 374
Bread on the Waters . . . *George L. Catlin* 375
Hide and Seek in the Wood *Maria Mulock Craik* 375
Remember, Boys Make Men 376
The Boy and the Weasel . . *S. White Paine* 376
The Mock Burial . . . . *Amelia B. Edwards* 376
Letty's Globe . . . . . *Charles Tennyson* 377
Hide and Seek . . . . . *Julia Goddard* 377
Papa's Letter 377
My Boy Still 378
The Ruined Merchant . . . *Cora M. Eager* 378
The First Party . . . . . *Josephine Pollard* 379
A Baby Hand 380
"Let Well Enough Alone" 380
The Scramble for Sugar-Plums
Amelia B. Edwards 380
A Little Wheedler 381
Prince Tangle-Locks . . . *S. Walter Norris* 381
The Flower Mission 381
Lucy Gray . . . . . *William Wordsworth* 382
The Little Pianist . . . . *Emma C. Dowd* 382
The First Letter . . . . *Inda Barton Hays* 382
A Baby's Feet . *Charles Algernon Swinburne* 383
The Orphan Children 383
The Little Girl Lost . . . . *William Blake* 384
Charley's Opinion of the Baby 385
A Cradle Hymn . . . . . *Isaac Watts* 385

PAGE

Twenty-One . . . . . *Julia Ripley Dorr* 385
Baby's Bed-Time Song 386
Grandmother's Baby . . *Margaret E. Sangster* 386

FAIRY TALES.

Fairy Song . . . . . *John Keats* 387
The Fairy of the Sea . . . . . *Eliza Cook* 387
The Fairy Tempter . . . . . *Samuel Lover* 387
The Gathering of the Fairies
Joseph Rodman Drake 388
The Dew-Drop . . . . . *Samuel Lover* 389
Fairy Land . . . . . *Edgar Allen Poe* 392
Music of the Fairies . . . . *George Darley* 392
The Enchanted Well . *Letitia Virginia Douglas* 392
The Sunken City . . *James Clarence Mangan* 393
The Fairy Child . . . . . *John Auster* 393
The Fairy Isle . . . . . *Samuel Lover* 394
The Siren by the Sea . . . . . *Samuel Lover* 394
The Fairy Queen 394
Over Hill, Over Dale . *William Shakespeare* 395
A Child's Fairy Song . . *William Allingham* 395
The Fairy Boy . . . . . *Samuel Lover* 395
The Castle in the Air . . . . *Thomas Paine* 396
Ariel's Songs . . . . *William Shakespeare* 396
The Sunset City . . *Henry Sylvester Cornwell* 396
The Haunted Spring . . . . . *Samuel Lover* 397
The Magic Thread . . . . . *Robert Southey* 397
Fairy Frost Fair . . . . . *Anna M. Ford* 398
The Water Lady . . . . . *Thomas Hood* 398
The Water Fay . . . . *Charles G. Leland* 398

POEMS OF RELIGION.

Some Time . . . . . *May Riley Smith* 399
Sight Through Tears . . . . *Alvah Lillie Frisbie* 399
Art Thou Weary . . . . *John Mason Neale* 400
Life In Death . . . . *Minot Judson Savage* 400
Bearing Life's Burdens . . . . *Phœbe Cary* 400
Reliques of the Christ . . . *Denis Wortman* 401
From "Lines to Lucretia" . *Margaret Davidson* 401
Through Peace to Light *Adelaide Anne Procter* 401
Judge Not 402
His Sweet Will . . *Frederick William Faber* 402
Thy Will Be Done . . *Anna Letitia Waring* 402
Life . . . . . *Anne Letitia Barbauld* 403
The King's Daughter . . . *Rebecca P. Utter* 403
The Celestial Pilot
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 403
O Sleep Divine . . *Harriet Tying Griswold* 404
He Ran the Night Express *Frank H. Stauffer* 404
Thanks . . . . . *Marianne Farningham* 404
The Terrestrial Paradise
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 405
To One In Paradise . . . . *Edgar Allen Poe* 405
The Valley of Unrest . . . *Edgar Allen Poe* 405
Far, Far Away . . . . . *Marion Paul Aird* 406
The Sin of Omission . . *Margaret E. Sangster* 406
He Giveth His Loved Ones Sleep 406

CONTENTS OF POETRY.

PAGE

The Healing of the Daughter of Jairus
Nathaniel Parker Willis 407
A Pauper's Revenge . . . . *John F. Nicholls* 408
The End of King David 409
The Soul a Holy Land . . . . *Denis Wortman* 410
A Supplication . . *Frederick Dan Huntington* 411
Blessed Are They That Mourn
William Cullen Bryant 412
Peaceful Rest . . . *Mrs. Robert S. Howland* 412
Agnes the Martyr . . . . . *Ellen Murray* 412
This Life is What We Make it 413
David's Grief For His Child
Nathaniel Parker Willis 413
I Can Trust 414
The Sacrifice of Abraham
Nathaniel Parker Willis 415
God's Acre . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 416
Light on the Cloud . . *Minot Judson Savage* 416
Abram and Zimri . . . . *Clarence Cook* 416
My Mother's Bible . . *George Perkins Morris* 417
A Doubting Heart . . . *Adelaide Anne Procter* 417
Dying Words of a Little Girl
Maggie Stuart Patrick 417
Triumphant Faith . . . . *Denis Wortman* 418
More Than We Ask . . . *Charles G. Ames* 419
Christmas Carol . . . . *Phillips Brooks* 419
Strength For To-Day 419
A Day to Come . . . *Margaret J. Preston* 419
He Leads Us On 420
In the Dark 420
Not Dead . . . . . *George Arnold* 420
Nothing to Give . . . . *Alvah Lillie Frisbie* 420
All's Well . . . . *Cyrus Thornton* 421
"For Right is Right, Since God is God"
Harriet McEwen Kimball 421
"Father, Take My Hand" . . *Frederick William Faber* 421
The Gracious Answer . . . *Henry N. Cobb* 421
The Hebrew Mother . *Henry N. Cobb* 422
It Shall be Well . . . *Felicia Dorothea Hemans* 422
The Necklace of Pearls . . . . *Lewis Morris* 423
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 423
A Last Good-Night . . . *Sophie L. Scheuck* 424
If We Knew 424
Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping
Horatius Bonar 424
Praying For Shoes . . *Paul Hamilton Hayne* 425
In the Mist . *Sarah Woolsey (Susan Coolidge)* 425
The Heavenly Jerusalem 426
When All Thy Mercies, O My God
Joseph Addison 426
How to Live . . . . . *Horatius Bonar* 427
Wait and Work 427
Hagar in the Wilderness *Nathaniel Parker Willis* 427
The Ninety and Nine . *Elizabeth C. Clephane* 428
The Border Land 429
The Mystical Body . . *William B. Chisholm* 429
Weary . . . . *Christina Georgina Rossetti* 429
Going Home 429
The Return of the Dead . . *Edna Dean Procter* 430
Jacob's Ladder . . . . . *William Alexander* 430

PERSONAL POEMS.

To Mark Twain on His Fiftieth Birthday
Oliver Wendell Holmes 431
John Howard Payne . . . . . *Will Carleton* 431
John Howard Payne . . . *John Godfrey Saxe* 431
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 432
Ode to Washington
Mrs. Annie Boudinot Stockton 432
George Washington 432
Washington's Birthday *William Cullen Bryant* 432
"The Father of His Country" . . *Eliza Cook* 433
To Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
James Russell Lowell 433
Fitz-Greene Halleck . *John Greenleaf Whittier* 433
Abraham Lincoln . . . . . *Tom Taylor* 434
Columbus . . . . . *Sir Aubrey De Vere* 435
Louis Agassiz . . . . . *James T. Fields* 435
To the Rev. John Pierpont
William Cullen Bryant 435
Daniel Webster . . . *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 435
The Lovely North Star . . . . *Samuel Lover* 436
Character of Lord Chatham . *William Cowper* 436
On Dr. Johnson . . . . . *John Wolcot* 436
King Charles II. . . . . *Earl of Rochester* 436
Richard Brinsley Sheridan . . *Thomas Moore* 436
Monody on the Death of Sheridan *Lord Byron* 436
John Milton . . . . . *William Wordsworth* 436
John Milton . . . . . *Thomas Gray* 437
On His Blindness . . . . . *John Milton* 437
Wickliffe's Dust 437
To Shakespeare . . . . *Hartley Coleridge* 437
John Wickliffe . . . . *William Wordsworth* 437
Robert Burns . . . . *Fitz-Greene Halleck* 437
Robby Burns . . . . *Joseph De Prefontaine* 439
To the Shade of Burns . . . *Charlotte Smith* 439
Robert Emmet . . . . . *Thomas Moore* 439
Marshal Murat . . . . . *Lord Byron* 439
To the Lord-General Cromwell . . *John Milton* 440
At the Grave of Keats *Christopher Pearse Cranch* 440
To Toussaint L'Ouverture *William Wordsworth* 440
Cowper's Grave . *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* 440
To Sir Henry Vane the Younger . *John Milton* 441
Lord Byron . . . . . *Matthew Arnold* 441
The Reception of the Poet Wordsworth at Oxford
Thomas Noon Talfourd 441
David Garrick . . . . . *Oliver Goldsmith* 441
To Wordsworth . . . . . *Hartley Coleridge* 442
Hester . . . . . *Charles Lamb* 442
From "Lines on the Death of Hogg"
Margaret Maxwell Inglis 442
Doctor Arnold . . . . . *Matthew Arnold* 442
The Dead Czar Nicholas . *Maria Mulock Craik* 443
The King's Ride . . *Lucy Hamilton Hooper* 443
From "The Mother of the Kings"
Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley 448

PAGE

Cleopatra Embarking on the Cydnus *Thomas Kibble Hervey* 444
Antony to Cleopatra . . *William Haines Lytle* 444
Dante . . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 445
The Messenger's Account of Samson *John Milton* 445

SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

Old Dog Tray 446
Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground 446
Banks of the Dee . . . . . *John Tait* 446
Meet Me By Moonlight 447
The Fine Old English Gentleman 448
The Miller of the Dee 448
The King and the Miller 448
The Vacant Chair 449
Old Cabin Home 449
Hard Times Come A gain No More 449
Will You Love Me When I'm Old? 449
Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground *Walter Kettredge* 450
Yankee Doodle 450
The Old Barn 451
Rosalie, the Prairie Flower 451
Just Before the Battle, Mother 451
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep *Emma T. Willard* 451
There is a Garden in Her Face 452
Cherry Ripe 452
Good News From Home 452
Wearing of the Green 452
Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer 453
Kitty Clyde 453
The Spot Where I was Born 453
Hannah's at the Window Binding Shoes . . . 453
Katie's Secret 454
I'm Saddest when I Sing *Thomas Haynes Bayly* 454
Farewell! But Not Forever 454
Do They Miss me at Home? 455
Home Again 455
What are the Wild Waves Saying? 455
Wait Till the Clouds Roll By 455
Grandfather's Clock . . . *Henry C. Work* 456
Peek-a-Boo . . . . . *William J. Scanlan* 456
Roll On, Silver Moon 456
Watch on the Rhine 457
Hazel Dell 457
Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming 457
Beautiful Star 457
I Cannot Sing the Old Songs 457
Hark! I Hear an Angel Sing 458
White Wings . . . . . *Banks Winter* 458
Nancy Lee 458
Listen to the Mocking Bird . . *Alice Hawthorne* 459
Little Boy Blue . . . . . *Anna Marble* 459
Fisherman's Daughter 459
Uncle Ned 459
Darling Nelly Gray . *Benjamin Russell Hanby* 460
Nelly Was a Lady 460

PAGE

Uncle Sam's Farm 460
Blue Alsatian Mountains 461
Marseilles Hymn 461
Bay of Biscay 461
Annie Laurie 462
Lilly Dale 462
Wait For the Wagon 462
Down in the Coal Mine . . . *J. B. Geoghegan* 463
The Old Band . . . . *James Whitcomb Riley* 463

TRAGEDY.

The Sisters 464
Hell . . . . . *Robert Buchanan* 464
From the Last Act of "Virginius" *James Sheridan Knowles* 465
The Fire-Bell's Story . . . . *George L. Catlin* 466
From "Damon and Pythias" . . . *John Banim* 466
Antony to Cæsar's Body *William Shakespeare* 467
Mark Antony's Oration *William Shakespeare* 467
Searching For the Slain 468
From "Richelieu" . . . . . *Lord Lytton* 469
Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius *William Shakespeare* 471
Interview of Hadad and Tamar 472
The Hunter's Vision . . *William Cullen Bryant* 473
The Mother's Last Song *Bryan Waller Procter* 473

WIT AND SATIRE.

The Music Grinders . . *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 474
Mother's Doughnuts . . . *Charles F. Adams* 474
My First Pair of Boots 475
Beauty—A Yankee Ideal 475
A Bad Case of Influenza . . *Henry Davenport* 475
Not Willin' 476
No Followers . . . . . *Samuel Lover* 476
Back-Yard Opera . . . . *Alvah Lillie Frisbie* 477
The Impudence of Steam . . . *Thomas Hood* 477
The Men who Miss the Train . . . *S. W. Foss* 477
A Valentine . . . . . *George R. Sims* 478
Pat's Wisdom 478
Epitaph On a Leg Lost at Waterloo *George Canning* 478
The Pleasure of Winter 479
Her Reply 479
Bill Versus Coo 479
How Mickey Got Kilt in the War 479
Parody on Longfellow's "Hiawatha" 480
Same Old Game 480
A Great Invention 480
Biddy an' Tim . . . . . *Florence E. Pratt* 480
Little Billee . . *William Makepeace Thackeray* 481
A Matrimonial Duet . *Matthew Gregory Lewis* 481
Cupid's Arrow 481
The Farmer and the Counsellor 481
A Billet Doux 482
After the New Year 482
A Legal Question 482
Nothing to Wear . . . *William Allen Butler* 483

CONTENTS OF POETRY.

		Page
The Blarney		
Why Don't the Men Propose?	*Samuel Lover*	486
	Thomas Haynes Bayly	486
Too Late	*Fitz-Hugh Ludlow*	486
A Song of the Unattainable		487
Where is Miss Myrtle?	*Winthrop Mackworth Praed*	487
Good-Night	*Madeline S. Bridges*	487
Doctor Tom		488
The Chemist to His Love		488
The Shepherd's Complaint	*Charles Hamilton*	488
An Englishman's Sea-Dirge		489
Mother Rumor		489
Slaying the Deer	*Samuel Lover*	490
The Empire Gown		490
She Showed Him Stars		491
Advice to Landscape Painters	*John Wolcot*	491
Yawcob Strauss	*Charles F. Adams*	491
The Glorious Fourth		492
Song by Rogero	*George Canning*	492
The Pessimistic Philosopher		493
Putting Up O' the Stove		493
The Kankakee or the Kokomo	*Louis Harrison*	494
A Slip	*W. A. Ketchum*	495
The Editorial Three	*Al M. Hendee*	495
Epigram	*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*	495
Larrie O'Dee	*W. W. Fink*	495
The Noble Stranger		496
Bacon and Greens		496
The Inventor's Wife	*Mrs. E. T. Corbett*	497
Hans and Fritz	*Charles F. Adams*	498
Widow Malone	*Charles Lever*	498
Fishing		498

		Page
The Devil		498
Jilted		499
Barney O'Linn and the Leeches	*Edward Young*	499
Betty and the Bear		500
My Daughter	*George W. Cable*	500
A Lover Without Arms	*Henry Davenport*	500
Bachelor's Hall	*John Finley*	501
Tautological	*Felix N. Gerson*	501
Mournful Tale of a Cat and Chloroform	*Denis Wortman*	501
The Tall Gentleman to His Lady Love		502
The Learning of Hudibras	*Samuel Butler*	503
The Mosquito Hunt		503
Barney O'Hea	*Samuel Lover*	503
Tragic Fate of Mrs. Caudle		504
John Day	*Thomas Hood*	504
A Call Wanted	*Rev. Jonathan Lookout*	505
Sour Grapes		506
"Leadville Jim"	*W. W. Fink*	506
Puzzled	*Annie Trumbull Slosson*	507
A Simple Sign		507
A Housekeeper's Tragedy		507
How Columbus Found America	*H. C. Dodge*	508
Pat's Mistake		508
Why Ben Schneider Decided For Prohibition	*Vira Hopkins*	508
What One Boy Thinks	*Harriet Prescott Spofford*	510
A Foolish Little Maiden		510
A Serenade		511
"We All Like Sheep"	*Thomas Hood*	511
A Bit of Shopping For the Country		511
"Vas Marriage a Failure"	*Charles F. Adams*	512



CONTENTS OF PROSE.

	Page
Ancient and Modern Eloquence — *John Quincy Adams*	513
What is a Minority — *John B. Gough*	513
Washington's Country — *Chauncey M. Depew*	513
The Ultima Thule — *Edward Everett*	514
California and Plymouth Rock — *Thomas H. Benton*	514
Eulogium on Andrew Jackson — *George Bancroft*	515
Injustice Toward Kossuth — *Daniel Webster*	515
The Source of Party Wisdom — *James A. Garfield*	515
Death of Napoleon — *William H. Seward*	516
True Grandeur of Nations — *Charles Sumner*	516
Vicissitudes of 1849 — *Horace Greeley*	517
No Extension of Freedom by Force — *Reverdy Johnson*	517
Improvement of the West — *A. G. Harrison*	517
Invidious Distinctions — *Hugh S. Legare*	518
The "Mayflower" — *Edward Everett*	518
Genoa in Her Beauty — *Charles Sumner*	519
Effect of Steadiness of Pursuit — *Asher Robbins*	519
Indemnity to the Niagara Sufferers — *Joseph Vance*	519
Eulogium on South Carolina — *Robert Y. Hayne*	520
South Carolina and Massachusetts — *Daniel Webster*	521
Remembrance of Wrongs — *Rufus Choate*	521
Last Charge of Ney — *J. T. Headley*	522
Invective of Hungary — *A. W. Buel*	522
Means of Health — *Horace Mann*	523
Sorrow for the Dead — *Washington Irving*	523
Dress Reform — *T. DeWitt Talmage*	524
When War Shall be no More — *Trevelyan Faber*	525
True Patriotism — *Abraham Lincoln*	525
A Marvellous Clock — *Oliver Wendell Holmes*	525
Men Who Never Die — *Edward Everett*	525
Stopping the March of Freedom — *Theodore Parker*	525
Invective in the "Wilkinson Trial" — *Sargent S. Prentiss*	526
The Ballot-Box — *Edwin H. Chapin*	526
Danger of Vast Fortunes — *Horace Mann*	527
The World of Beauty Around Us — *Horace Mann*	527
Society Without Morality — *Lyman Beecher*	527
Getting the Right Start — *Josiah Gilbert Holland*	528
The Thinker — *Ralph Waldo Emerson*	528
Companionship With Children — *Nathaniel Hawthorne*	529
Music — *Thomas Carlyle*	529
Work — *John Ruskin*	529
True Politeness — *Lord Chatham*	529
Italy — *Charles Dickens*	529
Execution of Joan of Arc — *Thomas De Quincy*	530
At the Last — *Victor Hugo*	530
Napoleon at St. Helena — *Thomas Carlyle*	531
Books — *William Ellery Channing*	531
Humility — *Washington Allston*	531
Portrait of a Dutchman — *Washington Irving*	531
A Good Daughter — *John Gorham Palfrey*	532
Character of Major Andre — *Alexander Hamilton*	532
Our World — *Charlotte Cushman*	533
The Hero — *Horace Bushnell*	533
Self-Reliance — *Ralph Waldo Emerson*	533
Appeal For Queen Caroline — *Lord Brougham*	533
Return of Columbus — *William Hickling Prescott*	534
Futility of Efforts to Stay Reform — *Sydney Smith*	534
Plea of Sergeant Buzfuz, in "Bardell Versus Pickwick" — *Charles Dickens*	535
Trial of Warren Hastings — *Lord Macaulay*	536
Peroration in the Oration Against Warren Hastings — *Edmund Burke*	536
Universality of Conscience — *Thomas Chalmers*	537
On Parliamentary Reform — *Charles James Fox*	537
Demand for Justice to Ireland — *Daniel O'Connell*	537
Defence from the Charge of Tyranny — *Robespierre*	538
The Crater of Vesuvius — *Horace B. Wallace*	538
On the Funeral of Henrietta — *Bossuet*	539
Where is the Enemy? — *Lydia Maria Child*	539
John Davenport's Influence Upon New Haven — *Leonard Bacon*	539
Wrongs of Ireland — *Henry Grattan*	540
The Rural Districts Our Country's Strength — *Samuel G. Goodrich*	540
Life on the Nile — *Bayard Taylor*	541
Oxford Boat-Race — *Arthur Cleveland Coxe*	541
Virtue Alone Beautiful — *John Greenleaf Whittier*	542
Civilization of Africa — *Edward Everett*	542
Executive Clemency — *Henry Ward Beecher*	543
Danger of Military Supremacy — *Henry Clay*	543
Injustice the Cause of National Ruin — *Theodore Parker*	543
The First American Congress — *J. Maxey*	544
Invective Against Æschines — *Demosthenes*	544

CONTENTS OF MUSIC.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Last Rose of Summer	561	Hark I Hear the Angels Calling	608
Hearts and Homes	562	Annie Lawrie	609
Grandmother's Chair	564	Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin	610
Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth?	566	Good-by, Dear Mother	612
Sweet Love of Mine	568	Don't Leave the Farm, Boys	614
The Old Oaken Bucket	570	How Can I Leave Thee?	616
If My Wishes Would Come True	572	Sweet Birdie, Sing	618
A Garden of Roses	574	The Bloom is On the Rye	620
I Love to Tell the Story	576	Twenty Years Ago	622
The Jovial Farmer Boy	577	Only a Face	624
Dublin Bay	578	Baby's Gone Asleep	626
When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear	580	So I Can Wait	627
Gone Where the Woodbine Twineth	582	Only Friends and Nothing More	628
John Anderson, My Jo	584	Kiss Me As I Fall Asleep	630
One Sweetly Solemn Thought	585	Zion's Children	632
My Little Child	586	Home Again	633
Go Down, Moses	587	Jolly Brothers Galop	636
Douglas Tender and True	588	"Wild Flower"	638
The Good-bye at the Door	590	Sharpshooters' March	640
Marseilles Hymn	592	Cecelia March	642
What Will You Do, Love?	595	Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz	644
In Happy Moments	598	The Black Hawk Waltz	646
There Are Friends that we Never Forget	600	Grafulla's Favorite Waltz	648
We'd Better Bide a Wee	602	Attack Galop	650
The Old Arm Chair	604		



PAGE
608
609
610
612
614
616
618
620
622
624
626
627
628
630
632
633
636
638
640
642
644
646
648
650



"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

BEAUTIFUL GEMS
OF
THOUGHT and SENTIMENT.

The Fireside.

THE HOLIDAYS.

ONCE again, once again,
Christmas wreaths are twining:
Once again, once again,
Mistletoe is shining.

Time is marching through the land,
Decked with leaf and berry;
He leads the Old Year in his hand,
But both the churls are merry.

He speaketh in the clanging bells,
He shouts at every portal;
God speed the tidings that he tells—
"Good-will and peace to mortal."

Gladly welcome shall he be,
Even though he traces
Silver threads upon our heads
And wrinkles on our faces.

For once again, once again,
He brings the happy meeting;
Whence cynic lips may preach in vain
That life is sad and fleeting.

Christmas logs should beacon back
The wanderer from his roving;
Leave, oh! leave the world's wide track,
And join the loved and loving.

Spirits that have dwelt apart,
Cold with pride and folly,
Bring olive in your hand and heart
To weave with Christmas holly.

ELIZA COOK.

NO ILLS BUT WHAT WE MAKE.

THERE are no ills but what we make
By giving shapes and names to thing
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.
O fruitful grief, the world's disease!
And vainer man, to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase,
By cultivating his own woe!

We call that sickness which is health:
That persecution which is grace,
That poverty which is true wealth,
And that dishonor which is praise.
Alas! our time is here so short,
That in what state soe'er 'tis spent,
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heaven has done undo
By an unruly appetite.
The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure:
And he comes the soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure.
It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;
And who buys sorrow cheapest takes
An ill commodity too dear.

CHARLES COTTON.

THE ROSE-COLORED GLOBE.

TOO wasteful and too fierce the light would beat
Against the wall, but held in mild restraint
Within a crystal, roseate and quaint,
Comes slanting 'cross the room in rays discreet.

It crowds the shadows in their forced retreat,
Fantastic outlines on their track to paint;
It hovers like the halo of a saint
O'er time-worn brow, and kisses young lips sweet.

The ruddy globe a parlor planet seems,
Without an orbit, but with steady glow,
Judiciously distributing its beams,
And flushing them with beauty as they go.

Beneath its charms dull spirits brighter grow,
And weary thoughts give way to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER STOUT.

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

IN Christian world Mary the garland wears!
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew ear;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear,
And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws round!
How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound!
Of Marthas and of Abigails few lines
Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely Joan be fashioned. But can
You Barbara resist, or Marian?
And is not Clare for love excuse enough?
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess
These all than Saxon Edith please me less.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE SEVEN AGES.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school; and then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon!
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TO A GRANDMOTHER.

"Old age is dark and unlovely."—OSSIAN.

OH, say not so! A bright old age is thine,
Calm as the gentle light of summer eves,
Ere twilight dim her dusky mantle weaves;
Because to thee is given, in thy decline,
A heart that does not thanklessly repine
At aught of which the hand of God bereaves,
Yet all he sends with gratitude receives.
May such a quiet, thankful close be mine!
And hence thy fireside chair appears to me
A peaceful throne—which thou wert formed to fill
Thy children ministers who do thy will;
And those grandchildren, sporting round thy knee,
Thy little subjects, looking up to thee
As one who claims their fond allegiance still.

BERNARD BARTON.

GRANDPAPA.

GRANDPAPA'S hair is very white,
And grandpapa walks but slow;
He likes to sit still in his easy-chair,
While the children come and go.
"Hush!—play quietly," says mamma:
"Let nobody trouble dear grandpapa."

Grandpapa's hand is thin and weak,
It has worked hard all his days:
A strong right hand, and an honest hand,
That has won all good men's praise.
"Kiss it tenderly," says mamma:
"Let every one honor grandpapa."

Grandpapa's eyes are growing dim;
They have looked on sorrow and death;
But the love-light never went out of them
Nor the courage and the faith.
"You children, all of you," says mamma,
"Have need to look up to dear grandpapa."

Grandpapa's years are wearing few,
But he leaves a blessing behind—
A good life lived, and a good fight fought
True heart and equal mind.
"Remember, my children," says mamma,
"You bear the name of your grandpapa."

MARIA MULOCH CRAIK.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

JOYS OF HOME.

SWEET are the joys of home,
And pure as sweet: for they,
Like dews of morn and evening, come
To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions, too;
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar;
But stars approached, become more bright
And home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground!
But in home's holy joys, again
An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see,
To none on earth is given;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.

JOHN BOWRING.

MOTHER, COME BACK!

MOTHER, come back! this is the cry
When some rare pleasure fills my heart,
When laughing joy lights up my eye,
And impulse wakes with eager start.
I know thou wouldst exult to see
The flush of sunshine on my track;
And faithful memory clings to thee,
With yearning words, "Mother, come back!"

Tidings, perchance, may reach my ear,
Cold, false, and bitter in their tone;
Till the low sigh and stealing tear
Burst from a spirit, sad and lone.
Then do I breathe in accents wild;
With heartstrings stretched on feeling's rack,
"Thou who didst ever love thy child
With changeless truth, mother, come back!"

Faint languor shades my drooping face,
My pulses flutter, swiftly weak;
The fading lily takes its place,
And hides the rose-leaf on my cheek.
Then do I call upon thy name,
When stranger hands support my brow;
My pining soul still asks the same—
"Mother, come back, I need thee now!"

When fortune sheds her fairest beams,
Thou art the missing one I crave;
I ask thee—when the whole world seems
As dark and cheerless as thy grave.
I ask thee, with a dreamer's brain,
For no, ah! no, it cannot be;
Thou'lt never come to me again,
But I will pray to go to thee!

ELIZA COOK.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber-door:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer
Was heard the old clock on the stair:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of eternity
Sayeth this incessantly:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find—
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind.

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance.

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
No wish for death, nor fear his might.

LORD SURREY.

MUSIC IN THE HOME.

MYSTERIOUS keeper of the key
That opes the gates of memory,
Oft in thy wildest, simplest strain,
We live o'er years of bliss again!

The sun-bright hopes of early youth,
Love, in its first deep hour of truth—
And dreams of life's delightful morn,
Are on thy seraph-pinions borne!

To the enthusiast's heart thy tone
Breathes of the lost, and lovely one,
And calls back moments, brief as dear,
When last 'twas wafted on his ear.

To gloom of sadness thou canst suit
The chords of thy delicious lute;
For every heart thou hast a tone,
Canst make its pulses all thine own!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

THEY bid me strike the idle strings,
As if my summer days
Had shaken sunbeams from their wings
To warm my autumn lays;
They bring to me their painted urn,
As if it were not time
To lift my gauntlet and to spurn
The lists of boyish rhyme;
And, were it not that I have still
Some weakness in my heart
That clings around my stronger will
And pleads for gentler art,
Perchance I had not turned away
The thoughts grown tame with toil,
To cheat this lone and pallid ray,
That wastes the midnight oil.

Alas! with every year I feel
Some roses leave my brow;
Too young for wisdom's tardy seal,
Too old for garlands now;
Yet while the dewy breath of spring
Steals o'er the tingling air,
And spreads and fans each emerald wing
The forest soon shall wear,
How bright the opening year would seem,
Had I one look like thine,
To meet me when the morning beam
Unseals these lids of mine!
Too long I bear this lonely lot,
That bids my heart run wild
To press the lips that love me not,
To clasp the stranger's child.

How oft beyond the dashing seas,
Amidst those royal bowers,
Where danced the lilacs in the breeze,
And swung the chestnut-flowers,
I wandered like a wearied slave
Whose morning task is done,
To watch the little hands that gave
Their whiteness to the sun;
To revel in the bright young eyes,
Whose lustre sparkled through
The sable fringe of southern skies
Or gleamed in Saxon blue!
How oft I heard another's name
Called in some truant's tone;
Sweet accents! which I longed to claim,
To learn and lisp my own!

Too soon the gentle hands, that pressed
The ringlets of the child,
Are folded on the faithful breast
Where first he breathed and smiled;
Too oft the clinging arms untwine,
The melting lips forget,
And darkness veils the bridal shrine
Where wreaths and torches met;
If Heaven but leaves a single thread
Of hope's dissolving chain,
Even when her parting plumes are spread
It bids them fold again;
The cradle rocks beside the tomb;
The cheek now changed and chill
Smiles on us in the morning bloom
Of one that loves us still.

Sweet image! I have done thee wrong
To claim this destined lay;
The leaf that asked an idle song
Must bear my tears away.
Yet, in thy memory shouldst thou keep
This else forgotten strain,
Till years have taught thine eyes to weep,
And flattery's voice is vain;
O then, thou fledgling of the nest,
Like the long-wandering dove,
Thy weary heart may faint for rest,
As mine, on changeless love;
And while these sculptured lines retrace
The hours now dancing by,
This vision of thy girlish grace
May cost thee, too, a sigh.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

FLOWERS IN A SICK-ROOM.

BEAR them not from grassy dells,
Where wild bees have honey-cells;
Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds,
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of death!

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star,
And the bird whose song is free,
And the many-whispering tree:
Oh! too deep a love, and vain,
They would win to earth again!

Spread them not before the eyes
Closing fast on summer skies!
Woo thou not the spirit back
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the colored earth!

With the violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies;

From the lily's pearl-cup shed
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time eyes—
Music—beauty—all she leaves!

Hush! 'tis thou that dreaming art;
Calmer is her gentle heart.
Yes! o'er fountain, vale and grove,
Leaf and flower, hath gushed her love:
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these
In her fragile mind she sees;
Shadows of yet richer things,
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought!

Therefore, in the lily's leaf
She can read no word of grief;
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell! Farewell!
And her dim, yet speaking eye,
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore, once and yet again
Strew them o'er her bed of pain;
From her chamber take the gloom,
With a light and flush of bloom:
So should one depart who goes
Where no death can touch the rose.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE ISLAND HUNTING-SONG.

NO more the summer floweret charms,
The leaves will soon be sere,
And Autumn fold his jewelled arms
Around the dying year;
So, ere the waning seasons claim
Our leafless groves a while,
With golden wine and glowing flame
We'll crown our lonely isle.

Once more the merry voices sound
Within the antlered hall,
And long and loud the baying hounds
Return the hunter's call;
And through the woods, and o'er the hill,
And far along the bay,
The driver's horn is sounding shrill—
Up, sportsmen, and away!

No bars of steel, or walls of stone,
Our little empire bound,
But, circling with his azure zone,
The sea runs foaming round;
The whitening wave, the purpled skies,
The blue and lifted shore,
Braid with their dim and blending dyes
Our wide horizon o'er.

And who will leave the grave debate
That shakes the smoky town,
To rule amid our island-state,
And wear our oak-leaf crown?
And who will be a while content
To hunt our woodland game,
And leave the vulgar pack that scent
The reeking track of fame?

Ah, who that shares in toils like these
Will sigh not to prolong
Our days beneath the broad-leaved trees,
Our nights of mirth and song?
Then leave the dust of noisy streets,
Ye outlaws of the wood,
And follow through his green retreats
Your noble Robin Hood.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A CRADLE.

I SADDEN when thou smilest to my smile,
Child of my love! I tremble to believe
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue
The shadow of my heart will always pass;—
A heart that, from its struggle with the world,
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,
Asks for its idol! Strange, that flowers of earth
Are visited by every air that stirs,
And drink in sweetness only, while the child
That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven
May take a blemish from the breath of love,
And bear the blight forever.

I have wept
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!
My life is bound up in her. But, O God!
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times
Bears its sweet burthen; and if thou hast given
To nurture such as mine this spotless flower,
To bring it unpolluted unto Thee,
Take Thou its love, I pray Thee! Give it light—
Though, following the sun, it turn from me!—
But, by the chord thus wrung, and by the light
Shining about her, draw me to my child!
And link us close, O God, when near to heaven!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

MY OLD STRAW HAT.

FAREWELL, old friend—we part at last;
Fruits, flowers and summer, all are past;
And when the beech-leaves bid adieu,
My old straw hat must vanish too.
We've been together many an hour,
In grassy dell, and garden bower;
And plait and riband, scorched and torn,
Proclaim how well thou hast been worn.
We've had a time, gay, bright, and long;
So let me sing a grateful song—

And if one bay-leaf falls to me,
I'll stick it firm and fast in thee,
My old straw hat.

Thy flapping shade and flying strings
Are worth a thousand close-tied things.
I love thy easy-fitting crown,
Thrust lightly back, or slouching down.
I cannot brook a muffled ear,
When lark and blackbird whistle near;
And dearly like to meet and seek
The fresh wind with unguarded cheek.
Tossed in a tree, thou'lt bear no harm;
Flung on the moss, thou'lt lose no charm;
Like many a real friend on earth,
Rough usage only proves thy worth,
My old straw hat.

The world will stare at those who wear
Rich, snowy pearls in raven hair;
And diamonds flash bravely out
In chestnut tresses wreathed about:
The golden bands may twine and twirl,
Like shining snakes through each fair curl;
And soft down with imperial grace
May bend o'er beauty's blushing face:
But much I doubt if brows that bear
The jewelled clasp and plumage rare,
Or temples bound with crescent wreath,
Are half so cool as mine beneath
My old straw hat.

Minerva's helmet! what of that?
Thou'rt quite as good, my old straw hat;
For I can think, and muse, and dream,
With poring brain and busy scheme;
I can inform my craving soul
How wild bees work and planets roll;
And be all silent, grave, and grim,
Beneath the shelter of thy brim.
The cap of liberty, forsooth!
Thou art the thing to me in truth;
For slavish fashion ne'er can break
Into the green paths where I take
My old straw hat.

Farewell, old friend, thy work is done;
The misty clouds shut out the sun;
The grapes are plucked, the hops are off,
The woods are stark, and I must doff
My old straw hat—but "bide a wee,"
Fair skies we've seen, yet we may see
Skies full as fair as those of yore,
And then we'll wander forth once more.
Farewell, till drooping bluebells blow,
And violets stud the warm hedgerow—
Farewell, till daisies deck the plain—
Farewell, till spring days come again—
My old straw hat!

ELIZA COOK.

DEPARTED DAYS.

YES, dear departed, cherished days,
Could Memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays
From Time's gray urn once more—
Then might this restless heart be still,
This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
We strive against the stream,
Each moment farther from the shore
Where life's young fountains gleam—
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
And wider rolls the sea;
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
Day breaks—and where are we?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand!

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love,
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
I am king of the household—thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE OLD MAID.

WHY sits she thus in solitude? Her heart
Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue;
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,
As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! With a sigh
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her inmost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track;
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
And yet she does not wish to wander back;
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be;
Hope links her to the future—but the link
That binds her to the past is memory.

From her lone path she never turns aside.
Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all.
Not that her heart is cold—emotions new
And fresh as flowers are with her heart-strings knit;
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there.

Yet life is not to her what it hath been—
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss;
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath ofttimes drained its bitter cup;
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up.
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings thrill
Soft sighs—for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed;
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

AMELIA B. WELBY.

MOTHER MARGERY.

ON a bleak ridge, from whose granite edges
Sloped the rough land to the grisly north;
And whose hemlocks, clinging to the ledges
Like a thinned banditti staggered forth—
In a crouching, wormy-timbered hamlet
Mother Margery shivered in the cold,
With a tattered robe of faded camlet
On her shoulders—crooked, weak, and old.

Time on her had done his cruel pleasure;
For her face was very dry and thin,
And the records of his growing measure
Lined and cross-lined all her shrivelled skin.
Scanty goods to her had been allotted,
Yet her thanks rose oftener than desired;
While her bony fingers, bent and knotted,
Fed with withered twigs the dying fire.

Raw and weary were the northern winters;
Winds howled piteously around her cot,
Or with rude sighs made the jarring splinters
Moan the misery she bemoaned not.
Drifting tempests rattled at her windows,
And hung snow-wreaths around her naked bed;
While the wind-flaws muttered on the cinders,
Till the last spark fluttered and was dead.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger,
But their dying wrung out no complaints;
Chill, and penury, and neglect, and hunger—
These to Margery were guardian saints.
When she sat, her head was, prayer-like, bending;
When she rose, it rose not any more;
Faster seemed her true heart graveward tending
Than her tired feet, weak and travel-sore.



THE MASQUERADERS.

She was mother of the dead and scattered—
Had been mother of the brave and fair;
But her branches, bough by bough, were shattered,
Till her torn breast was left dry and bare.
Yet she knew, though sadly desolated,
When the children of the poor depart
Their earth-vestures are but sublimated,
So to gather closer in the heart.

With a courage that had never fitted
Words to speak it to the soul it blessed,
She endured, in silence and unpitied,
Woes enough to mar a stouter breast.
Thus was born such holy trust within her,
That the graves of all who had been dear,
To a region clearer and serener,
Raised her spirit from our chilly sphere.

They were footsteps on her Jacob's ladder;
Angels to her were the loves and hopes
Which had left her purified, but sadder;
And they lured her to the emerald slopes
Of that heaven where anguish never flashes
Her red fire-whips—happy land, where flowers
Blossom over the volcanic ashes
Of this blighting, blighted world of ours.

All her power was a love of goodness;
All her wisdom was a mystic faith
That the rough world's jargoning and rudeness
Turns to music at the gate of death.
So she walked while feeble limbs allowed her,
Knowing well that any stubborn grief
She might meet with could no more than crowd her
To that wall whose opening was relief.

So she lived, an anchoress of sorrow,
Lone and peaceful, on the rocky slope;
And, when burning trials came, would borrow
New fire of them for the lamp of hope.
When at last her palsied hand, in groping,
Rattled tremulous at the grated tomb,
Heaven flashed round her joys beyond her hoping,
And her young soul gladdened into bloom.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

SIGNS OF CHRISTMAS.

WHEN on the barn's thatched roof is seen
The moss in tufts of liveliest green,
When Rodger to the woodpile goes
And as he turns his fingers blows—
When all around is cold and drear,
Be sure that Christmas tide is near.

When up the garden walk in vain
We seek for Flora's lovely train,
When the sweet hawthorn bower is bare
And bleak and cheerless is the air—
When all seems desolate around,
Christmas advances o'er the ground.

When Tom at eve comes home from plough
And brings the mistletoe's green bough,
With milk-white berries spotted o'er,
And shakes it the sly maid before—
Then hangs the trophy up on high,
Be sure that Christmas tide is nigh.

When Hal, the woodman, in his clogs
Bears home the huge, unwieldy logs
That, hissing on the smouldering fire,
Flame out at last a quivering spire,
When in his hat the holly stands,
Old Christmas musters up his bands.

When clustering round the fire at night,
Old William talks of ghost and sprite,
And, as a distant out-house gate
Slams by the wind, they fearful wait
While some each shadowy nook explores,
Then Christmas pauses at the door.

When Dick comes shiv'ring from the yard,
And says the pond is frozen hard,
While from his hat, all white with snow,
The moisture trickling drops below,
When carols sound the night to cheer,
Then Christmas and his train are here.

CELIA LOGAN.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look down and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;

A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh crimson flash of morning that darkens as we gaze!
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies, we know not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me; the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout,
Oh frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride,
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TIME'S CURE.

MOURN, O rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying;
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying;
The chill, dark night draws near—
The sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing:
Then mourn, rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying!

Rejoice, O grieving heart!
The hours fly fast—
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies;
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past;
Rejoice then, grieving heart!
The hours fly fast!

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings,
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle time!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done—the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends—
Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas time;
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good-night!—with honest, gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good-night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age;
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men—
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys—
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say how fate may change and shift—
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift;
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit—
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed—
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen!—whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize—
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young
(Bear kindly with my humble lays)!
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still:
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

OLD DOBBIN.

HERE'S a song for old Dobbin, whose temper and worth
Are too rare to be spurned on the score of his birth.
He's a creature of trust, and what more should we heed?
'Tis deeds, and not blood, make the man and the steed.

He was bred in the forest, and turned on the plain,
Where the thistle-burs clung to his fetlocks and mane.
All ugly and rough, not a soul could espy
The spark of good-nature that dwelt in his eye.

The summer had waned, and the autumn months rolled
Into those of stern winter, all dreary and cold;
But the north wind might whistle, the snow-flake might dance—
The colt of the common was left to his chance.

Half-starved and half-frozen, the hail-storm would pelt;
Till his shivering limbs told the pangs that he felt
But we pitied the brute, and, though laughed at by all,
We filled him a manger and gave him a stall.

He was fond as a spaniel, and soon he became
The pride of the herd-boy, the pet of the dame.
'Tis well that his market-price cannot be known;
But we christened him Dobbin, and called him our own.

He grew out of colthood, and, lo! what a change!
The knowing ones said it was "mortally strange;"
For the foal of the forest, the colt of the waste,
Attracted the notice of jockeys of taste.

The line of his symmetry was not exact;
But his paces were clever, his mould was compact
And his shaggy, thick coat now appeared with gloss,
Shining out like the gold that's been purged of its dross.

We broke him for service, and tamely he wore
Girth and rein, seeming proud of the thraldom he bore;
Each farm, it is known, must possess an "odd" steed,
And Dobbin was ours, for all times, and all need.

He carried the master to barter his grain,
And ever returned with him safely again:
There was merit in that, for deny it who may,
When the master could *not*, Dobbin *could* find his way.

The dairy-maid ventured her eggs on his back,
'Twas him, and him only, she'd trust with the pack.
The team-horses jolted, the roadster played pranks;
So Dobbin alone had her faith and her thanks.

We fun-loving urchins would group by his side;
We might fearlessly mount him, and daringly ride:
We might creep through his legs, we might plait his long tail;
But his temper and patience were ne'er known to fail.

We would brush his bright hide till 'twas free from a speck;
We kissed his brown muzzle, and hugged his thick neck;
Oh! we prized him like life, and a heart-breaking sob
Ever burst when they threatened to sell our dear Dob.

He stood to the collar, and tugged up the hill,
With the pigs to the market, the grist to the mill;
With saddle or halter, in shaft or in trace;
He was stanch to his work, and content with his place.

When the hot sun was crowning the toil of the year,
He was sent to the reapers with lunch and good cheer;
And none in the corn-field more welcome were seen
Than Dob and his well-laden panniers, I ween.

Oh! those days of pure bliss shall I ever forget,
When we decked out his head with the azure rosette;
All frantic with joy to be off to the fair,
With Dobbin, good Dobbin, to carry us there?

He was dear to us all, aye, for many long years;
But, mercy! how's this? my eye's filling with tears.
Oh, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start;
When memory plays an old tune on the heart!

There are drops on my cheek, there's a throb in my breast;
But my song shall not cease, nor my pen take its rest;
Till I tell that old Dobbin still lives to be seen,
With his oats in the stable, his tares on the green.

His best years have gone by, and the master who gave
The stern yoke to his youth has enfranchised the slave;
So browse on, my old Dobbin, nor dream of the knife;
For the wealth of a king should not purchase thy life.

ELIZA COOK.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

BOYS were as blithe, and girls were as gay,
Fifty years since as they are to-day.
I was as chipper as most of the set
That posed and bowed in the minuet—
Fifty years ago.

Grandfather's house, on a Christmas night
Fifty years since, was ablaze with light.
Joshua caught and kissed me there,
Asked me a question, fairly and square,
Under the mistletoe.

Girls were as fair and fickle were they,
Fifty years since as they are to-day.
Fickle was I as most of the set
Who haven't answered the question yet—
Fifty years ago.

And gray and old as I had to grow,
I can feel that kiss of the long ago,
For Joshua just now kissed his wife
For the fiftieth Christmas of his life
Under the mistletoe.

THE EDEN OF REPOSE.

BELOVED! amid the earnest woes
That crowd around my earthly path—
(Drear path, alas! where grows
Not even one lonely rose)—
My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus my memory is to me
Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea—
Some ocean throbbing far and free
With storms—but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

LOVE'S HOME.

IT is not in the mountains
Nor the palaces of pride,
That love will fold his wings up
And rejoicingly abide;
But in meek and humble natures
His home is ever found,
As the lark that sings in heaven
Builds its nest upon the ground.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

MATERNAL LOVE.

A MOTHER'S love!
If there be one thing pure,
Where all beside is sullied;
That can endure,
When all else pass away:
If there be aught
Surpassing human deed, or word, or thought—
It is a mother's love!

MARCHIONESS DE SPADARA.

BRIDAL BALLAD.

THE ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell—
For the words rang as a knell
And the voice seemed his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to reassure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a revery came o'er me,
And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
"Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken
And this the plighted vow,
And, though my faith be broken,
And, though my heart be broken,
Behold the golden token
That proves me happy now!

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream I know not how,
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken—
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE FIRESIDE.

From "Evangeline."

IN-DOORS, warm by the wide-mouthed fire-place, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent a while were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bag-pipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LET THE CLOTH BE WHITE.

GO set the table, Mary, an' let the cloth be white!
The hungry city children are comin' here to-night;
The children from the city, with features pinched and spare,
Are comin' here to get a breath of God's untainted air.

They come from out the dungeons where they with want were chained;
From places dark an' dismal, by tears of sorrow stained;
From where a thousand shadows are murdering all the light;
Set well the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be white!

They ha' not seen the daisies made for the heart's behoof;
They never heard the rain-drops upon a cottage roof;
They do not know the kisses of zephyr an' of breeze;
They never rambled wild an' free beneath the forest trees.

The food that they ha' eaten was spoiled by other's greeds;
The very air their lungs breathed was full o' poison seeds;
The very air their souls breathed was full o' wrong and spite;
Go set the table, Mary dear, and let the cloth be white!

The fragrant water-lilies ha' never smiled at them;
They never pick a wild-flower from off its dewy stem;
They never saw a greensward that they could safely pass
Unless they heeded well the sign that says, "Keep off the grass."

God bless the men an' women of noble brain an' heart
Who go down in the folk-swamps an' take the children's part.
These hungry, cheery children that keep us in their debt,
And never fail to give us more of pleasure than they get!

Set well the table, Mary; let naught be scant or small—
The little ones are coming here; have plenty for them all.
There's nothing we should furnish except the very best
To those that Jesus looked upon an' called to him an' blessed.

WILL CARLETON.

WOMAN'S VOICE.

Her voice was ever low,
Gentle and soft—an excellent thing in woman.

KING LEAR.

NOT in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn—
Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,
Is earth's best music; these may move a while
High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger, and to bear the harm—
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is, and ever lent
To truth and love, and meekness; they who own
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sorrowed—
By patience never tired, from their own trials borrowed.

An excellent thing it is, when first in gladness
A mother looks into her infant's eyes,
Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sadness,
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—
All these come ever blent with one low gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving,
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares,
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving
With strangest thoughts, and with unwonted fears;
Then, then a woman's low soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone,
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth—
How their two hearts are one, and she his own;
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden tells!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction—
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher—
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly—
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat—
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility—
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

The heart that we have lain near before our birth is the only one that cannot forget that it has loved us.—PHILIP SIDNEY.

MY birthday! O beloved mother!
My heart is with thee o'er the seas.
I did not think to count another
Before I wept upon thy knees—
Before this scroll of absent years
Was blotted with thy streaming tears.

My own I do not care to check.
I weep—albeit here alone—
As if I hung upon thy neck,
As if thy lips were on my own,
As if this full, sad heart of mine,
Were beating closely upon thine.

Four weary years! How looks she now?
What light is in those tender eyes?
What trace of time has touched the brow
Whose look is borrowed of the skies
That listen to her nightly prayer?
How is she changed since he was ther
Who sleeps upon her heart alway—
Whose name upon her lips is worn—
For whom the night seems made to pray—
For whom she wakes to pray at morn—
Whose sight is dim, whose heart-strings stir,
Who weeps these tears—to think of her!

I know not if my mother's eyes
Would find me changed in slighter things
I've wandered beneath many skies,
And tasted of some bitter springs;

And many leaves, once fair and gay,
From youth's full flower have dropped away—
But, as these looser leaves depart,
The lessened flower gets near the core,
And, when deserted quite, the heart
Takes closer what was dear of yore—
And yearns to those who loved it first—
The sunshine and the dew by which its bud was nursed.

Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?
Am I remembered in thy home?
When those I love for joy are met,
Does some one wish that I would come?
Thou dost—I am beloved of these!
But, as the schoolboy numbers o'er
Night after night the Pleiades
And finds the stars he found before—
As turns the maiden oft her token—
As counts the miser aye his gold—
So, till life's silver cord is broken,
Would I of thy fond love be told.
My heart is full, mine eyes are wet—
Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost wanderer yet?

Oh! when the hour to meet again
Creeps on—and, speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthened chain,
And, link by link, draws nearer thee—
When land is hailed, and, from the shore,
Comes off the blessed breath of home,
With fragrance from my mother's door
Of flowers forgotten when I come—
When port is gained, and slowly now,
The old familiar paths are passed,
And entering—unconscious how—
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And run to thee, all faint and weak,
And feel thy tears upon my cheek—
Oh! if my heart break not with joy,
The light of heaven will fairer seem;
And I shall grow once more a boy:
And, mother!—'twill be like a dream
That we were parted thus for years—
And once that we have dried our [illegible]
How will the days seem long and [illegible]nt—
To meet thee always with the morn,
And hear thy blessing every night—
Thy "dearest," thy "first-born!"
And be no more, as now, in a strange land, forlorn!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

ENOCH'S RETURN.

From "Enoch Arden."

BUT Enoch yearned to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy!" so the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down, gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By-and-by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished a little garden square and walled:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it;
But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunned, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed:
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man, come to life, beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love—
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth

He, therefore, turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.
"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness,
A little longer! Aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children, too! must I not speak with thee?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never. No father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."
There speech and thought and nature failed a little,
And he lay tranced.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

THE music ceased, the last quadrille was o'er,
And one by one the waning beauties fled;
The garlands vanished from the frescoed floor,
The nodding fiddler hung his weary head.

And I, a melancholy single man,
Retired to mourn my solitary fate.
I slept a while; but o'er my slumbers ran
The sylph-like image of my blooming Kate.

I dreamt of mutual love and Hymen's joys,
Of happy moments and connubial blisses;
And then I thought of little girls and boys,
The mother's glances and the infant's kisses.

I saw them all in sweet perspective sitting,
In winter's eve, around a blazing fire,
The children playing and the mother knitting,
Or fondly gazing on the happy sire.

The scene was changed. In came the baker's bill;
I stared to see the hideous consummation
Of pies and puddings that it took to fill
The bellies of the rising generation.

There was no end to eating: legs of mutton
Were vanquished daily by this little host;
To see them you'd have thought each tiny glutton
Had laid a wager who could eat the most.

The massy pudding smoked upon the platter;
The ponderous sirloin reared its head in vain;
The little urchins kicked up such a clatter
That scarce a remnant e'er appeared again.

Then came the school bill: board and education
So much per annum; but the extras mounted
To nearly twice the primal stipulation;
And every little bagatelle was counted!

To mending tuck; a new Homeri Ilias;
A pane of glass; repairing coat and breeches;
A slate and pencil; binding old Virgilius;
Drawing a tooth; an open draft and leeches.

And now I languished for the single state,
The social converse and the dreamy Sunday,
The jaunt to Windsor with my sweetheart Kate,
And cursed again the weekly bills of Monday.

Then Kate began to scold—I stampt and swore.
The kittens squeak, the children loudly scream;
And thus awaking with the wild uproar,
I thanked my stars that it was but a dream.

THE GRANDFATHER'S STICK.

'TWAS as bonnie an ash staff as ever was seen
In the hands of a pilgrim or paths of t wood;
It was tough as the bow of Ulysses I ween;
Its polish was high, and its fibre was good.

'Twas the grandfather's stick—it was his stick alone—
Of its forty years' service how proudly he'd tell;
It was all very just—he might call it his own;
But every one else seemed to claim it as well.

It was his when the soft, Sabbath chimes floated by,
When the sun might be hot, or the mud might be thick;
The church was up-hill, and the youngsters would fly
To carry his prayer-book, and find him his stick.

It was his when they coaxed him for wickets or bat,
Now pleading with tears, and now trusting a laugh;
It was not half a mile to the village—and that
He could manage right well with the help of his staff.

But often he wanted his faithful supporter,
When as often 'twas asked for and sought for in vain;
Perhaps Master Dick had it down by the water,
Or the young ones had carried it out in the lane.

It was not a whit safer for all the close hiding,
For corners were peeped in and cupboards explored;
Till some urchin came shouting, careering, and riding
On his grandfather's stick, like a tournament lord.

There were sticks in abundance, from bamboo to oak,
But all eyes and all hands singled that from the rest;
For business or fun that old staff was the one,
For all times and all purposes that was the best.

The herd-boy, perchance, had to cross the bleak waste,
When the sky had no star, and the winter blast wailed;
His eye lost its light, and his red lips turned white,
While 'twas easy to see that his rude spirit quailed.

He thought of the murdered ghost haunting that spot;
Of the gibbet's loose beams—and the boy's heart turned sick;
But half of the soul-thrilling fear was forgot
If he might but take with him the grandfather's stick.

"Look, Susan, the flowers!" was cried in alarm;
"See! see! the old sow's in the garden—quick! quick!"
And the very next moment found Susan's strong arm
Belaboring Bess with the grandfather's stick.

When the dust-laden carpets were swung on the line,
And brave cudgels were chosen—the strong and the thick,
It would not take Sibyline art to divine
That among them was always the grandfather's stick.

But the grandfather waned from the earth, day by day—
Hoards must be opened and treasures must fall;
No selfish heart watched o'er his "passing away,"
Yet that stick was the coveted relic by all.

Serenely the old man went down to his grave,
Looking on to a future with faith, hope and joy;
But, ere the flame died in the socket, he gave
His favorite stick to his favorite boy.

That boy was a spendthrift, all reckless and gay,
Keeping nought but a warm heart and fair honest name;
He was wild in his home—a few years rolled away,
He was out in the world, but the man was the same.

He parted from all—from his land and his gold;
But, with wealth or without, it was all one to Dick;
The same merry laugh lit his face when he told
That he'd nothing more left save his grandfather's stick.

The merry laugh still echoed out, though he found
That friends turned their backs when his money was spent;
He sung, "The world's wide, and I'll travel it round"—
And far from his kindred the wanderer went.

He lives and yet laughs in the prodigal's part;
But whatever his fortune—wherever his land,
There's a lock of white hair hanging close to his heart,
And an ash staff—the grandfather's stick—in his hand.

ELIZA COOK.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THERE is in all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. It is but pride wherewith
To his fair eye the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Aye, on the babe he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name—the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
This is *man's* love! What marvel? *you* ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy;
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings,
His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! *You* ne'er kept watch
Beside him till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph, broke
On your dim weary eye; not *yours* the face
Which early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and duly as heaven's light,
Was there to greet his wakening! *You* ne'er smoothed
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learnt soft utterance; pressed your lip to his,
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are woman's tasks! in these her youth,
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmarked.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

BED-TIME.

"THE fire-flies are lighting the flowers to bed,"
I said to our little girl-tease,
As romping at dusk through the garden we sped;
And just then a soft little breeze
Bent down very gently each wee flower head,
And she with the gravest of airs,
Looked 'round at the stooped, breeze-bent flowers and said:
"And now are they saying their prayers?"

S. WALTER NORRIS.

THE TRAVELLER AWAY FROM HOME.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po,
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and time their evening fire!
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair!
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care;
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view,
That like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My future leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine,
Creation's heir, the world—the world is mine!

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still.
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small:
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, planting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the goods they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call,
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent—
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to our loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends,
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies;
Here, for a while, my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest:
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground:
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue!
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the date
When commerce proudly flourished through the state.
At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,
The canvas glowed, beyond e'en nature warm,

The pregnant quarry teamed with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While naught remained, of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them! turn me to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by a cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten to the blaze,
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot lesson on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined;
Yet let them only share the praises due—
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redressed.
Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Nor quenched by want, nor fanned by strong desire:
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow—
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals—such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way—
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
When shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harsh touch flattering still,
But mocked all tune and marred the dancer's skill:
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of three-score.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here:
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem;
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved or warmly sought
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdy art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast on splendid banquet once a year;
To mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is bartered here;
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentler music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by:
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right above control—
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear!
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But, fostered e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown:
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled;
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Repressed ambition struggles round her shore
Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst: as nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come when, stripped of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

But think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings or court the great:

Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun—
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure.
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free,
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home—
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve and bare my swelling heart,
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, oft-frequented village fall?
Behold the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main,
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind;
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course which no loud storms annoy
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

IF OUR OLD CLOCK COULD SPEAK

IT isn't a scrumptious thing to see—
It's rather short o' paint—
Its brows will always wrinkled be—
Its tick is growin' faint;
The circulation's noways good—
The j'ints too stiffly play—
It some't of'ner than it should,
Forgits the time o' day;
'Twill stop an' try to recollect
Fur somethin' like a week;
But there'd be music, I suspect,
If our ol' clock could speak.

In rain or shine, through peace an' war.
It's still been, as appears,
A member of our family for
Some five an' fifty years;
It's stood right there, through thick an' thin
An' kep' track of the sun,
An' raked its own opinions in
'Bout what we mortals done;
It's hed good watch o' young an' old
(An' looked so mild and meek!)
Some anecdotes ther' would be told
If our old clock could speak!

It's stood aroun' at every meal,
Mid clash o' plate an' cup,
An' heard us our id's reveal,
An' size the neighbors up;
It's traced our little bickerin's, too,
An' seemed to sympathize,
A squintin' softly at us through
Them solemn key-hole eyes;
It's umpired many a lively game
O' social hide-an'-seek;
'Twould score a number o' the same,
Providin' it could speak!

How our folks drove to town one day,
An' lef' us chilrun free
With self-protectin' things to play,
"But let the ol' clock be,"
An' though we young 'uns (never still)
Hadn't thought o' that before,
We now couldn't let it 'lone, until
It crashed down on the floor!
We tremblin' set it up again,
Half-runnin' with a squeak;
'Twas lucky for our jackets, then,
The critter couldn't speak!

How ol' folks went to church, one night,
An' left us all—sly elves—
If we'd conduct there—good an' right—
A meetin' by ourselves;
But neighbor gals an' boys in teens
Walked in—an' first we knew,
We fell to playin' "Oats peas beans,"
"Snap up and catch 'em," too;
We scattered, when, by good ear-luck,
She heard the big gate creak;
The ol' clock frowned an' ticked an' struck,
But couldn't make out to speak!

Ah me! the facts 'twould just let fly,
Suppose it had the power!
Of courtin' chaps, when, on the sly,
They turned it back an hour;
Of weddin's—holdin' tender yet,
The bride's last virgin grace;
Of fun'rals—where it peeped to get
A good look at the face:
It knows the inside-out o' folks—
An' nature's every freak;
I'd write a book if I could coax
That wise ol' clock to speak!

Still straight as any gun it stan's
Ag'in the kitchen wall;
An' slowly waves its solemn han's
Outlivin' of us all!
I venerate some clocks I've seen,
As e'en a'most sublime:
They form revolvin' links between
Etarnity an' time.
An' when you come to take the pains
To strike a dreamy streak,
The figurative fact remains
That all the clocks can speak.

WILL C[illegible]TON.

THE PRIME OF LIFE.

JUST as I thought I was growing old,
Ready to sit in my easy-chair,
To watch the world with a heart grown cold,
And smile at a folly I would not share,
Rose came by with a smile for me,
And I am thinking that forty years
Isn't the age that it seems to be,
When two pretty brown eyes are near.

Bless me! of life it is just the prime,
A fact that I hope she will understand;
And forty years is a perfect rhyme
To dark brown eyes and a pretty hand.

These gray hairs are by chance, you see—
Boys are sometimes gray, I am told;
Rose came by with a smile for me,
Just as I thought I was getting old.

WALTER LEARNED.

MY AUNT.

MY aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell!

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;—
O never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track);
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

IS there no secret place on the face of the earth,
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness shall heave,
And the poor and the wretched shall "ask and receive?"
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man!

Go, look in your hall, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long lighted vistas, the wildering view—
Go there in your patches, and find if you can
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man!

Go, look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great,
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate—
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can
Who opens a pew to a moneyless man.

Go, look on yon judge in the dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right where he justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go, there in the court-room, and find if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man!

Go, look in the banks where mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where safe from the hand of the starving and poor,
Lays pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counter—and there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old and your hair turns gray,
And you'll find at the banks no one of the clan
With money to loan to a moneyless man!

Then go to your hovel; no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down on the pallet and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless while it smites you, the chastening rod;
And you'll find at the end of your little life's span,
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man!

HENRY T. STANTON.

SONG OF THE DYING OLD MAN TO HIS YOUNG WIFE.

KATE, there's a trembling at my heart, a coldness on my brow,
My sight is dim, my breath is faint, I feel I'm dying now;
But ere my vision fadeth quite, ere all of strength be o'er;
Oh! let me look into thy face and press thy hand once more.

I would my latest glance should fall on what I hold most dear;
But, ah! thy cheek is wet again—wipe, wipe away the tear.
Such tears of late have often gemmed thy drooping eyelids' fringe;
Such tears of late have washed away thy young cheek's ruddy tinge.

I brought thee from a simple home to be an old man's bride;
Thou wert the altar where I laid affection, joy and pride;
My heart's devotion, like the sun, shone forth with glowing power,
And kept its brightest glory rays to mark its setting hour.

I brought thee from a simple home, when early friends had met;
And something filled thy farewell tone that whispered of regret;
Oh! could I wonder—when you left warm spirits like your own,
To dwell upon far distant earth, with age and wealth alone.

I gazed with holy fondness on thy meek, retiring eye,
Soft in its beaming as the first fair star of evening's sky,
I marked the dimpled mirth around thy sweet lips when they smiled:
And while I loved thee as a bride, I blest thee as a child.

But, oh! thy young and ardent soul could not respond to mine;
My whitened hair seemed mocked by those rich, sunny curls of thine;

And though thy gentle faith was kind as woman's faith can be;
'Twas as the spring flower clinging round the winter-blighted tree.

My speech is faltering and low—the world is fading fast—
The sands of life are few and slow—this day will be my last:
I've something for thine ear—bend close—list to my failing word;
Lay what I utter to thy soul, and start not when 'tis heard.

There's one who loves thee—though his love has never lived in speech
He worships as a devotee the star he cannot reach;
He strives to mask his throbbing breast, and hide its burning glow—
But I have pierced the veil and seen the struggling pulse below.

Nay, speak not: I alone have been the selfish and unwise;
Young hearts will nestle with young hearts, young eyes will meet young eyes;
And when I saw his earnest glance turn hopelessly away,
I thanked the hand of time that gave me warning of decay.

I question not thy bosom, Kate—I cast upon thy name
No memory of jealous fear, no lightest shade of blame:
I know that he has loved thee long, with deep and secret truth,
I know he is a fitting one to bless thy trusting youth.

Weep not for me with bitter grief; I would but have thee tell
That he who bribed thee to his care has cherished thee right well,
I give thee to another, Kate—and may that other prove
As grateful for the blessing held, as doting in his love.

Bury me in the churchyard where the dark yew-branches wave,
And promise thou wilt come sometimes to weed the old man's grave!
'Tis all I ask—I'm blind—I'm faint—take, take my parting breath—
I die within thy arms, my Kate, and feel no sting of death.

ELIZA COOK.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

AND canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honors on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought! Where'er our steps may roam
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy grief assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

DAILY TRIALS.

BY A SENSITIVE MAN.

OH, there are times
When all this fret and tumult that we hear
Do seem more stale than to the sexton's ear
His own dull chimes.

Ding dong! ding dong!
The world is in a simmer like a sea
Over a pent volcano—woe is me
All the day long!

From crib to shroud!
Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,
And friends in boots tramp round us as we die,
Snuffling aloud.

At morning's call
The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in the sun,
And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by one,
Give answer all.

When evening dim
Draws round us, then the lonely cater-waul,
Tart solo, sour duet, and general squall—
These are our hymn.

Women, with tongues
Like polar needles, ever on the jar;
Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep fountains are
Within their lungs.

Children, with drums
Strapped round them by the fond paternal ass;
Peripatetics with a blade of grass
Between their thumbs.

Vagrants, whose arts
Have caged some devil in their mad machine,
Which grinding, squeaks, with husky groans between,
Come out by starts.

Cockneys that kill
Thin horses of a Sunday; men, with clams,
Hoarse as young bisons roaring for their dams
From hill to hill.



THE THREE FRIENDS.

Soldiers, with guns,
Making a nuisance of the blessed air;
Child-crying bellmen, children in despair,
Screeching for buns.

Storms, thunders, waves!
Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your fill;
Ye sometimes rest; men never can be still
But in their graves.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DREAMIN' O' HOME.

I CAN'T jes' tell what's come to her, an' yet I think it's clear
That sumthin's goin' wrong o' late—to see her sittin' there
A-dreamin' in the doorway, with that look into her eyes,
As ef they still were restin' on the ole time fields an' skies.

She's always dreamin', dreamin' o' the life we left behind,
The little two-roomed cottage where the mornin' glories twined;
The roses in the garden, the yellow sunflowers tall,
The violets—but she herself the sweetest flower o' all.

You see, she useter sit there in the doorway, so content,
The sunflowers follerin' the sun, no matter where he went;
The brown bees sippin' honey and a buzzin' roun' the place,
The roses climbin' up to her an' smilin' in her face.

An' now she can't forget it. When I tell her: "Little wife,
There ain't no use in grievin' for that simple country life,"
She twines her arms aroun' my neck, an' smilin' sweet to see,
She says: "It seems so far away to where we useter be!"

There ain't no use in chidin', or sayin' words o' cheer;
There's nuthin' in the city life that she was useter there;
Where preachin' cum but once a month an' street cars didn't run,
An' folks they tole the time o' day by lookin' at the sun.

An' larks got up at peep o' dawn an' made the medders ring;
I tell you folks, when one's brought up to jes' that kind o' thing,
It's hard to git away from it: old feelins' bound to rise,
An' make a runnin' over in a woman's tender eyes.

So there she sits a-dreamin', till I get to dreamin', too,
An' when her head droops on my breast an' sleep falls like the dew
An' closes them sweet eyes o' hers, once more we seem to be
In the old home, where we'll rest some day together—her and me.

THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WE sat by the fisher's cottage,
And looked at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house
The lamps shone out on high;
And far on the dim horizon
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck—
Of sailors, and how they live;
Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,
And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,
In regions strange and fair;
And of the wondrous being
And curious customs there;

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,
Which are launched in the twilight hour
And the dark and silent Brahmins,
Who worship the lotus flower;

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland—
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed and small—
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
Till at last we spoke no more;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

TO MY MOTHER.

BECAUSE I feel that, in the heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of "mother,"
Therefore by that dear name I long have called you—
You who are more than mother unto me,
And fill my heart of hearts, where death installed you,
In setting my Virginia's spirit free,
My mother—my own mother, who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you

Are mother to the one I loved so dearly.
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its own soul-life.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with;—but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;
They had an ancient goose—it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me—O, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom; I can feel
With all around me; I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle, and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and worn!—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE DORCHESTER GIANT.

THERE was a giant in time of old,
A mighty one was he;
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold;
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
And the giants were choosing a king;
The people were not democrats then,
They did not talk of the rights of men,
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,
And fastened them in the pen;
The children roared; quoth the giant, "Be still!"
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed with plums,
As big as the state-house dome:
Quoth he, "There's something for you to eat;
So stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,
And whittled the boughs away;
The boys and their mother set up a shout,
Said he, "You're in, and you can't get out,
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune
As he strode the fields along;
'Tis said a buffalo fainted away,
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,
It isn't for me to show;
There's many a thing that's twice as queer
In somebody's lectures that we hear,
And those are true, you know.

What are those lone ones doing now,
The wife and the children sad?
O, they are in a terrible rout,
Screaming, and throwing their pudding about,
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
They flung it over the plain,
And all over Milton and Dorchester too
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw;
They tumbled as thick as rain.

Giant and mammoth have passed away,
For ages have floated by;
The suet is hard as a marrow bone,
And every plum is turned to a stone,
But there the puddings lie.

And, if some pleasant afternoon,
You'll ask me out to ride,
The whole of the story I will tell,
And you shall see where the puddings fell,
And pay for the punch beside.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE QUIET MIND.

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content—
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent—
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride or care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,
Obscuréd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE.

THE OLD BARN.

THE barn, the old barn, oh! its dark walls were rife
With the records most fair in my tablet of life;
And a rare barn it was, for, search twenty miles round,
Such another brave building was not to be found.

'Twas large as an ark, 'twas as strong as a church,
'Twas the chicken's resort, 'twas the young raven's perch;
There the bat flapped his wings, and the owlet made screech,
Secure in the gable-ends, far out of reach.

For many a year had the harvest-home wain
Creaked up to its door with the last load of grain:
And 'twas evident time had been playing his pranks
With the moss-garnished roof and the storm-beaten planks.

A wee thing, they tumbled me into its mow;
And left me to scramble out, Heaven knows how,
A wild, merry girl, the old barn was the spot
Which afforded delight that is still unforgot.

'Twas a birthday, one scion was walking life's stage,
In youth's proudest of characters—just come of age;
Many joys were devised—but the chosen of all
Was to clear out the old barn, and "get up a ball."

We had prayed, we had hoped that the lanes might be dry,
That no cloud would come over the moon-lighted sky;
But, alas! 'twas November, and fog, sleet, and gloom
Made the night of our jubilee dark as the tomb.

But, hark!—what loud voices—what rumbling of wheels—
What stepping in puddles—what tragical "squeals!"
While close-tilted wagons and mud-spattered carts
Set down a rare cargo of happy young hearts.

What a dance was the first—with what pleasure we went
Down the middle and up, till our breathing was spent!
Though Musard might have shrugged at a bit of a strife
'Twixt the notes of the fiddle and key of the fife.

Then the rat-hunt—oh, mercy! we hear poets speak
Of the tug of fierce battle when "Greek joins with Greek;"
But war held as wild and as deadly a reign
When the terriers met the destroyers of grain.

The smith left his bellows—the miller his sack,—
It was lucky that business grew suddenly slack;
The thatcher was there, and the thatcher's boy too,
And somehow, the butcher had nothing to do.

The Squire lent his whip and his voice to the fray;
He, of course, only "chanced to be riding that way;"
And the master—the ploughman—the rich and the poor,
Stood equality's jostling about the barn door.

There was bustling old Pincher, all fierceness and bark;
And even fat Dido, as gay as a lark;
Snap, Vixen, and Bob, and another full score,
For though rats might be many—the dogs were oft more.

The barn was the place where the beams and the rope
Gave our mischievous faculties plenty of scope;
And when rick-lines were found, knotted, severed, and frayed;
Not a word did we breathe of the swings we had made.

"Hide and seek" was the game that delighted us most,
When we stealthily crept behind pillar and post;
When the law was enforced that "home" should not be won
Before we'd encircled the barn in our run.

I'd a merry heart then—but I scarcely know why
I should look into memory's page with a sigh;
'Tis ungrateful to turn to the past with regret,
When we hold a fair portion of happiness yet.

My laugh in that day was a spirited shout,
But still it is heard to ring joyously out;
My friends were the warmest that childhood could find,
But those round me still are endearingly kind.

"Long ago" has too often awakened my soul,
Till my brow gathered shade, and the tear-drop would roll;
Down, down, busy thought, for the future may be
As bright as the time of the old barn for me.

ELIZA COOK.

REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN.

I SAW the curl of his waving lash,
And the glance of his knowing eye,
And I knew that he thought he was cutting a dash,
As his steed went thundering by.

And he may ride in the rattling gig,
Or flourish the Stanhope gay,
And dream that he looks exceeding big
To the people that walk in the way;

But he shall think, when the night is still,
On the stable-boy's gathering numbers,
And the ghost of many a veteran bill
Shall hover around his slumbers;

The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep,
And constables cluster around him,
And he shall creep from the wood-hole deep
Where their spectre eyes have found him!

Ay! gather your reins, and crack your thong,
And bid your steed go faster;
He does not know, as he scrambles along,
That he has a fool for his master;

And hurry away on your lonely ride,
Nor deign from the mire to save me;
I will paddle it stoutly at your side
With the tandem that nature gave me!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE FARMER'S HOUSE.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

FIRMLY builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard,
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE EARLY HOME.

HOME of our childhood! how affection clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings!
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown!
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky!
O happiest they, whose early love unchanged,
Hopes undissolved, and friendship unestranged,
Fired of their wanderings, still can deign to see
Love, hopes, and friendship, centring all in thee!

And thou, my village! as again I tread
Amidst thy living, and above thy dead;
Though some fair playmates guard with chaster fears
Their cheeks, grown holy with the lapse of years;
Though with the dust some reverend locks may blend,
Where life's last mile-stone marks the journey's end;
On every bud the changing year recalls,
The brightening glance of morning memory falls,
Still following onward as the months unclose
The balmy lilac or the bridal rose;
And still shall follow, till they sink once more
Beneath the snow-drifts of the frozen shore,
As when my bark, long tossing in the gale,
Furled in her port her tempest-rended sail!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE WELCOME BACK.

SWEET is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us;
Where hands are striving as we come,
To be the first to greet us.
When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,
And care been sorely pressing;
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fireside blessing.
Oh! joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we reck on a dreary way,
Though lonely and benighted;
If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
And eyes that will beam, love-lighted?
What is the worth of your diamond ray,
To the glance that flashes pleasure;
When the words that welcome back betray
We form a heart's chief treasure?
Oh! joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

ELIZA COOK.

FOR ANNIE.

THANK Heaven! the crisis,
The danger is past
And the lingering illness
Is over at last—
And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know,
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length—
But no matter!—I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,

Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart—ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness, the nausea,
The pitiless pain,
Have ceased, with the fever
That maddened my brain—
With the fever called "Living"
That burned in my brain.

And O, of all tortures
That torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of passion accurst!
I have drunk of a water
That quenches all thirst,

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies—
A rosemary odor,
Commingled with pansies,
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie—
Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,
She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm—
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly
Now in my bed,
(Knowing her love,)
That you fancy me dead;—
And I rest so contentedly
Now in my bed,
(With her love at my breast,)
That you fancy me dead—
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead:

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky;
For it sparkles with Annie—
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie—
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE HAIR-PIN.

WHAT is home without a hair-pin,
When the glove hook can't be found,
And the street car is approaching,
To the northern depots bound?

Or the paper cutter's missing,
As the thrilling tale she reads;
And the hero's planned elopement
On an uncut page succeeds?

What is home without a hair-pin
Deftly bent upon the floor;
When one finds it, walking barefoot—
Hark, was that a voice that swore,

Sending echoes through the darkness,
With a swift profane dispatch,
Till they swarmed upon a toothpick
And became a parlor match?

Oh! the wicked little hair-pin—
Treacherous wire of dual point—
You were better hid in tresses
Than in wrenching out a joint!

J. B. ALDEN.

A GRANDSIRE'S DREAM.

I SIT within my ingle-nook,
So old and gray, I know,
I close my eyes and backward look:
'Tis fifty years ago—
Ere youth has fled, or hope is dead,
And life's sands running low.

The Christmas bells are chiming sweet
('Tis fifty years ago),
There comes the fall of fairy feet
Across the trackless snow;
And hearts beat high, to pleasures nigh,
Just fifty years ago.

From out the ivied manor-house
I see a golden glow;
And merry voices welcome us
('Tis fifty years ago)—
A laughing band stand hand in hand,
A crowd pass to and fro.

In hall and homestead, great and small
Sing blithely as they go;
The smile of one is smile of all
('Tis fifty years ago),
And hearts are light and eyes are bright,
That Christmas long ago.

A face looks out from wealth of hair,
That waves o'er brow of snow;
And brown eyes droop with shyest air
('Tis fifty years ago),
And cheeks are flushed and voices hushed
To whispers sweet and low.

A kerchief crossed a swelling breast,
The heart that throbbed below
Grew restless with its own unrest;
For, ah, how could you know
That I loved you, so well, so true,
Just fifty years ago?

We trod a measure through the hall
With stately steps and slow—
Once more I hear your footsteps fall,
Your bright cheeks brighter glow,
And you are mine, by right divine,
Of love—long years ago!

Your dainty cap, your golden hair,
Your muslin kerchief's snow;
Your tiny feet that cross the stair
Less swift than mine, I know;
All these I hear and see, my dear,
As fifty years ago.

How fair you looked! How fond I loved!
'Twas well it should be so;
I gaze upon your picture now
Till tears begin to flow;
And all the past is held as fast
As fifty years ago.

It is not fifty years—and time
Has stayed for us, I know;
We hear the merry Christmas chime,
We see the falling snow;
And hand in hand so close we stand
My love of long ago.

The voices sweet of friends who greet
Are close to me, I trow;
The fire-gleams dance in radiant heat,
The holly-berries glow.
I have but dreamt of days I've spent
Since fifty years ago.

Alas, who stands demurely here,
With eyes of tender glow,
So like the eyes of you, my dear,
In days of long ago?
She smiles, I ween, at grandsire's dream
Of fifty years ago!

THE BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips,
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

SCENES IN NATURE.

EVENING ON THE RIVER.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

SOFTLY the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE EARLY SPRING.

'TIS spring-time on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.
In kindly shower and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood;
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks;
The southwest wind is warmly blowing,
And odors from the springing grass,
The pine-tree and the sassafras,
Are with it on its errands going.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls:
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood sulkily mute.
So on it went, capering, and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags:
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried, gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed, like a monster, on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm,
So they ran out like bees when threatened with harm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps:
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.



THE COMING STORM

But the wind had swept on, and met in a lane
With a school-boy, who panted and struggled in vain:
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.
Then away went the wind in its holiday glee!
And now it was far on the billowy sea;
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro:—
But, lo! night came, and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done!

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

THROUGH the chill of an early April rain
I hear the note of a sweet refrain—
Has the robin come so soon?
Heavy and dull are the skies without,
And my heart is filled with a dreary doubt,
But the song is a song of June.

O robin, robin, you shame my faith,
Your cheery song to my spirit saith:
"Believe, and away with fear:
I am not afraid, though the cold winds blow,
I am come at the call of God, and know
That spring is surely here.

"So I seek my mate, and I build my nest,
And I sing my song with a keener zest,
For the joy that is yet to be;
Already the fullness of joy I share,
When my nest shall swing in the summer air
On the bough of the maple-tree."

Sing on, brave robin, your song shall be
An inspiration of faith to me,
I, too, will begin to sing.
Though my heart is chilled, and my pulse is low,
And my hopes lie buried under the snow,
I am sure of a coming spring.

MARIA UPHAM DRAKE.

THE RHODORA.

[R. Emerson was once asked if he knew the origin of this flower. His following was his reply.]

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black waters with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora: if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose,
I never thought to ask; I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE VIOLET.

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet!
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door,
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar from that beloved place,
And that beloved hour,
When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass,
The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky—O pass, ye visions, pass!
I would that I were dead!

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door,
From which I ever flee?
O vanished door! O love, that art no more!
Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor, through my brain
Hath searched, and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

DAWN.

THROW up the window! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it are betrayed; for as it parts
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,

I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing
As if to breathe were music, and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,
Like the small tribute of humility.

I had awoke from an unpleasant dream,
And light was welcome to me. I looked out
To feel the common air, and when the breath
Of the delicious morning met my brow,
Cooling its fever, and the pleasant sun
Shone on familiar objects, it was like
The feeling of the captive who comes forth
From darkness to the cheerful light of day.

Oh, could we wake from sorrow! Were it all
A troubled dream like this, to cast aside
Like an untimely garment with the morn!
Could the long fever of the heart be cooled
By a sweet breath from nature, or the gloom
Of a bereaved affection pass away
With looking on the lively tint of flowers,
How lightly were the spirit reconciled
To make this beautiful, bright world its home!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

IN WINTER TWILIGHT.

BITTER and bleak is the closing day;
The wind goes wailing, the sky is gray,
And there's never a bird on bough or spray—
Alas, how dreary!

But summer will surely come again.
The earth needs snow and cold and rain,
Just as our hearts need grief and pain.
And so be cheery!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother,
As she used to, years agone,
To survey her darling dreamers,
Ere she left them till the dawn;
Oh! I see her bending o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
A serene, angelic pair!
Glide around my wakeful pillow
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue,
And forget I, gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue;
I remember but to love her
With a rapture kin to pain;
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

COATES KINNEY.

MORNING PLEASURES.

FALSELY luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the enlightened soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wildered, and tossing through distempered dreams
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves, when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?
But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colored air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings, first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapped
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun,
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen,
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

JAMES THOMSON

THE BLACK CANON.

THE midday sun in this deep gorge
Resigns his old-time splendor,
His palace walls of dreamy gold
The rose-hues warm and tender.
The cleft is dark below
Where foaming flows the sombre river,
The wild winds sigh and blossoms shiver,
And violet mists ascending
Obscure the orient glow.

O! rushing river emerald-hued,
How mad thou art and fearless,
No frowning gates, though granite-barred,
Can curb thy waters fearless!
The silent gods of stone
Revoke their ancient laws of might,
When through the gorge with wing-swift flight
Thy wind-tossed waves are speeding,
Each moment wilder grown.

The faint stars shine in broad midday
Through twilight mists, gold-rifted,
Where opal streams make dizzy leaps
O'er jasper walls blue rifted.
Below no naiads dream
'Neath dim arcades; through sunless deeps
The nomad river lonely leaps,
Where castled crags rise skyward
Like watch-towers o'er the stream.

On massive cliff-walls Nature's hand
Has turned time's sun-worn pages;
In faces carved and figures hewn
We trace the work of ages.
The gold-tipped spires sublime,
That pierce the sky like shafts of light,
But mark the measureless heavenward height
Of Nature's own cathedral,
Whose stern high priest is Time.

In this grand temple eons old
Her organ notes are pealing,
In gold-flecked arch and wave-worn aisles
The flower-nuns are kneeling;
Her altars echo prayer,
And when at dusk the cold moon shines,
O! awful are the far white shrines,
From earth to God unpreaching
Through spirit-flooded air.

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is husht and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were?
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warped and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye!
The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply!
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

HOW pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun and stars and moon,
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nest in the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old, they wander out,
And traverse the green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other they lovingly call:
"Come up, come up," they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway."

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air,"
And the birds below give back the cry:
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree;
And away through the air what joy to go,
And look on the bright green earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be, to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mid the waterfalls,

Then wheeling about with its mate at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladdens some fairy region old!
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be.

MARY HOWITT.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the earthly
hour
Of winter's past or coming void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy song
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not drawn
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, and, yes, to angels' lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant: with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering through the woods,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of the spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! ye have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped as we
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young
Speaking by tears before you have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

ROBERT HERRICK.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE, how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself encloses,
And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere:

Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure.
Till the warm sun pities its pain
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves, the blossoms green;
And recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day;
Dark beneath, but bright above;
Here disdaining, here in love.
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upward bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and chill;
Congealed on earth; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

WHEN DAY MEETS NIGHT.

BUT to the west the spent day kisses night,
And with one parting glow of passion dies
In gold and red; a woman's wistful eyes
Look out across the hills, a band of light
Plays on her parted hair, there softly dwells,
And throws a glory o'er her girlish dream;
The sheep slow nestle down beside the stream,
And cattle wander with their tinkling bells.

The clouds, sun-flushed, cling 'round the day's decline;
The woman's eyes grow tender; shadows creep;
Gold turns to gray; a sharp dividing line
Parts earth and heaven. Adown the western height
The calm cold dark has kissed the day to sleep;
The wistful eyes look out across the night.

CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JR.

THE WILLOW.

SEE the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipped with vernal red,
And her kindly flower displayed
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops a while,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
Up the stony vale I wind,
Haply half in fancy grieving
For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside drear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultured grove.

JOHN KEBLE.

AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

WILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young spring first questioned winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms,
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TWILIGHT.

THE sunrise waits behind heaven's gates,
Unclosed of lagging morning;
In shadows slow the world below
Fore-greets it, self-adorning.

The sweet song-bird is rising heard,
The cold, gray light is growing,
To herald still on every hill
The red sun's royal flowing.

The still dark night foresees the light
Before her head she lends us;
And waning far, the dwindling star
Its mystic message sends us.

In glowing pride of prospect wide
The firmament unclosing;
And wakes to bliss with stooping kiss
The petals of the roses.

The watch-dog's sleep, serene and deep,
Breaks on the morning's breaking,
And pillowed head that mocked the dead
From dream to work is waking.

The sons of toil in earth's turmoil
Come forth ere day to labor;
And lazy wealth outsleeps his health,
To compensate his neighbor.

The world of sound springs up around,
In murmurs waxing ever;
And wearied men are armed again,
To face the long endeavor.

We know not, we, what this may be,
The mystery of ages,
Which day by day writes lives away
On unremembered pages.

But calm at least, they watch the east,
For victory or disaster,
Who firmly hold the best the old,
And faith alone the master.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

THE FOLDED LEAF.

LO! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LOCH KATRINE.

THE summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat-dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

"COME, little leaves," said the wind one day—
"Come o'er the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold:
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew:

"Cricket, good-by; we've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your farewell song—
Say you are sorry to see us go:
Ah! you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold:
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them and they were content,
Soon fast asleep in their earthly beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER.

STORM AT NIGHT.

THE sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the fit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:—
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters—war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around; of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul,
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempest! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

LORD BYRON.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon;
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE GROVE.

HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Here nature does a house for me erect,
Nature, the wisest architect!
Who those fond artists does despise,
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS.

WITH brine upon its breath the soft breeze floats
Up from the gulf, across the planted lands
Where rice crops ripen, and the young cane stands,
Its soft susurrus blending with the notes
That pour from myriads of piping throats,
Whose minstrelsy the ear of night commands;
While move, to deeper seas and wider strands,
The sombre river and its silent boats.
From hedge, and grove and tall, deep verdured trees
The dulcet winds delicious odors comb;
While stars infinituple over these
In upper silences have made their home,
And seem like multitudes of golden bees
Swarming in some vast temple's concave dome.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

SONG TO THE VIOLET.

VIOLET! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years;
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?

Loved one of my youth thou wast,
Of my merry youth,
And I see
Tearfully,
All the fair and sunny past,
All its openness and truth,
Ever fresh and green in thee
As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart, that hath, with love
Grown colored like the sky above,
  On which thou lookest ever,
    Can it know
    All the woe
  Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging?

Out on it! no foolish pining
    For the sky
    Dims thine eye,
Or for the stars so calmly shining;
Like thee, let this soul of mine
  Take hue from that wherefor I long,
  Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
Not satisfied with hoping, but divine.

Violet! dear violet!
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of Him who sent thee,
  And for the fulfilling sense
  Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all that nature meant thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE EVENING STAR.

LO! in the painted oriel of the west,
  Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
  Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
  The evening star, the star of love and rest!
And then anon she doth herself divest
  Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
  Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
  With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.
O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!
  My morning and my evening star of love!
  My best and gentlest lady! even thus,
As that fair planet in the sky above,
  Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
  And from thy darkened window fades the light.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

APRIL.

I HAVE found violets. April hath come on.
  And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
  Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.
  You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful, bright neck; and, from the hills,
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea,
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass; and so I know
That nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard
The dropping of the velvet foot of spring.
Take of my violets! I found them where
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank
That leaned to running water.
There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.
I love to go in the capricious days
Of April and hunt violets, when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deemed too idle, but the young
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out!
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,
And read it, when the "fever of the world"
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life
Hath yet one spring unpoisoned, it will be
Like a beguiling music to its flow,
And you will no more wonder that I love
To hunt for violets in the April-time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

AT THE BROOKSIDE.

AND now my memory fondly plays
  Around the haunts of boyhood days—
  The days made up of fairy dreaming—
  The days with joy and hope full teeming;
When nature seemed more fair by far,
In light of sun and twinkling star;
When every flower and shrub and tree
Seemed made for happiness—and me!
Oft would I romp o'er field and hill
That skirted round a moss-grown mill,
Whose wheel hung listless at its side,
Nor answered to the coaxing tide
That played about its ragged edge
A while, then wandered through the sedge,
Then on to where, with breast so meek,
It lay and kissed the lily's cheek.

Oh, wild the days, and wild the joy
That owned and blessed that fair-haired boy!
Oft would he tire and turn his feet
To seek a spot—a sweet retreat
He knew lay hidden 'mong the trees—
And lay him down in idle ease;
A soft, green carpet floored the nook,
And at his feet a chattering brook
Run ceaseless, and with soothing numbers
Soon would it lull him into slumbers.

O, boy! O, brook! Through changeful years
How well the picture holds and wears!
Here on his heart, 'tis graven bold,
Although the sunny locks of gold
That clustered round that careless brow
Are changed to glistening silver now.

JULIAN SHALLCROSS.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE CHILD ON THE BEACH.

MARY, a beautiful, artless child,
Came down on the beach to me,
Where I sat, and a pensive hour beguiled
By watching the restless sea.

I never had seen her face before,
And mine was to her unknown;
But we each rejoiced on that peaceful shore
The other to meet alone.

Her cheek was the rose's opening bud,
Her brow of an ivory white;
Her eyes were bright as the stars that stud
The sky of a cloudless night.

To reach my side as she gayly sped,
With the step of a bounding fawn,
The pebbles scarce moved beneath her tread,
Ere the little light foot was gone.

With the love of a holier world than this
Her innocent heart seemed warm;
While the glad young spirit looked out with bliss
From its shrine in her sylph-like form.

Her soul seemed spreading the scene to span
That opened before her view,
And longing for power to look the plan
Of the universe fairly through.

She climbed and stood on the rocky steep,
Like a bird that would mount and fly
Far over the waves, where the broad, blue deep
Rolled up to the bending sky.

She placed her lips to the spiral shell,
And breathed through every fold;
She looked for the depth of its pearly cell,
As a miser would look for gold.

Her small white fingers were spread to toss
The foam as it reached the strand:
She ran them along in the purple moss,
And over the sparkling sand.

The green sea-egg, by its tenant left,
And formed to an ocean cup,
She held by its sides, of their spears bereft,
To fill, as the waves rolled up.

But the hour went round, and she knew the space
Her mother's soft word assigned;
While she seemed to look with a saddening face
On all she must leave behind.

She searched mid the pebbles, and finding one
Smooth, clear, and of amber dye,
She held it up to the morning sun,
And over her own mild eye.

Then, "Here," said she, "I will give you this,
That you may remember me!"
And she sealed her gift with a parting kiss,
And fled from beside the sea.

Mary, thy token is by me yet:
To me 'tis a dearer gem
Than ever was brought from the mine, or set
In the loftiest diadem.

It carries me back to the far-off deep,
And places me on the shore,
Where the beauteous child, who bade me keep
Her pebble, I meet once more.

And all that is lovely, pure, and bright,
In a soul that is young, and free
From the stain of guile, and the deadly blight
Of sorrow, I find in thee.

I wonder if ever thy tender heart
In memory meets me there,
Where thy soft, quick sigh, as we had to part,
Was caught by the ocean air.

Blest one! over time's rude shore on thee
May an angel guard attend,
And "a white stone bearing a new name" be
Thy passport when time shall end!

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

RISE! Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn.
The dews hang thick on the fringéd thorn,
And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,
Under the steaming, steaming ground.
Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
And leave us alone in the clear gray sky!
Our horses are ready and steady—So, ho
I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.

Hark, hark!—Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
The horn—the horn!
The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now, through the copse where the fox is found,
And over the stream at a mighty bound,
And over the high lands, and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
Away!—as a hawk flies full at his prey,
So flieth the hunter, away—away!
From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
When the red fox dies, and—the day is done.
Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is borne?
'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn:
The horn—the horn!
The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.

Sound! Sound the horn! To the hunter good
What's the gully deep or the roaring flood?
Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.
Oh, what delight can a mortal lack,
When he once is firm on his horse's back,
With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,
And the blast of the horn for his morning song?
Hark, hark!—Now, home! and dream till morn
Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn!
The horn—the horn!
Oh, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn!

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

THE sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves:—
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee soon the truth.
There are no birds in last year's nest!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

'TIS sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping,
Some gay-colored bark moving gracefully by;
No damp on her deck but the even-tide's weeping,
No breath in her sails but the summer-wind's sigh.

Yet who would not turn, with a fonder emotion,
To gaze on the life-boat, though rugged and worn,
Which often hath wafted, o'er hills of the ocean,
The lost light of hope to the seaman forlorn!

Oh! grant that of those who in life's sunny slumber
Around us like summer-barks idly have played,
When storms are abroad we may find in the number
One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid.

THOMAS MOORE

MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

WRITTEN AT WEST POINT.

I'M not romantic, but, upon my word,
There are some moments when one can't help feeling
As if his heart's chords were so strongly stirred
By things around him, that 'tis vain concealing
A little music in his soul still lingers,
Whene'er its keys are touched by nature's fingers.

And even here, upon this settee lying,
With many a sleepy traveller near me snoozing,
Thoughts warm and wild are through my bosom flying,
Like founts when first into the sunshine oozing:
For who can look on mountain, sky, and river,
Like these, and then be cold and calm as ever?

Bright Dian, who, Camilla-like, dost skim yon
Azure fields—thou who, once earthward bending,
Didst loose thy virgin zone to young Endymion,
On dewy Latmos to his arms descending—
Thou whom the world of old on every shore,
Type of thy sex, Triformis, did adore:

Tell me—where'er thy silver bark be steering,
By bright Italian or soft Persian lands,
Or o'er those island-studded seas careering,
Whose pearl-charged waves dissolve on coral strands:
Tell if thou visitest, thou heavenly rover,
A lovelier stream than this the wide world over?

Doth Achelöus or Araxes, flowing
Twin-born from Pindus, but ne'er-meeting brothers—
Doth Tagus, o'er his golden pavement glowing,
Or cradle-freighted Ganges, the reproach of mothers,
The storied Rhine, or far-famed Guadalquiver—
Match they in beauty my own glorious river?

What though no cloister gray nor ivied column
Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear?
What though no frowning tower nor temple solemn
Of despots tell and superstition here—
What though that mouldering fort's fast-crumbling walls
Did ne'er enclose a baron's bannered halls—

Its sinking arches once gave back as proud
An echo to the war-blown clarion's peal—
As gallant hearts its battlements did crowd
As ever beat beneath a vest of steel,
When herald's trump on knighthood's haughtiest day
Called forth chivalric host to battle-fray:

For here amid these woods did he keep court,
Before whose mighty soul the common crowd
Of heroes, who alone for fame have fought,
Are like the patriarch's sheaves to Heaven's chosen bowed—
He who his country's eagle taught to soar,
And fired those stars which shine o'er every shore.

And sights and sounds at which the world has wondered
Within these wild ravines have had their birth;
Young Freedom's cannon from these glens have thundered,
And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth;
And not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary
But treasures up within the glorious story.

And yet not rich in high-souled memories only
Is every moon-kissed headland round me gleaming,
Each caverned glen and leafy valley lonely,
And silver torrent o'er the bald rock streaming:
But such soft fancies here may breathe around,
As make Vaucluse and Clarens hallowed ground.

Where, tell me where, pale watcher of the night—
Thou that to love so oft has lent its soul,
Since the lorn Lesbian languished 'neath thy light,
Or fiery Romeo to his Juliet stole—
Where dost thou find a fitter place on earth
To nurse young love in hearts like theirs to birth?

O, loiter not upon that fairy shore,
To watch the lazy barks in distance glide,
When sunset brightens on their sails no more,
And stern-lights twinkle in the dusky tide—
Loiter not there, young heart, at that soft hour,
What time the bird of night proclaims love's power.

Even as I gaze upon my memory's trace,
Bright as that coil of light along the deep,
A scene of early youth comes dream-like back,
Where two stand gazing from yon tide-washed steep—
A sanguine stripling, just toward manhood flushing,
A girl scarce yet in ripened beauty blushing.

The hour is his—and, while his hopes are soaring,
Doubts he that maiden will become his bride?
Can she resist that gush of wild adoring,
Fresh from a heart full-volumed as the tide?
Tremulous, but radiant is that peerless daughter
Of loveliness—as is the star-paved water!

The moist leaves glimmer as they glimmered then—
Alas! how oft have they been since renewed!
How oft the whip-poor-will from yonder glen
Each year has whistled to her callow brood!
How oft have lovers by yon star's same beam
Dreamed here of bliss—and wakened from their dream!

But now, bright Peri of the skies, descending,
Thy pearly car hangs o'er yon mountain's crest,
And night, more nearly now each step attending,
As if to hide thy envied place of rest,
Closes at last thy very couch beside,
A matron curtaining a virgin bride.

Farewell! Though tears on every leaf are starting:
While through the shadowy boughs thy glances quiver,
As of the good when heavenward hence departing,
Shines thy last smile upon the placid river.
So—could I fling o'er glory's tide one ray—
Would I too steal from this dark world away.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

SONG OF THE HEMPSEED.

AYE, scatter me well, 'tis a moist spring day;
Wide and far be the Hempseed sown:
And bravely I'll stand on the autumn land,
When the rains have dropped and the winds have blown
Man shall carefully gather me up;
His hand shall rule and my form shall change;
Not as a mate for the purple of state,
Nor into ought that is "rich and strange."
But I shall come forth all woven and spun,
With my fine threads curled in serpent length;
And the fire-wrought chain and the lion's thick mane
Shall be rivalled by me in mighty strength.
I have many a place in the busy world.
Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy;
I carry the freeman's flag unfurled;
I am linked to childhood's darling toy.
Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well;
For a varied tale can the Hempseed tell.

Bravely I swing in the anchor ring,
Where the foot of the proud man cometh not;
Where the dolphin leaps and the sea-weed creeps
O'er the rifted sand and the coral grot.
Down, down below I merrily go
When the huge ship takes her rocking rest:
The waters may chafe, but she dwelleth as safe
As the young bird in its woodland nest.

I wreathe the spars of that same fair ship,
  Where the gallant sea-hearts cling about:
Springing aloft with a song on the lip,
  Putting their faith in the cordage stout,
I am true when the blast sways the giant mast,
  Straining and stretched in a nor'-west gale,
I abide with the bark in the day and the dark,
  Lashing the hammock and reefing the sail.
Oh! the billows and I right fairly cope,
And the wild tide is stemmed by the cable rope.

Sons of evil, bad and bold,
  Madly ye live and little ye reck;
Till I am noosed in a coiling fold
  Ready to hug your felon neck.
The yarn is smooth and the knot is sure;
  I will be firm to the task I take;
Thinly they twine the halter line,
  Yet when does the halter hitch or break?
My leaves are light and my flowers are bright—
  Fit for an infant hand to clasp;
But what think ye of me, 'neath the gibbet tree,
  Dangling high in the hangman's grasp?
Oh! a terrible thing does the Hempseed seem
'Twixt the hollow floor and stout crossbeam.

The people rejoice, the banners are spread;
  There is frolic and feasting in cottage and hall:
The festival shout is echoing out
  From trellised porch and Gothic wall.
Merry souls hie to the belfry tower,
  Gaily they laugh when I am found;
And rare music they make, till the quick peals shake
  The ivy that wraps the turret round.
The Hempseed lives with the old church bell,
And helpeth the holiday ding-dong-dell.

The sunshine falls on a new-made grave—
  The funeral train is long and sad:
The poor man has come to the happiest home
  And easiest pillow he ever had.
I shall be there to lower him down
  Gently into his narrow bed;
I shall be there, the work to share,
  To guard his feet, and cradle his head.
I may be seen on the hillock green,
  Flung aside with the bleaching skull;
While the earth is thrown with worm and bone,
  Till the sexton has done, and the grave is full.
Back to the gloomy vault I'm borne,
  Leaving coffin and nail to crumble and rust;
There I am laid with the mattock and spade,
  Moistened with tears and clogged with dust.
Oh! the Hempseed cometh in doleful shape
With the mourner's cloak and sable crape.

Harvest shall spread with its glittering wheat
  The barn shall be opened, the stack shall be piled;
Ye shall see the ripe grain shining out from the wain,
  And the berry-stained arms of the gleaner child.

Heap on, heap on, till the wagon-ribs creak,
  Let the sheaves go towering to the sky,
Up with the shock till the broad wheels rock,
  Fear not to carry the rich freight high;
For I will infold the tottering gold,
  I will fetter the rolling load;
Not an ear shall escape my binding hold,
  On the furrowed field or jolting road.
Oh! the Hempseed hath a fair place to fill.
With the harvest band on the corn-crowned hill.

My threads are set in the heaving net,
  Out with the fisher-boy far at sea;
While he whistles a tune to the lonely moon,
  And trusts for his morrow's bread to me.
Toiling away through the dry summer-day,
  Round and round I steadily twist;
And bring from the cell of the deep old well
  What is rarely prized, but sorely missed.
In the whirling swing—in the peg-top string;
  There am I, a worshipped slave—
On ocean and earth I'm a goodly thing;
  I serve from the playground to the grave.
I have many a place in the busy world,
  Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy;
I carry the freeman's flag unfurled,
  And am linked to childhood's darling toy;
Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well;
And a varied tale shall the Hempseed tell.

ELIZA COOK.

TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee!
  Where thou art is clime for me;
  Let them sail for Porto Rique,
  Far-off heats through seas to seek.—
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall;
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With the color of romance;

And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found:
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.
Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast—
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE SPANISH HERDSMAN.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

JUST where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary laborer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
Whilst, far off, lowing herds are heard,
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven,
By absence, from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

EVENING IN THE ALPS.

COME, golden evening! in the west
Enthrone the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
O'er all the mountain-tops. 'Tis done:—
The tempest ceases; bold and bright,
The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
Down sinks the sun; on presses night;—
Mont Blanc is lovely still!

There take thy stand, my spirit;—spread
The world of shadows at thy feet;
And mark how calmly, overhead,
The stars, like saints in glory, meet.
While hid in solitude sublime,
Methinks I muse on nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of time
Step through the silent gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
From precipice to precipice
An avalanche's ruins dash
Down to the nethermost abyss,
Invisible: the ear alone
Pursues the uproar till it dies;
Echo to echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,
Darkness that may be felt;—but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
The midnight spectre of the moon.
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme
Brings the faint semblance of a morn,
With her awakening beam.

Ah! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Emerging as she climbs the sphere;
A crowd of apparitions pale!
I hold my breath in chill suspense—
They seem so exquisitely frail—
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;
Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
As beautiful as Dian's face:
Pride of the land that gave me birth!
All that thy waves reflect I love,
Where heaven itself, brought down to earth,
Looks fairer than above.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills!
Buildings of God, not made with hands,
Whose word performs whate'er he wills,
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Nor in his works the Maker view,
Then lose his works in him?

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE DOVE.

STOOP to my window, thou beautiful dove!
Thy daily visits have touched my love.
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat,
And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves?
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?
How canst thou bear
This noise of people—this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feathered race
Dost look unscared on the human face;
Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
Dost love with man in his haunts to be;
And the "gentle dove"
Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word!
Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild
In the prisoned thoughts of the city child;
And thy glossy wings
Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set apart,
Wisely by him who has tamed thy heart,
To stir the love for the bright and fair
That else were sealed in this crowded air;
I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come then, ever, when daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves,
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low sweet music out!
I hear and see
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

WOULDST thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim,
Couchant, lurks the lion grim;
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless at the ambushed brink
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink.

Upon him straight, the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
The prey is strong, and he strives for life.
Plunging off with frantic bound
To shake the tyrant to the ground.
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste,
With glaring eye and headlong haste
In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.
For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is mustered in this hour of need.

For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.
'Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking:

The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains;
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er.
He falls—and, with convulsive throe,
Resigns his throat to the ravening foe!—
And lo! ere quivering life is fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down, to watch in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC OF OCEAN.

And the people of this place say, that, at certain seasons, beautiful sounds are heard from the ocean

MAYOR'S VOYAGES.

LONELY and wild it rose,
That strain of solemn music from the sea,
As though the bright air trembled to disclose
An ocean mystery.

Again a low, sweet tone,
Fainting in murmurs on the listening day,
Just bade the excited thought its presence own,
Then died away.

Once more the gush of sound,
Struggling and swelling from the heaving plain,
Thrilled a rich peal triumphantly around,
And fled again.

O, boundless deep! we know
Thou hast strange wonders in thy gloom concealed,
Gems, flashing gems, from whose unearthly glow
Sunlight is sealed.

And an eternal spring
Showers her rich colors with unsparing hand,
Where coral trees their graceful branches fling
O'er golden sand.

But tell, O, restless main!
Who are the dwellers in thy world beneath,
That thus the watery realm cannot contain
The joy they breathe?

Emblem of glorious might!
Are thy wild children like thyself arrayed,
Strong in immortal and unchecked delight,
Which cannot fade?

Or to mankind allied,
Toiling with woe, and passion's fiery sting,
Like their own home, where storms or peace preside,
As the winds bring!

Alas for human thought!
How does it flee existence, worn and old
To win companionship with beings wrought
Of finer mould!

'Tis vain—the reckless waves
Join with loud revel the dim ages flown,
But keep each secret of their hidden caves
Dark and unknown.

F. S. ECKARD.

LAKE ERIE.

THESE lovely shores! how lone and still
A hundred years ago,
The unbroken forest stood above,
The waters dashed below:
The waters of a lonely sea,
Where never sail was furled,
Embosomed in a wilderness,
Which was itself a world.

A hundred years! go back; and lo!
Where, closing in the view,
Juts out the shore, with rapid oar
Darts round a frail canoe.
'Tis a white voyager, and see,
His prow is westward set
O'er the calm wave: hail to thy bold
World-seeking bark, Marquette!

The lonely bird, that picks his food
Where rise the waves, and sink,
At their strange coming, with shrill scream,
Starts from the sandy brink;
The fishhawk, hanging in mid sky,
Floats o'er on level wing,
And the savage from his covert looks,
With arrow on the string.

A hundred years are past and gone,
And all the rocky coast
Is turreted with shining towns,
An empire's noble boast.
And the old wilderness is changed
To cultured vale and hill;
And the circuit of its mountains
An empire's numbers fill.

EPHRAIM PEABODY.

THE BIRTH OF THUNDER.

LOOK, white man, well on all around,
These hoary oaks, those boundless plains;
Tread lightly; this is holy ground:
Here Thunder, awful spirit! reigns.
Look on those waters far below,
So deep beneath the prairie sleeping,
The summer sun's meridian glow
Scarce warms the sands their waves are heaping;
And scarce the bitter blast can blow
In winter on their icy cover;
The wind sprite may not stoop so low,
But bows his head and passes over.

Perched on the top of yonder pine,
The heron's billow-searching eye
Can scarce his finny prey descry,
Glad leaping where their colors shine.
Those lakes, whose shores but now we trod,
Scars deeply on earth's bosom dinted,
Are the strong impress of a god,
By Thunder's giant foot imprinted.
Nay, stranger, as I live, 'tis truth!
The lips of those who never lied
Repeat it daily to our youth.
Famed heroes, erst my nation's pride,
Beheld the wonder; and our sages
Gave down the tale to after ages.
Dost not believe? though blooming fair
The flowerets court the breezes coy,
Though now the sweet-grass scents the air,
And sunny nature basks in joy,
It is not ever so.

Come when the lightning flashes,
Come when the forest crashes,
When shrieks of pain and woe
Break on thine ear-drum thick and fast,
From ghosts that shiver in the blast;
Then shalt thou know and bend the knee
Before the angry deity.

W. J. SNELLING.

THE ANGLER.

OH! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any:
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many;
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is:
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning, up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping;
Then we go,
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation:
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation,
Where, in a brook,
With a hook—
Or a lake,
Fish we take;
There we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too;
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too;
None do here
Use to swear,
Oaths do fray
Fish away;
We sit still,
Watch our quill:
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get,
For a friendly shelter,
Where—in a dyke,
Perch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or, we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath;
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

SING, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Meet the morn upon the lea;
Are the emeralds of the spring
On the angler's trysting-tree?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there buds on our willow-tree?
Buds and birds on our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Have you met the honey-bee,
Circling upon rapid wing,
Round the angler's trysting-tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see!
Are there bees at our willow-tree?
Birds and bees at the trysting-tree.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Are the fountains gushing free?
Is the south wind wandering
Through the angler's trysting-tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Is there wind up our willow-tree?
Wind or calm at our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Wile us with a merry glee;
To the flowery haunts of spring—
To the angler's trysting-tree.
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree?
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?

THOMAS TOD STODDART.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my native land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear—
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear—
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the harté-beest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively:
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
Away—away—in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.
And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying: Man is distant, but God is near!

THOMAS PRINGLE.

THE SONG OF THE PRAIRIE.

O FLY to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me,
'Tis as green and as wide and as wild as the sea:
O'er its soft silken bosom the summer winds glide,
And wave the wild grass in its billowy pride.

The city's a prison too narrow for thee—
Then away to the prairies so boundless and free:
Where the sight is not checked till the prairie and skies,
In harmony blending, commingle their dyes.

The fawns in the meadow-fields fearlessly play—
Away to the chase, lovely maiden, away!
Bound, bound to thy courser, the bison is near,
And list to the tramp of the light-footed deer.

Let England exult in her dogs and her chase—
O! what's a king's park to this limitless space!
No fences to leap and no thickets to turn,
No owners to injure, no furrows to spurn.

But, softly as thine on the carpeted hall,
Is heard the light foot of the courser to fall;
And close-matted grass no impression receives,
As ironless hoofs bound aloft from the leaves.

O, fly to the prairie! the eagle is there:
He gracefully wheels in the cloud-speckled air;
And, timidly hiding her delicate young,
The prairie-hen hushes her beautiful song.

O, fly to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me!
The vine and the prairie-rose blossom for thee;
And, hailing the moon in the prairie-propped sky,
The mocking-bird echoes the katydid's cry.

Let Mexicans boast of their herds and their steeds,
The free prairie-hunter no shepherd-boy needs;
The bison, like clouds, overshadow the place,
And the wild, spotted coursers invite to the chase.

The farmer may boast of his grass and his grain—
He sows them in labor, and reaps them in pain;
But here the deep soil no exertion requires,
Enriched by the ashes, and cleared by the fires.

The woodman delights in his trees and his shades;
But see! there's no sun on the cheek of his maid;
His flowers are faded, his blossoms are pale,
And mildew is riding his vaporous gale.

Then fly to the prairie! in wonder there gaze,
As sweeps o'er the grass the magnificent blaze,
The land is o'erwhelmed in an ocean of light,
Whose flame-surges break in the breeze of the night.

Sublime from the north comes the wind in his wrath,
And scatters the reeds in his desolate path;
Or, loaded with incense, steals in from the west,
As bees from the prairie-rose fly to their nest.

O, fly to the prairie! for freedom is there!
Love lights not that home with the torch of despair!
No wretch to entreat, and no lord to deny,
No gossips to slander, no neighbor to pry.

But, struggling not there the heart's impulse to hide,
Love leaps like the fount from the crystal-rock side,
And strong as its adamant, pure as its spring,
Waves wildly in sunbeams his rose-colored wing.

I. K. MITCHELL.

TO THE MAGNOLIA.

WHEN roaming o'er the marshy field,
Through tangled brake and treacherous slough,
We start, that spot so foul should yield,
Chaste blossom! such a balm as thou.
Such lavish fragrance there we meet,
That all the dismal waste is sweet.

So, in the dreary path of life,
Through clogging toil and thorny care,
Love rears his blossom o'er the strife,
Like thine, to cheer the wanderer there:
Which pours such incense round the spot,
His pains, his cares, are all forgot.

THOMAS WARD.

TO THE FIRE-FLY.

AT morning, when the earth and sky
Are glowing with the light of spring,
We see thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor think upon thy gleaming wing.

But when the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
O then we see and bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Thus let me hope, when lost to me
The lights that now my life illume,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE FARMER'S HERDS.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

DAY with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Sagacient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whose pail, sonorous and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs, that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread,
Of spring's unclouded weather—
In this sequestered nook, how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest;
Hail to thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment;
A life, a presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair—
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel-trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—
A brother of the dancing leaves—
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth a song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked, and treated with disdain
The voiceless form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

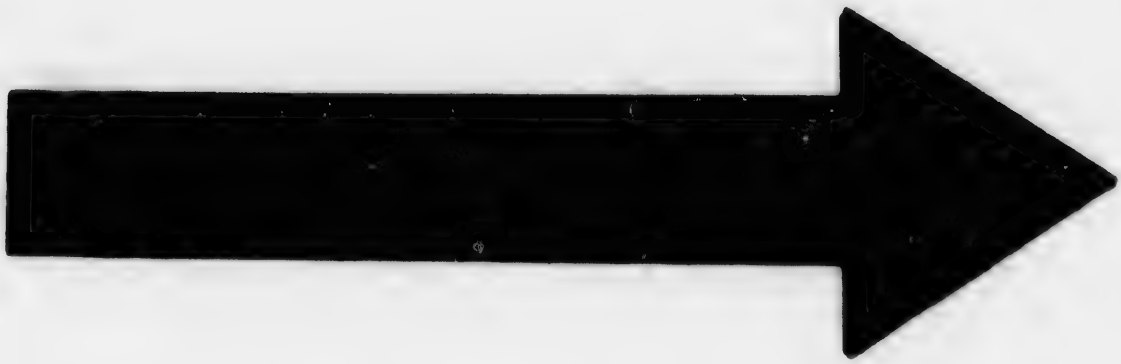
THE IVY.

PUSHING the clods of earth aside,
Leaving the dark where foul things hide,
Spreading its leaves to the summer sun,
Bondage ended, freedom won;
So, my soul, like the ivy be.
Rise, for the sunshine calls for thee!

Climbing up as the seasons go,
Looking down upon things below,
Twining itself in the branches high,
As if the frail thing owned the sky:
So, my soul, like the ivy be,
Heaven, not earth, is the place for thee.

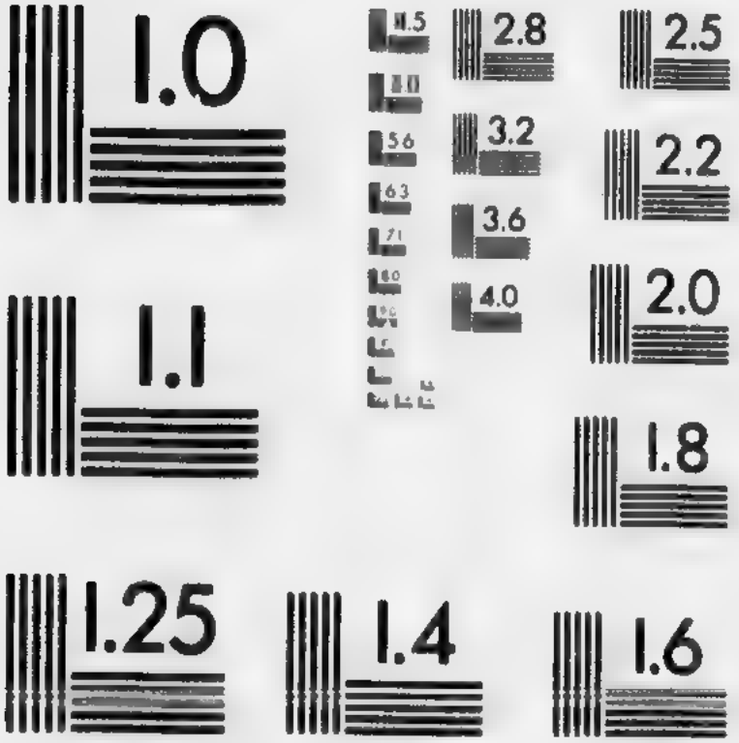
Wrapping itself round the giant oak,
Hiding itself from the tempest's stroke;
Strong and brave is the fragile thing,
For it knows one secret, how to cling;
So, my soul, there's strength for thee,
Hear the Mighty One, "Lean on Me!"

Green are its leaves when the world is white,
For the ivy sings through the frosty night:
Keeping the hearts of oak awake,
Till the flowers shall bloom and the spring shall break;
So, my soul, through the winter's rain,
Sing the sunshine back again.



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Opening its green and fluttering breast,
Giving the timid birds a nest;
Coming out from the winter wild,
To make a wreath for the Holy Child;
So let my life like the ivy be,
A help to man and a wreath for Thee!

HENRY BURTON.

WOODLAND STREAMS.

YOUR murmurs bring the pleasant breath
Of many a sylvan scene;
They tell of sweet and sunny vales,
And woodlands wildly green;
Ye cheer the lonely heart of age,
Ye fill the exile's dreams
With hope, and home, and memory,
Ye unforgotten streams.

The bards, the ancient bards, who sang
When thought and song were new,
O mighty waters! did they learn
Their minstrelsy from you?
For still, methinks, your voices blend
With all their glorious themes,
That flow forever fresh and free
As the eternal streams.

Well might the sainted seer of old,
Who trod the tearless shore,
Like many waters deem the voice
The angel hosts adore!
For still, where deep the rivers roll,
Afar the torrent gleams,
Our spirits hear the voice of God,
Amid the rush of streams.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE RAIN.

LIKE a gentle joy descending,
To the earth a glory lending,
Comes the pleasant rain;
Fairer now the flowers are growing,
Fresher now the winds are blowing,
Gladder waves the grain;
Grove and forest, field and mountain,
Bathing in the crystal fountain,
Drinking in the inspiration,
Offer up a glad oblation;
All around, about, above us,
Things we love, the things that love us,
Bless the gentle rain.

Beautiful, and still, and holy,
Like the spirit of the lowly,
Comes the quiet rain;
'Tis a fount of joy distilling,
And the lyre of earth is trilling,
Swelling to a strain;
Nature opens wide her bosom,
Bursting buds begin to blossom;
To her very soul 'tis stealing,
All the springs of life unsealing;
Singing stream and rushing river
Drink it in, and praise the Giver
Of the blessed rain.

LAURA A. BOIES.

THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

FAIR dweller by the dusty way,
Bright saint within a mossy shrine,
The tribute of a heart to-day,
Weary and worn is thine.

The earliest blossoms of the year,
The sweet-brier and the violet,
The pious hand of spring has here
Upon thine altar set.

And not alone to thee is given
The homage of the pilgrim's knee,
But oft the sweetest birds of heaven
Glide down and sing to thee.

Here daily from his beechen cell
The hermit squirrel steals to drink,
And flocks, which cluster to their bell,
Recline along thy brink.

And here the wagoner blocks his wheels,
To quaff the cooling, generous boon;
Here, from the sultry harvest-fields,
The reapers rest at noon.

And oft the beggar, masked with tan,
With rusty garments gray with dust,
Here sits and dips his little can,
And breaks his scanty crust.

And lulled beside thy whispering stream,
Off drops to slumber unawares,
And sees the angels of his dream
Upon celestial stairs.

Dear dweller by the dusty way,
Thou saint within a mossy shrine,
The tribute of a heart to-day
Weary and worn is thine.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL.

SPEAK naught, move not, but listen: the sky
is full of gold;
No ripple on the river, no stir in field or fold:
All gleams, but naught doth glisten, save the
far-off unseen sea.

Forget days past, heart-broken, put all thy memory
by!
No grief on the green hill-side, no pity in the sky;
Joy that may not be spoken fills mead and flower and
tree;

Look not, they will not heed thee; speak not, they will not hear;
Pray not, they have no bounty; curse not, they may not fear;
Cower down, they will not heed thee; long-lived the world shall be.

Hang down thine head and hearken, for the bright eve mocks thee still;
Night trippeth on the twilight, but the summer hath no will
For woes of thine to darken, and the moon hath left the sea.

PASSING THE ICEBERGS.

A FEARLESS shape of brave device,
Our vessel drives through mist and rain,
Between the floating fleets of ice,
The navies of the northern main.

These arctic ventures, blindly hurled,
The proofs of nature's olden force,
Like fragments of a crystal world
Long shattered from its skyey course,

These are the buccaneers that fright
The middle sea with dreams of wrecks,
And freeze the southwinds in their flight,
And chain the Gulf-stream to their decks.

At every dragon prow and helm,
There stands some Viking as of yore;
Grim heroes from the boreal realm,
Where Odin rules the spectral shore.

And oft beneath the sun or moon,
Their swift and eager falchions glow;
While, like a storm-vexed wind, the rune
Comes chafing through some beard of snow.

And when the far north flashes up
With fires of mingled red and gold,
They know that many a blazing cup
Is brimming to the absent bold.

Up signal then, and let us hail
Yon looming phantom as we pass
Note all her fashion, hull and sail,
Within the compass of your glass.

And speak her well; for she might say,
If from her heart the words could thaw,
Great news from some far frozen bay,
Or the remotest Esquimaux;

Might tell of channels yet untold,
That sweep the pole from sea to sea;
Of lands which God designs to hold
A mighty people yet to be;

Of wonders which alone prevail
Where day and darkness dimly meet,
Of all which spreads the arctic sail;
Of Franklin and his venturous fleet;

How, haply, at some glorious goal,
His anchor holds, his sails are furled;
That fame has named him on her scroll,
"Columbus of the Polar World;"

Or how his plunging barques wedge on,
Through splintering fields, with battered shares,
Lit only by that spectral dawn,
The mask that mocking darkness wears;

Or how, o'er embers black and few,
The last of shivered masts and spars,
He sits amid his frozen crew,
In council with the norland stars.

No answer but the sullen flow
Of ocean heaving long and vast;
An argosy of ice and snow,
The voiceless north swings proudly past.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yest of waves which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves, play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

SONG OF THE SEA-WEED.

I AM born in crystal bower
Where the despot hath no power
To trail and turn the oozy fern,
Or trample down the fair sea-flower.
I am born where human skill
Cannot bend me to its will;
None can delve about my root,
And nurse me for my bloom and fruit
I am left to spread and grow
In my rifted bed below,
Till I break my slender hold,
As the porpoise tumbleth o'er me;
And on I go—now high—now low—
With the ocean world before me.

I am nigh the stately ship
Where she loiters in the calm;
While the south, like love's own lip,
Breathes a sweet and peaceful balm.
Plashing soft with gentle grace,
Round the hull I keep my place;
While the sailor, through the day,
Leaneth o'er her side,
And idly watches me at play
Upon the drowsy tide.
She is stanch and she is stout,
With chain and cable girt about;
But I'll match my tendril fine
With her shrouds and halyard line.

Now the red flash breaks,
The thunder volley shakes,
And billows boil with hissing coil,
Like huge snow-crested snakes.
The mad winds roar,
The rain sheets pour,
And screaming loud 'mid wave and cloud
The white gulls soar.
Diving deep and tossing high,
Round that same ship, there am I;
Till at last I mount the mast,
In the tight reef hanging fast;
While the fierce and plunging sea
Boweth down the stout cross-tree;
Till the sharp and straining creak
Echoeth the tempest shriek.

Another peal! another flash!
Top-gallants start with snapping crash.
"Quick! quick! All hands!" one mighty sweep
And giant guns are in the deep.
Hark! the heavy axe below
Whirls and rings with blow on blow,
And I feel the timber quiver,
Like a bulrush on a river.
Still I twine about the pine,
Till a wild and bursting cry
Tells the fearful work is done;
—The ship leaps up—the mast is gone,
And away with it go I.

Now I dance and dash again,
Headlong through the howling main;
While the lightning groweth stronger,
And the thunder rolleth longer.
Now I feel a hard hand clutch me,
With a blindly snatching hold;
Who is he that dares to touch me,
With a grip so strong and bold?
'Tis the sailor, young and brave,
Struggling o'er his yawning grave.
Does he think that he can cling
To the sea-weed's mazy string?
Does he dream, with frenzied hope,
Of floating spar or saving rope?
He does, he dies—but billows meet,
And form his close-wrapped winding-sheet;
While I mingle with the wreath
Of white foam gurgling through his teeth,
And twist and tangle in his locks;
As the mountain waters lift him,
And the frothy breakers drift him,
On the gray and iron rocks.

Again I mount my ocean steed,
Rolling on with curbless pace;
Who will follow where I lead?
Who will ride in such a race?

On I rush by raft and wreck,
By sinking keel and parting deck;
Now the life-boat's side I'm lashing;
Now against the torn plank dashing;
Up I go—the flood is swelling
With whiter foam and fiercer yelling—
My courser rears, and I am thrown
Upon the light-house topmost stone.
Rave on, ye waters—here I'll stay
Till storm and strife have passed away!

Now I have taken my course to the shore,
Where yellow sand covers the crystal and amber;
Serenely I dwell with the rosy-mouthed shell,
Where limpets are thick and the tiny crabs clamber.

A young child is roving, and soon he espies
My rich curling threads as they mount in the spray;
He steps 'mid the green stones, and eagerly cries,
"Oh, that beautiful sea-weed, I'll bear it away!"

All earnestly gazing, he stretches to reach,
But a swift-spreading wave has rolled over the beach;
It hath carried me back from the sun-lighted strand,
And the young child beholds me, far, far, from the land.

He runs through the ebb-surf, but vain the endeavor;
I am gone, my fair boy, I am gone, and forever;
Thou wilt covet full many bright things—but take heed
They elude not your grasp like the pretty sea-weed.

Now I am met in my wide career
By the ice-pile driving fast;
A broad and sailless boat rides near,
And a lithe rope runneth past.

Hark that plunge! who cometh here,
With long and purple trail?
'Tis the sea-king pierced with the jagged spear—
The cleaving and furious whale.

He huggeth me tight in his downward flight;
On his wreathing fin I go:
While his blood pours out with torrent spout,
And he gasps with snorting blow.

Weltering in his ocean halls,
He dyeth the coral deeper,
And wallows against the mossy walls
With the lunge of a frantic sleeper.

He hurls me off with floundering pang
I am caught on a glittering shrub;
And there I merrily dangle and hang
O'er the head of a grampus' cub.

The star-fish comes with his quenchless light,
And a cheerful guest is he;
For he shineth by day and he shineth by night,
In the darkest and deepest sea.

I wind in his arms, and on we glide,
Leagues and leagues afar;
Till we rest again where the dolphins hide,
In the caverns roofed with spar.

Gems of all hues for a king to choose,
With coins and coffers are round;
The wealth and weight of an eastern freight
In the sea-wood's home are found.

Here are pearls for maiden's curls—
Here is gold for man;
But the wave is a true and right safe bar,
And it murmurs a dreaded ban.

I revel and rove 'mid jewelled sheen,
Till the nautilus travels by;
And off with him I gaily swim,
To look at the torrid sky.

I rise where the bark is standing still,
In the face of a full, red sun;
While out of her seams, and over her beams,
The trickling pitch-drops run.

Oh! worse is the groan that breaketh there
Than the burst of a drowning cry;
They have bread in store, and flesh to spare;
But the water-casks are dry.

Many a lip is gaping for drink,
And madly calling for rain;
And some hot brains are beginning to think
Of a messmate's open vein.

Nautilus, nautilus, let us be gone;
For I like not this to look upon.

Now about the island bay,
I am quietly at play;
Now the fisher's skiff I'm round;
Now I lave the rocky mound;
Now I swiftly float aground,
Where the surge and pebbles rustle;
Where young, naked feet tread o'er
My dripping branches, to explore
For spotted egg and purple mussel.

The tide recedes—the wave comes not
To bear me from this barren spot.
Here I lie for many a day.
Crisped and shrivelled in the ray;
Till I wither, shrink, and crack;
And my green stem turneth black.

See! there cometh sturdy men,
But they wear no sailor blue;
No kerchief decks their tawny necks;
They form no smart and gallant crew.
Hark! there cometh merry strains,
'Tis not music that I know:

It does not tell of anchor chains,
Blending with the "Yo, heave ho!"
'Tis my death-dirge they are singing,
And thus the lightsome troll is ringing.

The weed! the weed! oh! the weed shall be
The theme of our chanting mirth;
For we come to gather the grass of the sea,
To quicken the grain of the earth.
That grass it groweth where no man moweth;
All thick, and rich, and strong:
And it meeteth our hand on the desolate strand.
Ready for rake and prong.
So gather and carry; for oft we need
The nurturing help of the good sea-weed.

The weed! the weed! come, take a farewell
Of your boundless and billowy home;
No more will you dive in the fathomless cell,
Or leap in the sparkling foam.
Far from the petrel, the gannet, and grebe,
Thou shalt be scattered abroad;
And carefully strewn on the mountain glebe,
To add to the harvest hoard.
The land must be tilled, the tiller must feed;
And the corn must be helped by the good sea-weed.

The weed! the weed! pile it on to the fire,
Let it crackle and smoke in the wind;
And a smouldering heap of treasure we'll keep
In the ashes it leaveth behind.
On to the furrow, on to the field;
"Dust to dust" is the claim;
'Tis what the prince and the pilgrim yield,
And the sea-weed giveth the same.
The land must be tilled, the tiller must feed;
But he'll mingle at last with the good sea-weed.

ELIZA COOK.

THE DECAYING YEAR.

WITH what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MORNING IN LONDON.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

HELL'S gates swing open wide!
Hell's furious chiefs forth ride!
The deep doth redden
With flags of armies marching through the night,
As kings shall lead their legions to the fight
At Armageddon.

Peers and princes mark I,
Captains and Chilarchi;
Thee, burning angel of the pit, Abaddon!
Charioteers from hades, land of gloom,
Gigantic thrones, and heathen troopers, whom
The thunder of the far-off fight doth madden;

! night's barbaric Khans,
Lo! the waste gulf's wild clans

Gallop across the skies with fiery bridles!
Lo! flaming Sultans. Lo! infernal Czars,
In deep-ranked squadrons gird the glowing cars
Of Lucifer and Ammon, towering idols.

See yonder red platoons!
See! see the swift dragoons
Whirling aloft their sabres to the zenith!
See the tall regiments whose spears incline
Beyond the circle of that steadfast sign,
Which to the streams of ocean never leaneth.

Whose yonder dragon-crest?
Whose that red-shielded breast?
Chieftain Satanas! Emp'ror of the furnace!
His bright centurions, his blazing earls;
In mail of lightning-dealing gems and pearls,
Alarm the kingdoms with their gleaming harness.

All shades and spectral hosts,
All forms and gloomy ghosts,
All frowning phantoms from the gulf's dim gorges
Follow the kings in wav'ring multitudes;
While savage giants of the night's old brood,
In pagan mirth, toss high their crackling torches.

Monarchs, on guarded thrones,
Ruling earth's southern zones,
Mark ye the wrathful arches of Gehenna;
How gleam, affrighted Lords of Europe's crowns,
Their blood-red arrows o'er your bastioned towns,
Moscow, and purple Rome, and cannon-girt Vienna?
Go bid your prophets watch the troubled skies!
"Why through the vault cleave those infernal glances,
Why, ye pale wizards, do those portents rise,
Rockets and fiery shafts and lurid lances?"

Still o'er the silent pole,
Numberless armies roll,
Columns all plumed and cohorts of artillery;
Still girdled nobles cross the snowy fields
In flashing chariots, and their crimsoned shields
Kindle afar thy icy peaks, Cordillera!

On, lords of dark despair!
Prince of the powers of air,
Bear your broad banners through the constellations.

Wave, all ye Stygian hordes,
Through the black sky your swords;
Startle with warlike signs the watching nations,
March, ye mailed multitudes, across the deep:
Far shine the battlements on heaven's steep.
Dare ye again, fierce thrones and scarlet powers.
Assail with hell's wild host those crystal towers?
Tempt ye again the angels' shining blades,
Ithuriel's spear and Michael's circling truncheon,
The seraph-cavaliers, whose winged brigades
Drove you in dreadful rout down to the Night's vast dungeon?

GUY HUMPHREY M'MASTER.

A FAREWELL.

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river:
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.

OH! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee,
And of those days when, by thy shore,
I wandered young and free.
Full many a path I've tried, since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along thy flood;
Or, when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing.

That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene—
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen.
Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth—
As sunny and as vain.

THOMAS MOORE.

WITH HUSKY-HAUGHTY LIPS, O SEA.

WITH husky-haughty lips, O Sea!
Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat shore,
Imaging to my sense thy varied strange suggestions,
Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal,
Thy ample, smiling face, dashed with the sparkling dimples of the sun,

Thy broodings scowl and murk—thy unloosed hurricanes,
Thy unsubduedness, caprices, wilfulness;
Great as thou art above the rest, thy many tears—a lack from all eternity in thy content
(Naught but the greatest struggles, wrongs, defeats, could make thee greatest—no less could make thee),
Thy lonely state—something thou ever seek'st and seek'st, yet never gain'st,
Surely some right withheld—some voice, in huge monotonous rage, of freedom-lover pent,
Some vast heart, like a planet's chained and chafing in those breakers,
By lengthened swell, and spasm, and panting breath,
And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and waves,
And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,
And undertones of distant lion roar
(Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf ear—but now, rapport for once,
A phantom in the night thy confidant for once),
The first and last confession of the globe,
Outsurging, muttering from thy soul's abysms,
The tale of cosmic elemental passion,
Thou tellest to a kindred soul.

WALT WHITMAN.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

WHAT saith the river to the rushes gray,
Rushes sadly bending,
River slowly wending?
Who can tell the whispered things they say?
Youth, and prime, and life, and time,
Forever, ever fled away!

Drop your withered garlands in the stream,
Low autumnal branches,
Round the skiff that launches,
Wavering downward through the lands of dreams.
Ever, ever fled away!
This is the burden, this the theme.

What saith the river to the rushes gray,
Rushes sadly bending,
River slowly wending?
It is near the closing of the day.
Near the night. Life and light
Forever, ever fled away!

Draw him tideward down; but not in haste.
Mouldering daylight lingers;
Night with her cold fingers
Sprinkles moonbeams on the dim sea-waste.
Ever, ever fled away!
Vainly cherished! vainly chased!

What saith the river to the rushes gray,
Rushes sadly bending,
River slowly wending?
Where in darkest glooms his bed we lay,
Up the cave moans the wave,
Forever, ever, ever, fled away?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE PLEASURE BOAT.

COME, hoist the sail, the fast let go!
They're seated side by side;
Wave chases wave in pleasant flow
The bay; fair and wide.

The ripples lightly tap the boat.
Loose! Give her to the wind!
She shoots ahead; they're all afloat;
The strand is far behind.

The sunlight falling on her sheet,
It glitters like the drift,
Sparkling, in scorn of summer's heat,
High up some mountain rift.

The winds are fresh; she's driving fast
Upon the bending tide;
The crinkling sail, and crinkling mast,
Go with her side by side.

The parting sun sends out a glow
Across the placid bay,
Touching with glory all the show—
A breeze! Up helm! Away!

Careening to the wind, they reach,
With laugh and call, the shore.
They've left their footprints on the beach,
But them I hear no more.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

WINDLESS RAIN.

THE rain, the desolate rain!
Ceaseless and solemn and chill!
How it drips on the misty pane.
How it drenches the darkened sill!
O scene of sorrow and dearth!
I would that the wind awaking
To a fierce and gusty birth
Might vary this dull refrain
Of the rain, the desolate rain;
For the heart of the heavens seems breaking;
In tears o'er the fallen earth,
And again, again, again,
We list to the sombre strain—
The faint, cold monotone
Whose soul is a mystic moan
Of the rain, the mournful rain,
The soft, despairing rain.
The rain, the mournful rain!
Weary, passionless, slow;
'Tis the rhythm of settled sorrow,
The sobbing of curcless woe!

And all the tragic of life,
The pathos of long ago,
Comes back on the sad refrain
Of the rain, the dreary rain;
Till the graves in my heart unclose,
And the dead who are buried there
From a solemn and a weird repose
Awake, and with eyes that glare
And voices that melt in pain
On the tide of the plaintive rain,
The yearning, hopeless rain,
The long, low, whispering rain!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

A COUNTRY life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,
On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough!

TROUT FISHING.

WHEN, with his lively ray, the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair.
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channeled maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
Reverted plays in undulated flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger, leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbéd hook;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportioned to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunts, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death.
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The caverned bank, his old secure abode,
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

JAMES THOMSON.

DESERTED.

HIGH in the pear tree's branches
A nest swings to and fro,
And the winds about it moaning
Fill it with drifting snow;
And a lone bird softly twitters
When wanes the ghostly day,
"Oh, where are the red-breast lovers
That lingered here in May?"

On the hill-top stands a ruin,
Beyond the dreary plain,
And the wind sends the wild snow flying
Through every broken pane,
While moans on the hearth forsaken
An owl of orders gray,
"Oh, where are the happy lovers
Who lingered here in May?"

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June—
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine: both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SARAH ROBERTS.

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me;—bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash—
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke

If thou art worn and heart beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE EARLY BLUEBIRD.

BLUEBIRD! on yon leafless tree
Dost thou carol thus to me:
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"
Say'st thou so, my birdie dear?
What is that, in misty shroud,
Stealing from the darkened cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whitened ground,
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear:
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain;
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky
With a black and threatening eye:
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;

Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry;
Hast thou wooed some wingéd love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her of greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower?
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Pr'ythee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song?
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappalled shall pass thee by;
Though thy curtained chamber show
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be;
Love shall make it spring for thee.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

GAYETY OF NATURE.

THE sun is careering in glory and might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree,
And the cowslip and bluebell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

A SOOTHING SONG.

'TIS sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow,
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.

Oh! nightingale, what does she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him,
He sings aloud to the calm blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.

As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling,
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet, ever and anon, a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth.

By night and day she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE TIGER.

TIGER! tiger! burning bright,
In the forest of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the ardor of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil! What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! tiger! burning bright,
In the forest of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

SONNET ON NIGHT.

It is a singular circumstance in literary history, that what many consider the finest sonnet in the English language should be one written by a Spaniard.—*Robert Chambers.*

MYSTERIOUS night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,

Hesperus with the host of heaven came;
And lo! Creation widened in man's view!
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

SUNSET.

SUNSET is burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day. This very hour
Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms,
To chase the flying sun, whose flight has left
Foot-prints of glory in the clouded west:
Swift is she hailed by winged swimming steeds,
Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews,
And dews are drizzling from her chariot-wheels
Brimful of dreams, as summer hives with bees.
And round her, in the pale and spectral light,
Flock bats and grizzly owls on noiseless wings.
The flying sun goes down the burning west,
Vast night comes noiseless up the eastern slope,
And so the eternal chase goes round the world.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

SUMMER NIGHT-FALL.

WITHIN the twilight came forth tender snatches
Of birds' songs, from beneath their darkened eaves;
But now a noise of poor ground-dwellers matches
This dimness; neither loves, nor joys, nor griefs.
A piping, slight and shrill,
And coarse, dull chirpings, fill
The ear, that all day's stronger, finer music leaves.

From this smooth hill we see the vale below, there,
And how the mists along the stream-course draw;
By day, great trees from other ages grow there,
A white lake now, that daylight never saw.
It hugs in ghostly shape
The old deep's shore and cape,
As when, where night-hawks skim, swam fish with yawning maw.

All grows more cool, though night comes slowly over,
And slowly stars stand out within the sky;
The trampling market-herd and way-sore drover
Crowd past with seldom cries, their halt now nigh.
From out some lower dark
Comes up a dog's short bark;
There food and welcome rest, there cool soft meadows lie.

The children, watching by the roadside wicket,
Now houseward troop, for blind-man's-buff, or tag;
Here chasing, sidelong, fireflies to the thicket,
There shouting, with a grass-tuft reared for flag,
They claim this hour from night,
But with a sure, still sleight,
The sleep-time clogs their feet, and one by one they lag.

And now the still stars make all heaven sightly,
One, in the low west, like the sky ablaze;
The Swan that with her shining Cross floats nightly,
And Bears that slowly walk along their ways;
There is the golden Lyre,
And there the Crown of fire.
Thank God for nights so fair to these bright days.

ROBERT LOWELL.

MORNING.

FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."

JUL. It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TO ME THE WORLD'S AN OPEN BOOK.

TO me the world's an open book
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running brook
That sings its way toward the sea;
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze,
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

The flowers below, the stars above,
In all their bloom and brightness given,
Are, like the attributes of love,
The poetry of earth and heaven.
Thus, nature's volume, read aright,
Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,
Tinging life's clouds with rosy light,
And all the world with poetry.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

NIGHT AT SEA.

THE lovely purple of the noon's bestowing
Has vanished from the waters, where it flung
A royal color, such as gems are throwing
Tyrian or regal garniture among.

'Tis night, and overhead the sky is gleaming;
Through the slight vapor trembles each dim star;
I turn away—my heart is sadly dreaming
Of scenes they do not light, of scenes afar.
My friends, my absent friends! do you think of me as
I think of you?

The world with one vast element omitted—
Man's own especial element, the earth;
Yet o'er the waters is his rule transmitted
By that great knowledge wherein power has birth.
How oft, on some strange loveliness while gazing,
Have I wished for you—beautiful as new,
The purple waves, like some wild army, raising
Their snowy banners as the ship cuts through.
My friends, my absent friends, do you think of me as
I think of you?

LETITIA LANDON MACLEAN.

THE GRAY NUN.

THERE comes, each dying day to bless,
A little while before the night,
A gentle nun in convent dress
Of clinging robes all gray and white.

She lays her cool hand on my face,
And smooths the lines of care away,
Her tender touch with magic grace
Dispels the worry of the day.

She folds the mystic curtain by
That hides from view the shadowy throng,
And gives me those for whom I sigh,
The vanished friends for whom I long.

Sometimes she brings a perfumed spray
Of flowers that bloomed long years ago,
The breath of summer laid away
'Neath many a winter's drifted snow.

No other guest gives such delight,
Nor can of peace bestow the same,
As she who comes 'twixt day and night,
And Twilight is the gray nun's name.

VIRGINIA B. HARRISON.

THE DYING SWAN.

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far through the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flowed forth on a carol free and bold;
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is rolled
Through the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NIGHT.

O MAJESTIC night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone, thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect! claim a graceful verse,
And like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labors past, shall close the scene.

EDWARD YOUNG.

WHAT IS SOLITUDE?

NOT in the shadowy wood,
Not in the crag-hung glen,
Not where the echoes brood
In caves untrod by men;
Not by the bleak sea-shore,
Where loitering surges break,
Not on the mountain hoar,
Not by the breezeless lake,

Not on the desert plain,
Where man hath never stood,
Whether on isle or main—
Not there is solitude!

Birds are in woodland bowers,
Voices in lonely dells,
Streams to the listening hours
Talk in earth's secret cells;
Over the gray-ribbed sand
Breathe ocean's frothing lips;
Over the still lake's strand
The flower toward it dips;
Pluming the mountain's crest,
Life tosses in its pines;
Coursing the desert's breast,
Life in the steed's mane shines.

Leave—if thou wouldst be lonely—
Leave nature for the crowd;
Seek there for one—one only—
With kindred mind endowed!
There—as with nature erst
Closely thou wouldst commune—
The deep soul-music, nursed
In either heart, attune!
Heart-wearied, thou wilt own,
Vainly that phantom wooed,
That thou at last hast known
What is true solitude!

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

TO A SHOWER.

THE pleasant rain!—the pleasant rain!
By fits it plashing falls
On twangling leaf and dimpling pool—
How sweet its warning calls!
They know it—all the bosomy vales,
High slopes, and verdant meads;
The queenly elms and princely oaks
Bow down their grateful heads.

The withering grass, and fading flowers,
And drooping shrubs look gay;
The bubbly brook, with gladlier song,
Hies on its endless way;
All things of earth—the grateful things!
Put on their robes of cheer,
They hear the sound of the warning burst,
And know the rain is near.

It comes! it comes! the pleasant rain!
I drink its cooler breath;
It is rich with sighs of fainting flowers,
And roses' fragrant death;
It hath kissed the tomb of the lily pale,
The beds where violets die,
And it bears their life on its living wings—
I feel it wandering by.

And yet it comes! the lightning's flash
Hath torn the lowering cloud,
With a distant roar, and a nearer crash,
Out bursts the thunder loud.
It comes with the rush of a god's descent
On the hushed and trembling earth,
To visit the shrines of the hallowed groves
Where a poet's soul had birth.

With a rush, as of a thousand steeds,
Is the mighty god's descent;
Beneath the weight of his passing tread,
The conscious groves are bent.
His heavy tread—it is lighter now—
And yet it passeth on;
And now it is up, with a sudden lift—
The pleasant rain hath gone.

The pleasant rain!—the pleasant rain!
It hath passed above the earth,
I see the smile of the opening cloud,
Like the parted lips of mirth.
The golden joy is spreading wide
Along the blushing west,
And the happy earth gives back her smiles,
Like the glow of a grateful breast.

As a blessing sinks in a grateful heart,
That knoweth all its need,
So came the good of the pleasant rain,
O'er hill and verdant mead.
It shall breathe this truth on the human ear,
In hall and cotter's home,
That to bring the gift of a bounteous heaven,
The pleasant rain hath come.

JAMES WILLIAM MILLER.

THE QUESTION.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind, and the moonlit-colored May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;

And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the hours
Within my hand—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—oh! to whom?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE OWL.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

SECOND SONG—TO THE SAME.

Thy tuwhits are lulled, I wot,
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
Which, upon the dark afloat,
So took echo with delight,
So took echo with delight,
That her voice, untuneful grown,
Wears all day a fainter tone.

I would mock thy chaunt anew;
But I cannot mimic it;
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
With a lengthened loud halloo,
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ON THE BILLOWS.

THAT sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
Of her he loves—
The swell of yonder foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
That when, in passion's young emotion,
I've stolen, beneath the evening star,
To Julia's bower.

O, there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To pleasure's thrill;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still.

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep.

Well!—there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
O, most to him,
Whose lip hath drained life's cup of pleasure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round sorrow's brim.

Yes—*he* can smile serene at death:
Kind Heaven, do thou but chase the weeping
Of friends who love him;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

THOMAS MOORE.

ARBUTUS.

IF spring has maids of honor—
And why should not the spring,
With all her dainty service,
Have thought of some such thing?

If spring has maids of honor,
Arbutus leads the train;
A lovelier, a fairer
The spring would seek in vain.

For sweet and subtle fragrance,
For pink, and pink and white,
For utmost grace and motion,
Of vines and vine's delight,

For joy and love of lovers,
For joy of young and old,
No blossom like arbutus
In all that spring-times hold.

The noble maids of honor,
Who earthly queens obey,
And courtly service render
By weary night and day,

Among their royal duties,
Bouquets of blossoms bring
Each evening to the banquet.
And hand them to the king.

If spring has maids of honor,
And a king that is not seen,
His choicest spring-time favor
Is arbutus from his queen!

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (H. H.).

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omawhaws;
Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken!
Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's
Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers
Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.

What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints?
How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the prairies?
How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of the mountains?
Ah! 'tis in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge
Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these pavements,
Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions
Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,
Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!
Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash!
There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple
Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.
There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!
There thou chasest the stately stag on the wooded banks of the Elk-horn,
Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omawhaw
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfeet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts?
Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,
Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,
And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man?
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,
Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's
Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires
Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the daybreak
Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race;
It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches!
Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the east-wind,
Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

IN eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is a sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove
From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the lily's bell,
Pure as the light in its native heaven;
Fame's bright star and glory's swell
In the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes,
And the tender soul that cannot part
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

The cypress that daily shades the grave,
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot·

And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, forget-me-not.
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

SENSITIVE PLANT.

A SENSITIVE plant in the garden grew;
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
And the spirit of love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dream of its wintery rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with sweet odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
The narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath addressed,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air,
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wind-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tube-rose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,
With gold and green light slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glided by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and glance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss,
Which led through the garden and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowers which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled paradise,
The flowers, as an infant's awakening eyes,
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it,

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and odor its neighbor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the sensitive plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver—

For the sensitive plant has no bright flower,
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like love, its deep heart full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful:

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings,
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on the sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers, till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odor, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the sensitive plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by,
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound,
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness;

Only overhead, the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as day might fail,
And snatches of his Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the sensitive plant.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

LILIES OF THE FIELD.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed with soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay;
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing in our last decay,
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics are ye of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant and as fair
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fallen all beside! the world of life,
How it is stained with fear and strife!
In reason's world what storms are rife
What passions rage and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while,
Your first and perfect form ye show;
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow;
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

JOHN KEBLE.

SONG OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE GREEK.

IF Zeus chose us a king of the flowers in his mirth,
He would call to the rose, and would royally crown it;
For the rose, ho! the rose is the grace of the earth,
Is the light of the plants that are growing upon it!
For the rose, ho! the rose is the eye of the flowers,
Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves fair,
Is the lightning of beauty that strikes through the bowers
On pale lovers that sit in the glow unaware.

Ho, the rose breathes of love! ho, the rose lifts the cup
To the red lips of Cyprus invoked for a guest!
Ho, the rose having curled
Its sweet leaves for the world,
Takes delight in the motion its petals keep up,
As they laugh to the wind as it laughs from the west.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

GRAVE of waters gone to rest!
Jewel, dazzling all the main!
Father of the silver crest!
Wandering on the trackless plain,
Sleeping mid the wavy roar,
Sailing mid the angry storm,
Ploughing ocean's oozy floor,
Piling to the clouds thy form!

Wandering monument of rain,
Prisoned by the sullen north!
But to melt thy hated chain,
Is it that thou comest forth?
Wend thee to the sunny south,
To the glassy summer sea,
And the breathings of her mouth
Shall unchain and gladden thee!

Roamer in the hidden path,
'Neath the green and clouded wave!
Trampling in thy reckless wrath,
On the lost, but cherished brave;
Parting love's death-linked embrace—
Crushing beauty's skeleton—
Tell us what the hidden race
With our mourned lost have done!

Floating isle, which in the sun
Art an icy coronal;
And beneath the viewless dun,
Throw'st o'er barks a wavy pall;
Shining death upon the sea!
Wend thee to the southern main;
Warm skies wait to welcome thee!
Mingle with the wave again!

J. C. ROCKWELL.

THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!

While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's song—
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

AND is the swallow gone?
Who beheld it?
Which way sailed it?
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:—
But who doth hear
Its summer cheer
As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
From its surrounding clay
It steals away
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
'Tis all unknown;
We feel alone
That a void is left below.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night;
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

TO A MOSQUITO.

THOU little siren, when the nymphs of yore
Charmed with their songs till men forgot to dine,
And starved, though music-fed, upon their shore,
Their voices breathed no softer lays than thine.
They sang but to entice, and thou dost sing
As if to lull our senses to repose,
That thou mayst use, unharmed, thy little sting,
The very moment we begin to doze;
Thou worse than siren, thirsty, fierce blood-sipper,
Thou living vampire, and thou gallinipper!

Nature is full of music, sweetly sings
The bard, (and thou dost sing most sweetly too.)
Through the wide circuit of created things,
Thou art the living proof the bard sings true.
Nature is full of thee; on every shore,
'Neath the hot sky of Congo's dusky child,
From warm Peru to icy Labrador,
The world's free citizen, thou roamest wild.
Wherever "mountains rise or oceans roll,"
Thy voice is heard, from "Indus to the Pole."

The incarnation of Queen Mab art thou,
"The fairies' midwife;"—thou dost nightly sip,
With amorous proboscis bending low,
The honey-dew from many a lady's lip—
(Though that they "straight on kisses dream." I doubt—)
On smiling faces, and on eyes that weep,
Thou lightest, and oft with "sympathetic snout"
"Tickl'st men's noses as they lie asleep;"
And sometimes dwellest, if I rightly scan,
"On the forefinger of an alderman."

Yet thou canst glory in a noble birth.
As rose the sea-born Venus from the wave,
So didst thou rise to life; the teeming earth,
The living water and the fresh air gave

A portion of their elements to create
  Thy little form, though beauty dwells not there.
So lean and gaunt, the economic fate
  Meant thee to feed on music or on air.
Our vein's pure juices were not made for thee,
Thou living, singing, stinging atomy.

The hues of dying sunset are most fair,
  And twilight's tints just fading into night,
Most dusky soft, and so thy soft notes are
  By far the sweetest when thou takest thy flight.
The swan's last note is sweetest, so is thine;
  Sweet are the wind-harp's tones at distance heard;
'Tis sweet at distance, at the day's decline,
  To hear the opening song of evening's bird
But notes of harp or bird at distance float
Less sweetly on the ear than thy last note.

The autumn winds are wailing: 'tis thy dirge;
  Its leaves are sear, prophetic of thy doom.
Soon the cold rain will whelm thee, as the surge
  Whelms the tossed mariner in its watery tomb;
Then soar and sing thy little life away!
  Albeit thy voice is somewhat husky now.
'Tis well to end in music life's last day,
  Of one so gleeful and so blithe as thou:
For thou wilt soon live through its joyous hours,
And pass away with autumn's dying flowers.

EDWARD SANFORD.

A GIRL LEADING HER BLIND MOTHER THROUGH THE WOOD.

THE green leaves as we pass
  Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,
  And the low forest-grass
Grows green and silken where the wood-paths wind—
Alas! for thee, sweet mother! thou art blind!

And nature is all bright;
And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn,
  And evening's purple light
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
Alas! sweet mother! for thy clouded eye!

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
  Is pencilled passing well,
And the sweet birds on glorious pinions flee—
Alas! sweet mother! that thou canst not see!

And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expression in thy face,
And the child stops amid the bounding race
  And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear with duty unforgot—
Alas! sweet mother! that thou seest them not!

But thou canst hear! and love
May richly on a human tone be poured,
And the least cadence of a whispered word
  A daughter's love may prove—
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit thou canst not see my face the while!

Yes, thou canst hear! and He
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung
  Heaven and earth and sea!
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know—
With but one sense the soul may overflow.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the night
  Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
  From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
  Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the night,
  As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
  The manifold soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the night,
  Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
  My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
  From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy night! from thee I learn to bear
  What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of care,
  And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
  Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
  The best-beloved night!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A WAVE.

LIST! thou child of wind and sea,
  Tell me of the far-off deep,
Where the tempest's breath is free,
  And the waters never sleep!
Thou perchance the storm hast aided
  In its work of stern despair,
Or perchance thy hand hath braided,
  In deep caves, the mermaid's hair.

Wave! now on the golden sands,
  Silent as thou art, and broken,
Bear'st thou not from distant strands
  To my heart some pleasant token?

Tales of mountains of the south,
Spangles of the ore of silver;
Which, with playful singing mouth,
Thou hast leaped on high to pilfer?

Mournful wave! I deemed thy song
Was telling of a floating prison,
Which, when tempests swept along,
And the mighty winds were risen,
Foundered in the ocean's grasp.
While the brave and fair were dying,
Wave! didst mark a white hand clasp
In thy folds, as thou wert flying?

Hast thou seen the hallowed rock
Where the pride of kings reposes,
Crowned with many a misty lock,
Wreathed with sapphire, green, and roses?
Or with joyous, playful leap,
Hast thou been a tribute flinging,
Up that bold and jutty steep,
Pearls upon the south wind stringing?

Faded wave! a joy to thee,
Now thy flight and toil are over!
O, may my departure be
Calm as thine, thou ocean-rover!
When this soul's last pain or mirth
On the shore of time is driven,
Be its lot like thine on earth,
To be lost away in heaven!

J. C. ROCKWELL.

WHITHER?

FROM THE GERMAN.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
'Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SUMMER EVENING.

THE moonbeams lay upon the hill,
The shadows in the vale,
And here and there a leaping rill
Was laughing on the gale.
One fleecy cloud upon the air
Was all that met my eyes;
It floated like an angel there,
Between me and the skies.

The twilight hours like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea;
For every wave with dimpled face
That leaped into the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

The young moon, too, with upturned sides,
Her mirrored beauty gave,
And as a bark at anchor rides,
She rode upon the wave.
The sea was like the heaven above,
As perfect and as whole,
Save that it seemed to thrill with love,
As thrills the immortal soul.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

HOW beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars—
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these
The poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled,
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold,
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said,
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;

And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the seer
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming, spring is coming,
Birds are chirping, insects humming;
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,
Streams escaped from winter's keeping,
In delighted freedom rushing,
Dance along in music gushing.
Scenes of late in deadness saddened,
Smile in animation gladdened;
All is beauty, all is mirth,
All is glory upon earth.
Shout we then with nature's voice,
Welcome spring! rejoice! rejoice!

Spring is coming; come, my brother,
Let us rove with one another,
To our well-remembered wild-wood,
Flourishing in nature's childhood;
Where a thousand flowers are springing,
And a thousand birds are singing;
Where the golden sunbeams quiver
On the verdure-girdled river;
Let our youth of feeling out,
To the youth of nature shout,
While the waves repeat our voice,
Welcome spring! rejoice! rejoice!

JAMES NACK

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending,
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead;

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows,
That glimmer red.



LOST ON THE ALPS.

The snow recommences,
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing,
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

AUTUMN.

WITH shy brown eyes she comes again,
With hair a sunny, silken skein,
As full of light as golden rod;
Love in her voice, love in her nod,
She treads so softly no one knows
The time she comes, the time she goes.

The grass is brown, the leaves begin
Their gold and crimson dyes to win,
Each cricket sings as loud as ten
To drown the noisy locust, when
You come, O maid, to bid us cry
To summer sweet a long good-bye.

And when you go the leaves are gone;
The aster's farewell scent is flown;
Poor Cupid puts away his wings,
And close to cosy corners clings;
The rude winds usher, with a shout,
The winter in, the autumn out.

There's sadness in her shy brown eyes,
Though gay her gown with tawny dyes;
Love's in her voice—but telling most
Of one who's loved, but loved and lost,
She treads so softly no one knows
The time she comes, the time she goes.

THE SEASONS.

THE blasts of autumn drive the winged seeds
Over the earth; next come the snows, and rain,
And frost, and storms, which dreary winter leads
Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train.
Behold! spring sweeps over the world again,
Shedding soft dews from her ethereal wings;
Flowers on the mountain, fruits over the plain,
And music on the waves and woods she flings,
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.

O spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when, with dark winter's sadness,
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of joy! thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding sheet.

Virtue, and hope, and love, like light and heaven,
Surround the world; we are their chosen slaves.
Has not the whirlwind of our spirit driven
Truth's deathless germs to thought's remotest caves?
Lo, winter comes! the grief of many graves,
The frost of death, the tempest of the sword,
The flood of tyranny, whose sanguine waves
Stagnate like ice at faith, the enchanter's word,
And bind all human hearts in its repose abhorred.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

WELCOME, wild north-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black north-easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter
Turns us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlews pipe.

Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark! the brave north-easter!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can override you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.

Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious south-wind
Breathe in lover's sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft south-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas;
But the black north-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.

Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH.

GENTLE spring! in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
Their beards of icicles and snow;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cower over the embers low;
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;
But Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;
Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
And the earth looks bright, and winter surly,
Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
Is banished afar by the new-born year,
When thy merry step draws near.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE CLOUD SHIP.

LO! over ether's glorious realm
A cloud-ship sails with favoring breeze;
A bright form stands beside the helm,
And guides it o'er the ethereal seas.

Far streams on air its banner white,
Its swanlike pinions kiss the gale,
And now a beam of heaven's light
With glory gems the snowy sail.

Perchance, bright bark, your snowy breast
And silver-tissued pinions wide,
Bear onward to some isle of rest
Pure spirits in life's furnace tried.

Oh! could we stay each swelling sail
Of spotless radiance o'er thee hung,
And lift the bright, mysterious veil
O'er forms of seraph beauty flung—

How would our spirits long to mount
And float along the ethereal way,
To drink of life's unfailing fount,
And bathe in heaven's resplendent day!

But lo! the gold-tiaraed west
Unfolds her sapphire gates of light;
While day's proud monarch bows his crest,
And bids the sighing world good-night.

And now the cloud-ship flies along,
Her wings with gorgeous colors dressed,
And fancy hears triumphant song
Swell from her light-encircled breast—

As to the wide-unfolded gate,
The brilliant portal of the skies,
She bears her bright, immortal freight,
The glorious soul that never dies!

SOPHIA HELEN OLIVER.

AUTUMN.

THOU comest, autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

EARLY SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

COME ye so early,
Days of delight?
Making the hillside
Blithesome and bright?

Merrily, merrily,
Little brooks rush,
Down by the meadow,
Under the bush.

Welkin and hilltop,
Azure and cool;
Fishes are sporting
In streamlet and pool.

Birds of gay feather
Flit through the grove,
Singing together,
Ditties of love.

Busily coming
From moss-covered bowers,
Brown bees are humming,
Questing for flowers.

Lightsome emotion,
Life everywhere;
Faint wafts of fragrance
Scenting the air.

Now comes there sounding
A sough of the breeze—
Shakes through the thicket,
Sinks in the trees:

Sinks, but returning,
It ruffles my hair;
Aid me this rapture,
Muses, to bear!

Know ye the passion
That stirs in me here?
Yestre'en at gloaming
Was I with my dear!

W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

INDIAN SUMMER.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

NOW had the season returned when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TO THE MOON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

FLOODED are the brakes and dell
With thy phantom light,
And my soul receives the spell
Of thy mystic might.

To the meadow dost thou send
Something of thy grace,
Like the kind eye of a friend,
Beaming on my face.

Echoes of departed times
Vibrate on mine ear,
Joyous, sad, like spirit chimes,
As I wander here.

Flow, flow on, thou little brook;
Ever onward go!
Trusted heart, and tender look,
Left even me so.

Richer treasure earth has none
Than I once possessed—
Ah, so rich, that when 'twas gone,
Worthless was the rest.

Little brook! adown the vale,
Rush, and take my song;
Give it passion, give it wail,
As thou leap'st along.

Sound it in the winter night,
When thy streams are full;
Murmur it when skies are bright,
Mirrored in the pool.

Happiest he of all created,
Who the world can shun,
Not in hate, and yet unhated;
Sharing thought with none,

Save one faithful friend; revealing,
To his kindly ear,
Thoughts like these, which, o'er me stealing,
Make the night so drear.

W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

THE END OF THE DROUTH.

THE rain's come at last!
And 'tis pouring as fast
As if it would pay the arrears of the past;
While the clouds on the wind
Press on thicker and thicker,
As if they'd a mind
To disgorge all their liquor.

Let them patter away—
There's a toper to-day
That will take their whole tonnage to moisten his clay:
Yea, though they keep up
For a fortnight their dropping,
He won't flinch a cup,
Nor require any mopping.

Yea, earth that was cursed
With a vehement thirst,
Is drinking so eager you'd fancy he'd burst;
And his hot chappy lips—
How he smacks them together
As he gulps, tastes, and sips
The delicious wet weather!

See the beautiful flowers,
How they soak in the showers
That plash on the meadows or splash through the bowers!
Leaves, blossoms, and shoots
Quaff with succulent mouth;
And the fibres and roots
Are imbibing the south.

The farmer's nice ear
Distinctly can hear
The growth of his crops through their bacchanal cheer;
And the boozy potatoes
Cry out, under cover,
"With elbow room treat us,
Arrah! neighbors, lie over."

The horses and cows,
Neglecting to browse,
Stand still when they give their parched hides a carouse!

And the indolent sheep
Their frieze jackets unbutton,
While with rain-drops they steep
Their half-roasted mutton.

The birds of the air
Seem little to care,
If the summer should never again dry up fair;
For they're dabbling, like snipes,
And rejoicing together,
While the quail tunes his pipes
To *wet-weather! wet-weather!*

The ducks and the drakes
Spread their feathers in flakes,
And dabble their bellies in stable-yard lakes;
And nothing on earth
Can be half so absurd
As the bibulous mirth
Of the pond-loving bird.

In brief, to sum up—
All things seem to sup
New vigor from nature's most bountiful cup;
While the sky dropping rain,
And the sun, shining southerly,
Make the country again
Look good-natured and motherly.

THE SWISS ALP.

From the German of Goethe.

YESTERDAY thy head was brown, as are the flowing locks of love,
In the bright blue sky I watched thee towering, giant-like, above.
Now thy summit, white and hoary, glitters all with silver snow,
Which the stormy night hath shaken from its robes upon thy brow;
And I know that youth and age are bound with such mysterious meaning,
As the days are linked together, one short dream but intervening.

W. Edmondstoune Aytoun.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art;

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamed of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

Thomas Campbell.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rollest above,
Round as the shield of my fathers!
Whence are thy beams, O sun!
Thy everlasting light?
Thou comest forth in thine awful beauty;
The stars hide themselves in the sky;
The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave.
But thou thyself movest alone.
Who can be companion of thy course?
The oaks of the mountains fall;
The mountains themselves decay with years;
The ocean shrinks and grows again;

The moon herself is lost in heaven,
But thou art forever the same,
Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.
When the world is dark with tempests,
When thunder rolls and lightning flashes,
Thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds
And laughest at the storm.
But to Ossian thou lookest in vain,
For he beholds thy beams no more,
Whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern clouds,
Or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.
But thou art perhaps like me for a season;
Thy years will have an end.
Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds,
Careless of the voice of the morning.
Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth!

JAMES MACPHERSON.

LOWLY PLEASURES.

METHINKS I love all common things,
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind, common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

What good are fancies rare, that rack
With painful thought the poet's brain?
Alas! they cannot bear us back
Unto happy years again!
But the white rose without stain
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,
When youth was bounteous as the hours.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth, one still clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way,
I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities, thrones, temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking."

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

FALLING SNOW.

LOOK how the snow falls and falls
On the bare hedge-row and the cold, gray walls;
Till every bush on the road for miles
With a soft, white cushion it piles and piles;

Till every willow upon the green
On a plump, white pillow its head can lean;
And the children cry to the flakes that are whirled
From the wintry sky o'er the wintry world:

"Oh! tell us whether, as we have heard,
You are each the feather of some fat bird,
That old Mother Goose, when she kills her ducks
For old Father Christmas, plucks and plucks;

"Or are you wee pieces of wool that drop,
When they clip the cloud fleeces on Cloudland Top?
Or snow, dear snow, are your flakes the flowers
That flutter below to this earth of ours

"From the glittering garlands the angels weave
In Silver Starland from morn to eve?"
The snow kisses, in answer, the nursery pane,
Then darts—a dancer in air again.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

AUTUMN'S SIGHING.

AUTUMN'S sighing,
Moaning, dying;
Clouds are flying
On like steeds;
While their shadows
O'er the meadows
Walk like widows
Decked in weeds.

Red leaves trailing,
Fall unfailing,
Dropping, sailing,
From the wood,
That, unpliant,
Stands defiant,
Like a giant
Dropping blood.

Winds are swelling
Round our dwelling,
All day telling
Us their woe;
And at vesper
Frosts grow crisper,
As they whisper
Of the snow.

From th' unseen land
Frozen inland,
Down from Greenland
Winter glides,
Shedding lightness
Like the brightness
When moon-whiteness
Fills the tides.

Now bright pleasure's
Sparkling measures
With rare treasures
Overflow!
With this gladness
Comes what sadness!
Oh, what madness!
Oh, what woe!

Even merit
May inherit
Some bare garret,
Or the ground;
Or, a worse ill,
Beg a morsel
At some door-sill,
Like a hound!

Storms are trailing,
Winds are wailing,
Howling, railing,
At each door.
'Midst this trailing,
Howling, railing,
List the wailing
Of the poor!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

OCTOBER.

SEE how the great old forest vies
With all the glory of the skies,
In streaks without a name;
And leagues on leagues of scarlet spires,
And temples lit with crimson fires,
And palaces of flame!
And domes on domes that gleam afar,
Through many a gold and crimson bar,
With azure overhead;
While forts, with towers on towers arise,
As if they meant to scale the skies,
With banner bloody red!

Here, orange groves that seem asleep
There, stately avenues that sweep
To where the land declines;
There, starting up in proud array,
With helmets flashing to the day,
Troop upon troop of pines!
Here, evergreens that have withdrawn,
And hang around the open lawn,
With shadows creeping back;
While yonder, girdled hemlocks run
Like fiery serpents to the sun,
Upon their gleaming track!

And, in the distance far apart,
As if to shame man's proudest art,
Cathedral arches spread;
While yonder ancient elm has caught
A glory, 'yond the reach of thought,
Upon his hoary head.
But every object, far and wide—
The very air is glorified—
A perfect dream of bliss!
Earth's greatest painters never could,
Nor poet in inspired mood,
Imagine aught like this.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

AUTUMN-TIME.

RICH, purple smoke of incense ceaseless rises
From earth's full urn, and curls along the hills
And veils the pathway of the lisping rills.
For ripened gifts I read her gratitude
Written in blushing lines on field and wood.
Her paths are full of lure and sweet surprises:
Quick transformation-scenes by day and night
Till beauty's self doth seem unveiled in sight,
And glowing heights like burning altars stand,
Whose prototype is that foreshadowed land
Where fount of beauty, fount of being surges;
All colors teeming, yet all colors blent—
A universal halo throneward bent—
Where thoughts are flowers, and feelings glowing leaves,
And deeds, more potent, rise as crowning sheaves.
Their beauty brief in beauty fadeless merges.

LAURA ROGERS M'CARTHY

CALL US NOT WEEDS.

OH, call us not weeds, but flowers of the sea,
For lovely and bright and gay-tinted are we;
Our blush is as deep as the rose of thy bowers:
Then call us not weeds; we are ocean's gay flowers.

Not nursed like the plants of a summer parterre,
Whose gales are but sighs of an evening air;
Our exquisite, fragile, and beautiful forms
Are nursed by the ocean and rocked by the storms.

NARRATIVES IN SONG.

THE DOG OF THE ALPS.

THE hero lives on in the pages of story,
Though blood-drops may sully the words that record:
His bust shall be crowned with the chaplet of glory;
The hand shall be honored that rests on the sword.
But there's one whose good deeds are scarce noted by any;
The field of his valor, the ice-covered scalps;
'Tis the dumb and the faithful, the saviour of many,
The brave and the beautiful dog of the Alps.

With his mission of mercy, right onward he'll hurry;
No wild, howling storm burst shall turn him aside:
Though the tottering avalanche threaten to bury,
And the arrowy sleet-shower bristle his hide.
We drink health to the bold one, whose strong arm has wrested
The perishing form from the billowy grave:
But a laurel is due to the dog who has breasted
The winding-sheet found in the snow-drifted wave.

Through the fearful ravine, when the thick flakes are falling
O'er peaks, while the cutting wind curdles his breath;
He wends his lone way with the wallet-strap galling,
To seek the lost pilgrim, and snatch him from death.
Where the traveller lies, with his parting breath sighing
Some name that he loves in a tremulous prayer;
The dog of the Alps comes with life to the dying;
With warmth to the frozen, and hope to despair.

It is not ambition that leads him to danger,
He toils for no trophy, he seeks for no fame;
He faces all peril and succors the stranger;
But asks not the wide world to blazon his name.
'Twould be well if the great ones, who boast of their reason,
Would copy his work on the winter-bound scalps;
And cherish the helpless in sorrow's bleak season,
Like the brave and the beautiful dog of the Alps.

ELIZA COOK.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN-A-DALE.

COME, listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.
The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way,
The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh—
"Alack, and a well-a-day!"
Then steppéd forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he saw them come.

"Stand off, stand off!" the young man said;
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."
And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"Oh, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"
"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she soon from me was ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."
"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood;
"Come, tell me without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allin-a-Dale."
"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee;
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."
"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come, tell me without guile."

"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."
Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor bin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said;
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north countree."
"O welcome, O welcome!" the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."
With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall choose her own dear."
Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three,
When four-and-twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping o'er the lea.
And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The very first man was Allin-a-Dale
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allin, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away."
"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."
Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it on Little John:
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.
"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John.
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allin-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."
And thus having end of this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

THE SPARROW AT SEA.

AGAINST the baffling winds, with slow advance,
One drear December day,
Up the vexed Channel, toward the coast of France,
Our vessel urged her way.

Around the dim horizon's misty slopes
The storm its banners hung;
And pulling bravely at the heavy ropes,
The dripping sailors sung.

A little land-bird, from its home-nest warm,
Bewildered, driven, and lost,
With wearied wings, came drifting on the storm,
From the far English coast.

Blown blindly onward, with a headlong speed
It could not guide or check,
Seeking some shelter in its utter need,
It dropped upon the deck.

Forgetting all its dread of human foes,
Desiring only rest,
It folded its weak wings, and nestled close
And gladly to my breast.

Wherefore, I said, this little flickering life
Which now all panting lies,
Shall yet forget its peril and its strife,
And soar in sunny skies.

To-morrow, gaining England's shore again,
Its wings shall find their rest;
And soon, among the leaves of some green lane,
Brood o'er a summer nest.

And when, amid my future wanderings,
My far and devious quest,
I hear a warbling bird, whose carol rings
More sweetly than the rest—

Then I shall say, with heart awake and warm,
And sudden sympathy,
"It is the bird I sheltered in the storm,
The life I saved at sea!"

But when the morning fell across the ship,
And storm and cloud were fled,
The golden beak no longer sought my lip—
The wearied bird was dead.

The bitter cold, the driving wind and rain,
Were borne too many hours;
My pity came too late and all in vain,
Sunshine on frozen flowers.

Thus many a heart which dwells in grief and tears,
Braving and suffering much,
Bears patiently the wrong and pain of years,
But breaks at love's first touch!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

THE ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

WHO rides so late through the grisly night?
'Tis a father and child, and he grasps him tight;
He wraps him close in his mantle's fold,
And shelters the boy from the piercing cold.

"My son, why thus to my arm dost cling?"
"Father, dost thou not see the Erlie-king?
The king with his crown and his long black train!"
"My son, 'tis a streak of the misty rain!"

"Come hither, thou darling! come, go with me!
Fine games know I that I'll play with thee;
Flowers many and bright do my kingdom hold,
My mother has many a robe of gold."

"Oh, father, dear father! and dost thou not hear
What the Erlie-king whispers so low in mine ear?"
"Calm, calm thee, my boy, it is only the breeze,
As it rustles the wither'd leaves under the trees!"

"Wilt thou go, bonny boy! wilt thou go with me?
My daughters shall wait on thee daintily;
My daughters around thee in dance shall sweep,
And rock thee, and kiss thee, and sing thee to sleep!"

"Oh, father, dear father! and dost thou not mark
Erlie-king's daughters move by in the dark?"
"I see it, my child; but it is not they,
'Tis the old willow nodding its head so gray!"

"I love thee! thy beauty, it charms me so!
And I'll take thee by force, if thou wilt not go!"
"Oh, father, dear father! he's grasping me—
My heart is as cold as cold can be!"

The father rides swiftly—with terror he gasps—
The sobbing child in his arms he clasps;
He reaches the castle with spurring and dread;
But, alack! in his arms the child lay dead!

THEODORE MARTIN.

THE GREAT WEST.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passing rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Windriver Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.
Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the Magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light that retreated and vanished before them.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:—
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor, and Erin's pride.

THOMAS MOORE.

DOROTHY.

OH! it was a sight fearsome, fit to curdle the blood of the stoutest—
That little craft caught in the teeth of the hungry, mad-foaming breakers
That craunched it, and tore it, and broke it, now on the jagged rocks flinging,
Then catching it back, as tigers sport with their prey, then devour it;
And the six men up in the rigging, clinging, and praying, and shuddering,
As one would shudder that looked down into his own grave open!
All the fisher-folk were away, six leagues away, to the northward,
Where the night before they had sailed, fast locked by the south gale in the harbor;
Only on the sands there were three old men, peering and moaning:
"Ah! if we were young as we once were, who knows but that we might save them?"
And the women were wringing their hands, with quavering, shrill cries, pitiful.
Among them, poised on her bare feet, like a bird pluming for flying
Over the foam, her brown hair out on the wind streaming and tossing,
Her cheeks flushing and paling, but her eyes clear, stood lass Dorothy.
Straight, strong-limbed and sunbrowned was she, modest, withal, and winsome.
"Will the vessel break up in an hour? If I thowt so lang she would hing there,
I'd awa' for the lifeboat," cried she. "Nay, nay, lass," answered old Donald,
"Could you gang the four miles, you could na cross the burn swollen to bursting."
"I'll awa'," spake Dorothy, nothing more; and swiftly she darted
Off to the moor, as from the strained bow the arrow goes leaping.
For a mile the fierce gale she battled; then down to the sands forced to scramble
Where the huge waves were rolling, and through the hollow rocks booming their thunder,
Sped on, through the foam plashing knee-deep, ever fighting for footing,
Till she came to the burn white with wrath, as if with the mad sea leaguing
In vengeance against the foe who, for its prey, with it would wrestle.
What though her heart sank? in she plunged—for, Oh, the men that were drowning!
Waist-deep, then overhead sinking, seized by a swirling eddy,
Struggling up to her feet, on pressing again, till once more on the moorland,
She breasted the gale, flinging to it the wet garments that hindered.

So reached she at last the house where lived the coxswain of the lifeboat,
And sank at the threshold, swooning, but gasping with wan lips: "The schooner
On the letch—norrad!" Well knew the coxswain the need that had sent her.
"Look after the lass, gude wife!" he shouted, and ran for the lifeboat.
The blessed lifeboat! how it shot out into the surges, bounding
Away and away—around the Point—close up to the wreck, undaunted!
And lo! the six men dropped into it, saved, as solemnly joyful
As if into heaven they had come, out of death, with its chrism on their foreheads.

Only a simple lass still is Dorothy, never dreaming
That she has done aught heroic. Yet, sometimes, o' nights, when the stormwind
Is out, she smiles as she lays her head on its rude straw pillow,
To think of the six men, somewhere safe, living and loving,
Because she dared through the gale and the foam to run for the lifeboat.

EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

'TWAS Pentecost, the feast of gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.
Thus began the king and spake:
"So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,
A luxuriant spring shall break.'

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly.
From balcony the king looked on;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers,
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable knight.
"Sir knight! your name and scutcheon, say!"
"Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear;
I'm a prince of mighty sway!"

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock.
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high halls glances
Waves a mighty shadow in;
With a manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin;

Danced in sable iron sark
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every knight and every dame.
'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient king reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took;
"Golden wine will make you whole!"
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank;
"O that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
Colorless grew utterly.
Whichever way
Looks their fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

'Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth?
Take me, too, the joyless father!"
Spake the grim guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
"Roses in the spring I gather!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE FISHER.

From the German of Goethe.

THE water rushed and bubbled by—
An angler near it lay,
And watched his quill, with tranquil eye,
Upon the current play.
And as he sits in wasteful dream,
He sees the flood unclose,
And from the middle of the stream
A river-maiden rose.

She sang to him with witching wile:
"My brood why wilt thou snare,
With human craft and human guile,
To die in scorching air?
Ah! didst thou know how happy we,
Who dwell in waters clear,
Thou wouldst come down at once to me,
And rest forever here.

"The sun and lady-moon they lave
Their tresses in the main,
And, breathing freshness from the wave,
Come doubly bright again.
The deep-blue sky, so moist and clear,
Hath it for thee no lure?
Does thine own face not woo thee down
Unto our waters pure?"

The water rushed and bubbled by—
It lapped his naked feet;
He thrilled as though he felt the touch
Of maiden kisses sweet.
She spoke to him, she sang to him—
Resistless was her strain—
Half-drawn, he sank beneath the wave,
And ne'er was seen again.

THEODORE MARTIN.

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

LO! Death hath reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim west,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—

Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathéd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While, from a proud tower in the town,
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves,
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gayly-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On scenes less hideously serene.

But lo! a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE STEAMBOAT.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
The rigid and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flow
With heaped and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast in ringing showers,
With every wave that swells;
And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,
In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by!
When seas are silent and serene,
With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm;
Now answers, like a courtly dame,
The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrowed sail;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale;
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stained
The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
I see yon quivering mast;
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast!
An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff,
The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff,
White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep;
Nor wind nor wave shall tire
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
With floods of living fire;
Sleep on—and when the morning light
Streams o'er the shining bay,
O, think of those for whom the night
Shall never wake in day!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE SPANISH MAID.

FIVE weary months sweet Inez numbered
From that unfading bitter day
When last she heard the trumpet bray
That called her Isidor away—
That never to her heart has slumbered;

She hears it now, and sees, far bending
Along the mountain's misty side,
His plumed troop, that, waving wide,
Seems like a rippling, feathery tide,
Now bright, now with the dim shore blending;

She hears the cannon's deadly rattle—
And fancy hurries on to strife,
And hears the drum and screaming fife
Mix with the last sad cry of life.
O, should he—should he fall in battle!

Yet still his name would live in story,
And every gallant bard in Spain
Would fight his battles o'er again;
And would not she for such a strain
Resign him to his country's glory?

Thus Inez thought, and plucked the flower
That grew upon the very bank
Where first her ear bewildered drank
The plighted vow—where last she sank
In that too bitter parting hour.

But now the sun is westward sinking;
And soon amid the purple haze,
That showers from his slanting rays,
A thousand loves there meet her gaze,
To change her high heroic thinking.

Then hope, with all its crowd of fancies,
Before her flits and fills the air;
And, decked in victory's glorious gear,
In vision Isidor is there.
Then how her heart mid sadness dances!

Yet little thought she, thus forestalling
The coming joy, that in that hour
The future, like the colored shower
That seems to arch the ocean o'er,
Was in the living present falling.

The foe is slain. His sable charger
All flecked with foam comes bounding on,
The wild Morena rings anon,
And on its brow the gallant Don
And gallant steed grow larger, larger;

And now he nears the mountain-hollow,
The flowery bank and little lake
Now on his startled vision break—
And Inez there—He's not awake—
Ah, what a day this dream will follow?

But no—he surely is not dreaming.
Another minute makes it clear.
A scream, a rush, a burning tear
From Inez's cheek, dispel the fear
That bliss like his is only seeming.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

OLD IRONSIDES.

AYE, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms—
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE LADY SAINT.

"TELL us a story, Grandpa, do—
Jean says you've always something new
For Christmas time, and that's because
You know so well old Santa Claus;
To-day we saw him in a store,
On Chestnut street, and at the door
He bowed, and asked us girls and boys
To walk right in and see his toys,
And shake his hand—my! how we stared!"
So said the Pet called "Golden Haired."

"I saw him too," Grandpa replied,
"And was a pigmy by his side.
But if he put you in a fright
We'll think of something else to-night.
How would you like, my little dear,
About a lady saint to hear?
Yes, there are many such, and yet
You'll live to see they seldom get
The hearty welcomes and applause
Bestowed on grim Old Santa Claus!

They live among us everywhere;
While for our praise they little care,
The thanks of sorrow's children bless,
And fill their hearts with happiness;
For these good lady saints proceed
To help and comfort those in need,
And poor and sick, and weak and lame,
Know them at sight, if not by name,
For deeds of mercy through the year,
As well as for their Christmas cheer.

Now, many, many years ago,
Among New Hampshire's hills of snow,
A pleasant village snugly lay,
Where on a dawning Christmas Day,

Fast stepping down the street was seen,
One of these lady saints—St. Jean:
This title, everybody said,
Was due her for the life she led,
Whose gentle deeds with day began,
And through its course benignly ran.

Near to an old, half-ruined mill,
With burrs and wheel disused and still,
A widow lived, but young in years,
Yet worn by trouble and by tears;
For on the dreadful April day
The furious flood, that swept away
The mill's stone dam, had from her heart
Torn him she loved and rent apart
The tender, living ties that bless
The humblest home with happiness!

To lighten up the widow's woe,
St. Jean was walking through the snow—
St. Jean, the fair of face and fame,
Who brought and left where'er she came
The soothing charm that woman flings
About our mortal sufferings.
Thus through the whitened vale she went—
The village far behind—intent
On bearing comfort to the cot—
Some joy to bless its lonely lot.

The door was opened at her knock,
But while she placed her basket's stock
Of bon-bons, toys and pumpkin pies,
With other gifts, before the eyes
Of all within, delight's sweet spells
Were startled by the sound of bells,
And, in a moment more, there stood
Upon the threshold Farmer Goode,
With something very like the pack
Of Santa Claus slung on his back.

O, that was then a happy scene,
Where first young Goode had met St. Jean,
But though the first, 'twas not the last,
For when the winter days had passed,
He wedded her, and still as wife,
She kept her ways and former life,
And grew more beautiful to see,
Till death came by—alas! for me,
And my dear lady saint was laid
To rest beneath the willow's shade!"

D. BRAINERD WILLIAMSON.

THE INDIAN'S BRIDE.

WHY is that graceful female here
With yon red hunter of the deer?
Of gentle mien and shape, she seems
For civil halls designed,
Yet with the stately savage walks,
As she were of his kind.

Look on her leafy diadem,
Enriched with many a floral gem:
Those simple ornaments about
Her candid brow, disclose
The lovering spring's last violet
And summer's earliest rose;
But not a flower lies breathing there
Sweet as herself, or half so fair.
Exchanging lustre with the sun,
A part of day she strays—
A glancing, living, human smile
On nature's face she plays.
Can none instruct me what are these
Companions of the lofty trees?

Intent to blend her with his lot,
Fate formed her all that he was not;
And, as by mere unlikeness, thoughts
Associate we see,
Their hearts, from very difference, caught
A perfect sympathy.
The household goddess here to be
Of that one dusky votary,
She left her pallid countrymen,
An earthling most divine,
And sought in this sequestered wood
A solitary shrine.
Behold them roaming hand in hand,
Like night and sleep, along the land;
Observe their movements:—he for her
Restrains his active stride,
While she assumes a bolder gait
To ramble at his side;
Thus, even as the steps they frame,
Their souls fast alter to the same.
The one forsakes ferocity,
And momently grows mild;
The other tempers more and more
The artful with the wild.
She humanizes him, and he
Educates her to liberty.

O, say not they must soon be old—
Their limbs prove faint, their breasts feel cold?
Yet envy I that sylvan pair
More than my words express—
The singular beauty of their lot,
And seeming happiness.
They have not been reduced to share
The painful pleasures of despair;
Their sun declines not in the sky,
Nor are their wishes cast,
Like shadows of the afternoon,
Repining towards the past:
With nought to dread or to repent,
The present yields them full content.
In solitude there is no crime;
Their actions all are free,
And passion lends their way of life
The only dignity;

And how can they have any cares?—
Whose interest contends with theirs?

The world, for all they know of it,
Is theirs:—for them the stars are lit;
For them the earth beneath is green,
The heavens above are bright;
For them the moon doth wax and wane,
And decorate the night;
For them the branches of those trees
Wave music in the vernal breeze;
For them, upon the dancing spray,
The free bird sits and sings,
And glittering insects flit about
Upon delighted wings:
For them that brook, the brakes among,
Murmurs its small and drowsy song;
For them the many-colored clouds
Their shapes diversify,
And change at once, like smiles and frowns,
The expression of the sky.
For them, and by them, all is gay,
And fresh and beautiful as they:
The images their minds receive,
Their minds assimilate
To outward forms, imparting thus
The glory of their state.

Could aught be painted otherwise
Than fair, seen through her star-bright eyes?
He, too, because she fills his sight,
Each object falsely sees;
The pleasure that he has in her
Makes all things seem to please.
And this is love—and this the life
They lead—that Indian and his wife.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

IN the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh—but smile no more.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

RODNEY'S RIDE.

IN that soft mid-land where the breezes bear
The north and the south on the genial air,
Through the county of Kent, on affairs of state,
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat and his suit of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English state
Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew, from his anxious face,
It was matter grave that had brought him there,
To the counties three upon Delaware.

"Money and men we must have," he said,
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead.
Give us both and the king shall not work his will;
We are men, since the blood of Bunker Hill!"

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay:
"Hold, Rodney, ho! you must save the day,
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate!"

Answered Rodney then: "I will ride with speed;
It is liberty's stress; it is freedom's need.
When stands it?" "To-night. Not a moment spare,
But ride like the wind, from the Delaware."

"Ho, saddle the black! I've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away—
But I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up; he is off! and the black horse flies,
On the northward road ere the "God-speed!" dies.
It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering mile-stones move a-rear.

It is two of the clock; and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldsboro' dust with a clang and cling.
It is three; and he gallops with slack rein where
The road winds down to the Delaware.

Four; and he spurs into Newcastle town.
From his panting steed he gets him down—
"A fresh one, quick; not a moment's wait!"
And off speeds Rodney the delegate.

It is five; and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and dun;
Six; and the dust of the Chester street
Flies back in a cloud from his courser's feet.

It is seven; the horse boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream;
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock
He flings his rein to the tavern Jock.

The Congress is met; the debate's begun,
And liberty lags for the vote of one—
When into the hall not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney the delegate.

Not a moment late! and that half-day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride—
For the Act was passed, ere the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung;
"We are free!" all the bells through the colonies rung,
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The day of delegate Rodney's ride.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer-morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood.
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Buef and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the "fleece of gold;"

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the "Spurs of Gold;"

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the "Golden Dragon's" nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

RORY O'MORE.

JOVE had gathered his band—and to every one
Gave peremptory notice of what he wished done;
And he sat on his throne with expectancy great
As to when they'd return, and what news they'd relate.

He sat till his patience was nearly outworn—
Disappointment by gods is not easily borne—
"I am sure," he exclaimed, "'tis full two hours ago
Since Mercury sped with that message below.

"There's Bacchus, too—he was to bring me some wine,
And Hebe, that teasing, young scapegrace of mine,
She knows she should serve it, but neither is here—
'Tis strange that not one of my minions appear.

"This neglect is atrocious—there must be some cause
For such absolute scorn of the king and his laws;
I'll just walk through the court to examine and see
Why this truly unbearable conduct should be."

He went and behold! the whole outermost court
Was thronged like a market of vulgar resort;
All idle—and seeming as much at their ease
As though they'd no master to serve or to please.

In the midst was Apollo, with laughter-lit face,
Bending over his harp with all passion and grace;
And there was the tribe of Olympus around,
With their fettered ears eagerly drinking the sound.

There was Boreas, hoarse Boreas, attempting to sing,
And Mars chiming in with his rude tink-a-ting;
For, instead of careering on red battle-field,
He had turned into cymbals the sword and the shield.

There was Mercury beating strict time with his wings,
And looking as though he'd fain pilfer the strings;
The poppies had fallen from Somnus's wig,
And his tiptoeing feet seemed inclined for a jig

Bacchus leaned on a barrel with tankard in hand,
It was useless his trying to sit or to stand;
And he saw not the nectar-juice running about,
That the tap was unturned and the spigot was out.

There was Cupid, forgetting loves, doves, hearts and smarts,
Had bundled together his bow and his darts;
And pressed through the gods with a push and a bob,
Just as other young urchins will do in a mob.

There was Venus, who seemed half-ashamed to be seen,
For a blush marked the cheek of the Paphian Queen;
She said she had come there to look for her son,
Who of all children was the most troublesome one.

So mothers on earth often steal to a crowd
Where the puppets are droll and the music is loud;
To seek for their "wee ones," the worrying elves,
But, in truth, 'tis to peep and to listen themselves.

All, all were delighted, but Mercury's eye
Saw the form of the thundering monarch draw nigh:
And the minstrel one stopped ere the tune was played out,
And the listeners looked, half in fear, half in doubt

Jove stared with astonishment. "How's this?" he cried;
"My commands disobeyed—my displeasure defied.
'Tis open rebellion—quick—tell me who leads;
Or, by Juno, I'll level a bolt at your heads.

"You, king of the battle-plain, loitering here!
I'll make you spin petticoat fringe for a year;
And Boreas, I told you to get up a gale
In the Baltic—you villain, how came you to fail?

"And you, Miss Aurora, 'tis two hours at least
Since I saw you set off for your place in the east;
Yet day's portal is closed and the night-cloud's still black;
You heedless young spirit, how dare you come back?"

He threatened them all, and he terrified each
With his light-flashing glance and his thundering speech,
Till Hebe stepped forth—the rogue didn't forget
That Jupiter often had called her his pet.

She raised her fair hand ere she ventured to speak,
And threw back the curls from her down-covered cheek;
She looked up in his face—and 'twere easy to mark,
That the frown on his brow was a great deal less dark.

"Indeed, sire," she cried, "'tis that serpent of song
Who has lured us from duty, and made us do wrong;
We all were intent on your mission and word,
When he struck up a tune that we never had heard.

"We believe that he picked it up somewhere on earth,
But 'tis rife with sweet melody, humor, and mirth;
I attempted to pass, but I really could not;
For my wings and my senses were chained to the spot.

"Just allow him to play it!" Apollo's best skill
Was that moment exerted to charm and to thrill:
Jove laughed with delight, as he shouted "Encore!"
And inquired the name—it was "Rory O'More."

"'Tis well," cried the king, "here's a pardon for all,
But mind, 'Pol, play that at our annual ball.
And, really (while looking at Hebe askance)
I think now we could manage a bit of a dance."

It was done, and they merrily footed a while
In the good old Sir Roger de Coverley style;
Till Juno appeared in all possible state,
And looked most unlovable things at her mate.

"Come, Madam," cried Jove, "let us have no to-do,
Here's Mars wants a partner, no doubt he'll take you."
Juno listened a moment, then ran to her place,
As the music went on, with a smile on her face.

'Bless me!" and "How wonderful!" whispered the gods,
With very significant shruggings and nods;
"Why, her Majesty ne'er was so pleasant before,
It must be all owing to 'Rory O'More.'"

So it was, and a glorious time they all had;
Blithe Momus was crazy, Melpomene glad;
They danced till the minstrel began to complain
That his fingers were sore, and his wrists were in pain.

But 'tis noted that Jove since that musical day
Has most graciously bowed when 'Pol comes in his way;
And his manners and bearing most courteously tend
To make the god-minstrel his intimate friend:

For he knows very well that Apollo's soft lyre
Is more than a match for his thunder and fire;
That his slaves would revolt—all supremacy o'er—
If led on by the quick-step of "Rory O'More."

ELIZA COOK.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE DOG.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts, and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks;
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a break of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry.

Nor is there any one in sight
All round in hollow, or on height;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth the leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crag repeats the raven's croak
In sympathy austere;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast,
That if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The shepherd stood; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear:
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that since the day,
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourished here through such long time,
He knows, who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TEDDY O'NEALE.

I'VE come to the cabin he danced his wild jigs in,
As neat a mud palace as ever was seen;
And considering it served to keep poultry and pigs in,
I'm sure it was always most elegant clean.
But now all about it seems lonely and dreary,
All sad and all silent, no piper, no reel;
Not even the sun, through the casement, is cheery,
Since I miss the dear, darling boy, Teddy O'Neale.

I dreamt but last night—oh! bad luck to my dreaming,
I'd die if I thought 'twould come truly to pass—
But I dreamt, while the tears down my pillow were streaming,
That Teddy was courting another fair lass.
Oh! didn't I wake with a weeping and wailing—
The grief of that thought was too deep to conceal;
My mother cried—"Norah, child, what is your ailing?"
And all I could utter was—"Teddy O'Neale!"

Shall I ever forget when the big ship was ready,
And the moment was come when my love must depart;
How I sobbed like a spalpeen, "Good-bye to you, Teddy!"
With drops on my cheek and a stone at my heart.
He says 'tis to better his fortune he's roving,
But what would be gold to the joy I should feel,
If I saw him come back to me, honest and loving,
Still poor, but my own darling, Teddy O'Neale.

ELIZA COOK.

NORWEGIAN LOVE-SONG.

FROM THE DANISH OF HEIBERG.

THE bright red sun in ocean slept:
Beneath a pine tree Gunild wept.
And eyed the hills with silver crowns,
And listened to each little sound
That stirred on high.

Thou stream," she said, "from heights above,
Flow softly to a woman's love!
As on thy azure current steering,
Flow soft, and shut not from my hearing
The sounds of love."

Ere chased the moon the night-cloud pale,
He sought the deer in distant dale;
"Farewell," he said, "when evening closes
Expect me where the moon reposes,
In yonder vale."

"Return, return, my Harold dear!
This wedded bosom pants with fear;
By woodland foe I deem thee dying;
O, come! and hear the rocks replying
To Gunild's joy."

Then horns and hounds came beating wide;
"'Tis he! 'tis he!" fair Gunild cried;
"Ye winds, to Harold bear my cry!"
And rocks and mountains answered high,
"'Tis he! 'tis he!"

JAMES WALKER.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"WILL you walk into my parlor?" said
spider to a fly,
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor, sure,
that ever you did spy;
You've only got to pop your head within side of the
door,
You'll see so many curious things you never saw
before.
Will you walk in, pretty fly?"

"My house is always open," says the spider to the
fly,
"I'm glad to have the company of all I see go by;"
"Ah! they go in, but don't come out—I've heard of
you before;"
"Oh yes, they do, I always let them out at my back
door.
Will you walk in, pretty fly?"

"Will you grant me one sweet kiss, then?" says the
spider to the fly;
"To taste your charming lips, I've a cu-ri-os-i-ty!"
Said the fly, "If once our lips did meet, a wager I
would lay,
Of ten to one, you would not after let them come
away."
"Will you walk in, pretty fly?"

"What handsome wings you've got," says the spider
to the fly,
"If I had got such a pair, I in the air would fly;
'Tis useless all my wishing, and only idle talk,
You can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to walk.
Will you walk in, pretty fly?"

"For the last time, now, I ask you, will you walk in,
Mr. Fly?"
"No; if I do, may I be shot; I'm off, so now good-
by."
Then up he springs, but both his wings were in the
web caught fast;
The spider laughed, "Ha, ha, my boy, I have you
safe at last.
Will you walk *out*, pretty fly?"

"And pray how are you now?" says the spider to
the fly;
"You fools will never wisdom get, unless you dearly
buy;

'Tis vanity that ever makes repentance come too late,
And you who into cobwebs run, surely deserve your fate.
Listen to me, listen to me, foolish fly."

THE TROUBADOUR.

He raised the golden cup from the board,
It sparkled with purple wealth,
He kissed the brim her lip had prest,
And drank to his lady's health.

"Lady, to-night I pledge thy name,
To-morrow thou shalt pledge mine:
Ever the smile of beauty should light
The victor's blood-red wine.

"There are some flowers of brightest bloom
Amid thy beautiful hair;
Give me those roses, they shall be
The favor I will wear.

"For ere their color is wholly gone,
Or the breath of their sweetness fled,
They shall be placed in thy curls again,
But dyed of a deeper red."

The warrior rode forth in the morning light,
And beside his snow-white plume
Were the roses wet with the sparkling dew,
Like pearls on their crimson bloom.

The maiden stood on her highest tower,
And watched her knight depart:
She dashed her tear aside, but her hand
Might not still her beating heart.

All day she watched the distant clouds
Float on the distant air,
A crucifix upon her neck,
And on her lips a prayer.

The sun went down, and twilight came
With her banner of pearlin gray,
And then afar she saw a band
Wind down the vale their way.

They came like victors, for high o'er their ranks
Were their crimson colors borne;
And a stranger pennon dropped beneath,
But that was bowed and torn.

But she saw no white steed first in the ranks,
No rider that spurred before;
But the evening shades were closing fast,
And she could see no more.

She turned from her watch on the lonely tower
In haste to reach the hall,
And as she sprang down the winding stair,
She heard the drawbridge fall.

A hundred harps their welcome rung,
Then paused, as if in fear;
The lady entered the hall, and saw
Her true knight stretched on his bier.

LETITIA LANDON MACLEAN.

SCENE FROM "MARMION."

Not far advanced was morning day
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide;
The ancient earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,—
Part we in friendship from your land;
And, noble earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, nowe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burnt Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
E'en in thy pitch of pride,—
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),—
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!—
Up, drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—
And dashed the rowels in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts and turns with clinchéd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE CAVALIER'S CHOICE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

'T was a gallant cavalier
Of honor and renown,
And all to seek a lady-love
He rode from town to town.
Till at a widow-woman's door
He drew the rein so free;
For at her side the knight espied
Her comely daughters three.

Well might he gaze upon them,
For they were fair and tall;
Ye never have seen fairer maids,
In bower nor yet in hall.
Small marvel if the gallant's heart
Beat quicker in his breast:
'Twas hard to choose, and hard to lose—
How might he wale the best?

"Now, maidens, pretty maidens mine,
Who'll guess me riddles three?
And she who answers best of all
Shall be mine own lady!"
I ween they blushed as maidens do,
When such rare words they hear—
"Now speak thy riddles, if thou wilt,
Thou gay young cavalier!"

"What's longer than the longest path?
First tell ye that to me;
And tell me what is deeper yet,
Than is the deepest sea?
And tell me what is louder far,
Than is the loudest horn?
And tell me what hath sharper point,
Than e'en the sharpest thorn?

"And tell me what is greener yet,
Than greenest grass on hill?
And tell me what is crueller
Than a wicked woman's will?"
The eldest and the second maid,
They mused and thought a while;
But the youngest she looked upward,
And spoke with merry smile:

"O, love is surely longer far,
Than the longest paths that be;
And hell, they say, is deeper yet,
Than is the deepest sea;
The roll of thunder is more loud,
Than is the loudest horn;
And hunger it is worse to bear
Than sharpest wound of thorn;

"The copper sweat is greener yet,
Than is the grass on hill;
And the foul fiend he is crueller
Than any woman's will!"
He leapt so lightly from his steed,
He took her by the hand;
"Sweet maid, my riddles thou hast read,
Be lady of my land!"

The eldest and the second maid,
They pondered and were dumb,
And there, perchance, are waiting yet
Till another wooer come.
Then, maidens, take this warning word,
Be neither slow nor shy,
But always, when a lover speaks,
Look kindly, and reply.

W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms,
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seem to rise,
As when the northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,

No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chaunting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel,
Down her black bulk did reel
Through the black water

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
—Thus the tale ended.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HELVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805 a young man lost his way on the mountain Helvellyn; and three months afterward his remains were discovered, guarded by a faithful terrier dog, the companion of his rambles.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was the spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended;
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh, was it meet that, no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,
Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the lone aisle sacred music is streaming
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam:
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE GLOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BEFORE his lion-court,
To see the grisly sport,
Sat the king;
Beside him grouped his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
Wreathed round their blooming ring.
King Francis, where he sat,
Raised a finger; yawned the gate,
And slow, from his repose,
A lion goes!
Dumbly he gazed around
The foe-encircled ground;
And, with a lazy gape,
He stretched his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane,
And—laid him down again.

A finger raised the king,
And nimbly have the guard

A second gate unbarred;
Forth, with a rushing spring,
A tiger sprung!
Wildly the wild one yelled,
When the lion he beheld;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And rolled his rabid tongue;
In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest king,
With a fell and rattling sound;
And laid him on the ground,
Grommelling.

The king raised his finger: then
Leaped two leopards from the den
With a bound;
And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay
Terrible!
And he griped the beast in his deadly hold;
In the grim embrace they grappled and rolled;
Rose the lion with a roar,
And stood the strife before;
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood-thirst, wroth and hot,
Halted still.

Now from the balcony above
A snowy hand let fall a glove:
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger—there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
To the knight Delorges, "If the love you have sworn
Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!"

The knight left the place where the lady sat;
The knight he has passed through the fearful gate;
The lion and tiger he stooped above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!
All shuddering and stunned, they beheld him there—
The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy and the praise the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile!

With a tender look in her softening eyes,
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,
Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace;
He tossed the glove in the lady's face!
"Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth he;
And he left forever that fair lady!

LORD LYTTON.

A QUAINT OLD CITY.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
Changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence, everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling.
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities!
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;

Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village, ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A NIGHT RIDE ON THE ENGINE.

OVER THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

BESIDE the engine-driver grim
We stand, and in the twilight dim,
Look out upon the forest wild,
The rocky *debris* heaped and piled
About the track where shining steel
Outlines the way for truck and wheel.

Like flaming, never-sleeping eye
The head-light blazes; as we fly,
Its radiance makes the gloom more dense;
Each heart is filled with awe intense
That man should ever dare to try
This road to build 'mongst mountains high,
Through cañons weird, and gloomy pass,
By rock-girt lake and lone morass.

On! on, until we seem to fly,
Beneath the star-bespangled sky!
Huge shapes loom up on either side—
Like Titan giants typified;
A transient gleam lights up the snow
Which crowns each brow, and scarred seams show
Where swept the fearful avalanche,
Destroying trees both root and branch,
And proving its all-potent sway
By leaving chaos in its way.

Now some lone lake reflects our light
An instant, ere 'tis lost to sight,
And then our passing gaze we fix
On river—black as fabled Styx—
Far, far beneath us, winding through
A cañon wild; next to our view
A lone night-watchman holds in sight
The flag which signals, "Track all right!"
Then's lost in the surrounding gloom,
As into tunnel, like a tomb,
We swiftly plunge, and with a thrill
Dash onward through its damp and chill.

Emerging from this cavern dark
We see, far off, a tiny spark,
Which broadens to the switchman's light,
In all its blaze of colors bright,
As fast we thunder to the town,
Then sudden stop—the brakes hard down,
To see—although 'tis past midnight—
Bronzed faces, 'neath a glare of light,
Look out with curious eager stare
The little while we linger there,
Ere, by that almost magic wand,
The train-conductor's waving hand,
We're started on our westward way;
For trains, like time and tide, ne'er stay
For laggards. Swift the lights recede,
And we right onward, onward speed!

Where fire has swept across the land,
Huge trees, like ghoulish figures, stand,
Outreaching branches leafless, bare,
As if to breathe a voiceless prayer
That nature'd grant them yet once more
The emerald robes they wore of yore.

On trestled bridge we slowly go,
O'er Stygian rivers far below,
While thund'rous, deaf'ning dash and roar
Tell how tumultuous waters pour
O'er jagged rocks, in foam-wreaths white,
Half hidden by the gloom of night.

We look ahead, and with a thrill,
See rifted crags crowd closer still
About our track, and at their feet
Wide-branching pine trees seem to meet
And mingle. Still we climb the steep,
And round wild, darksome ledges creep;
Till, far before us, softly gray,
Eternal hills foretell the day.
We watch the faint rose-tint of dawn
Broadened into the flush of morn,
When, suddenly, each flinty spire
A halo wears of sunrise fire!
Up comes the sun; the mists are curled
Back from the solitary world,
Which lies about—behind—before!
Our strangely-wild night ride is o'er.

EMMA SHAW

THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before—
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined:
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue!"
'Hold there!" the other quick replies:
"'Tis green; I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue.
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."
"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."—
"Green!" cries the other, in a fury;
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"—
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always use you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third:
To him the question they referred;
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle-light:
I marked it well—'twas black as jet.
You stare; but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."—
"And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."—
"Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said: then full before their sight
Produced the beast; and lo! 'twas white.
Both stared: the man looked wondrous wise.
"My children," the chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong.
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you,
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

JAMES MERRICK.

THE MASSACRE OF PENTUCKET.

1708.

LOW sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still
Mirror the forest and the hill,
Reflected from its waveless breast
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood
The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,
Where many a rood of open land
Stretched up and down on either hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly green
The thick and blackened stumps between.
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravelled forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary laborer left his plough—
The milkmaid carolled by her cow—
From cottage door and household hearth
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.
At length the murmur died away,
And silence on that village lay—
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed all,
Undreaming of the fiery fate
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours passed away. By moonlight sped
The Merrimack along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hushed grouping of a dream.
Yet on the still air crept a sound—
No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
Which downward from the hillside beat?
What forms were those which darkly stood
Just on the margin of the wood?—
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?

No—through the trees fierce eyeballs glowed,
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell the dead might wake to hear
Swelled on the night air, far and clear—
Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering lock—
Then rang the rifle-shot—and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken men—
Sank the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain—
Bursting through roof and window came,
Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
On still dead men and weapons bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through
The river willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat filled the air—
No shout was heard—nor gunshot there:
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;
And on the greensward many a stain,
And, here and there, the mangled slain,
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,
Still show the door of wasting oak,
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
And point the curious stranger where
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare—
Whose hideous head, in death still feared,
Bore not a trace of hair or beard—
And still, within the churchyard ground,
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
Whose grass-grown surface overlies
The victims of that sacrifice.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

VALKYRIUR SONG.

The Valkyriur, or Fatal Sisters of Northern Mythology, were supposed to single out the warriors who were to die in battle, and be received into the halls of Odin.

When a northern chief fell gloriously in war, his obsequies were honored with all possible magnificence. His arms, gold and silver, war-horse, domestic attendants, and whatever else he held most dear, were placed with him on the pile. His dependants and friends frequently made it a point of honor to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in Valhalla, or the Palace of Odin. And lastly, his wife was generally consumed with him on the same pile.

THE Sea-king woke from the troubled sleep
Of a vision-haunted night,
And he looked from his bark o'er the gloomy deep,
And counted the streaks of light;
For the red sun's earliest ray
Was to rouse his bands that day,
To the stormy joy of fight!

But the dreams of rest were still on earth,
And the silent stars on high,
And there waved not the smoke of one cabin hearth
'Midst the quiet of the sky;
And along the twilight bay
In their sleep the hamlets lay,
For they knew not the Norse was nigh!

The Sea-king looked o'er the brooding wave,
He turned to the dusky shore,
And there seemed, through the arch of a tide-worn cave,
A gleam, as of snow, to pour;
And forth, in watery light,
Moved phantoms, dimly white,
Which the garb of woman bore.

Slowly they moved to the billow side;
And the forms, as they grew more clear,
Seemed each on a tall pale steed to ride,
And a shadowy crest to rear,
And to beckon with faint hand
From the dark and rocky strand,
And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,
Before th' unearthly train,
For he knew Valhalla's daughters well,
The choosers of the slain!
And a sudden rising breeze
Bore across the moaning seas
To his ear their thrilling strain:

"There are songs in Odin's Hall,
For the brave, ere night to fall!
Doth the great sun hide his ray?—
He must bring a wrathful day!
Sleeps the falchion in its sheath?—
Swords must do the work of death!
Regner!—Sea-king!—thee we call!—
There is joy in Odin's Hall!

"At the feast and in the song,
Thou shalt be remembered long!
By the green isles of the flood
Thou hast left thy track in blood!
On the earth and on the sea,
There are those will speak of thee!
'Tis enough—the war-gods call
There is mead in Odin's Hall!

"Regner! tell thy fair-haired bride
She must slumber at thy side!
Tell the brother of thy breast
Ev'n for him thy grave hath rest!
Tell the raven-steed which bore thee,
When the wild wolf fled before thee,
He too with his lord must fall—
There is room in Odin's Hall!

"Lo! the mighty sun looks forth—
Arm! thou leader of the north!
Lo! the mists of twilight fly—
We must vanish, thou must die!
By the sword and by the spear,
By the hand that knows not fear,
Sea-king! nobly shalt thou fall!—
There is joy in Odin's Hall!"

There was arming heard on land and wave,
When afar the sunlight spread,
And the phantom forms of the tide-worn cave
With the mists of morning fled.
But at eve, the kingly hand
Of the battle-axe and brand
Lay cold on a pile of dead!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

IN the hour of twilight shadows
The Pilgrim sire looked out;
He thought of the "bloudy Salvages'
That lurked all round about,
Of Wituwamet's pictured knife
And Peeksuot's whooping shout;
For the baby's limbs were feeble,
Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin,
Too bare for the hungry rat,
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,
And bald enough at that;
The hole that served for casement
Was glazed with an ancient hat;
And the ice was gently thawing
From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape
His eyes went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles,
The streams that did not flow;
A sudden thought flashed o'er him—
A dream of long ago—
He smote his leathern jerkin,
And murmured, "Even so!"

"Come hither, God-be-Glorified,
And sit upon my knee,
Behold the dream unfolding,
Whereof I spake to thee
By the winter's hearth in Leyden
And on the stormy sea;
True is the dream's beginning—
So may its ending be!

"I saw in the naked forest
Our scattered remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches
Between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast;
I looked to see them perish,
When lo, the vision passed.

"Again mine eyes were opened;—
The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng;
By shadowed lake and winding stream,
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian's godly song.

"They slept—the village fathers—
By river, lake, and shore,
When far adown the steep of time
The vision rose once more;
I saw along the winter snow
A spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks
A tattered flag they bore.

"Their leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven's own kindling
Throned in his awful eye;
These were a nation's champions
Her dread appeal to try;
God for the right! I faltered,
And lo, the train passed by.

"Once more—the strife is ended,
The solemn issue tried,
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
Has helped our Israel's side;
Gray stone and grassy hillock
Tell where our martyrs died,
But peaceful smiles the harvest,
And stainless flows the tide.

"A crash—as when some swollen cloud
Cracks o'er the tangled trees!
With side to side, and spar to spar,
Whose smoking decks are these?
I know Saint George's blood-red cross,
Thou mistress of the seas—
But what is she, whose streaming bars
Roll out before the breeze?

"Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,
That pealed the Armada's knell!
The mist was cleared—a wreath of stars
Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And, waving from its haughty peak,
The cross of England fell!

"O trembling faith! though dark the morn,
A heavenly torch is thine;
While feebler races melt away,
And paler orbs decline,

Still shall the fiery pillar's ray,
Along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
This Western Palestine!

"I see the living tide roll on;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's 'land of flowers!'
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the northern showers;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The continent is ours!"

He ceased—the grim old soldier-saint—
Then softly bent to cheer
The pilgrim-child, whose wasting face
Was meekly turned to hear;
And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,
To brush the manly tear
From cheeks that never changed in woe,
And never blanched in fear.

The weary pilgrim slumbers,
His resting-place unknown;
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
The dust was o'er him strown;
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,
Along the sod were blown;
His mound has melted into earth,
His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,
Or, raining in the summer's wind
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled!

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks
That guard this holy strand
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
In beds of sparkling sand,
While in the waste of ocean
One hoary rock shall stand,
Be this its latest legend—
Here was the Pilgrim's land!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DANIEL PERITON'S RIDE.

An incident of the terrible flood at Johnstown, Pa., May 31, 1889, caused by the breaking of the South Fork Dam.

ALL day long the river flowed.
Down by the winding mountain road,
Leaping and roaring in angry mood,
At stubborn rocks in its way that stood
Sullen the gleam of its rippled crest,
Dark was the foam on its yellow breast;
The dripping banks on either side
But half-imprisoned the turgid tide.
By farm and village it quickly sped—
The weeping skies bent low overhead—
Foaming and rushing and tumbling down
Into the streets of pent Johnstown,
Down through the valley of Conemaugh,
Down from the dam of shale and straw,
To the granite bridge, where its waters pour,
Through the arches wide, with a dismal roar.

All day long the pitiful tide
Babbled of death on the mountain side;
And all day long with jest and sigh
They who were doomed that day to die
Turned deafened ears to the warning roar
They had heard so oft and despised before.

Yet women trembled—the mother's eyes
Turned oft to the lowering, woeful skies—
And shuddered to think what might befal
Should the flood burst over the earthen wall.
So all day long they went up and down,
Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

And all day long in the chilly gloom
Of a thrifty merchant's counting-room,
O'er the ledger bent with anxious care
Old Periton's only son and heir.
A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,
Counting debit and credit the highest truth,
And profit and loss a more honored game
Than searching for laurels or fighting for fame.
He saw the dark tide as it swept by the door,
But heeded it not till his task was o'er;
Then saddling his horse—a black-pointed bay,
High-stepping, high-blooded, grandson of Dismay;
Raw-boned and deep-chested—his eyes full of fire;
The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire;
Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,
And lean, bony head—his dam gave him these;
The foal of a racer transformed to a cob
For the son of a merchant when out of a job.
"Now I'll see," said Dan Periton, mounting the bay,
"What danger there is of the dam giving way!"

A marvellous sight young Periton saw
When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.
Seventy feet the water fell
With a roar like the angry ocean's swell!
Seventy feet from the crumbling crest
To the rock on which the foundations rest!
Seventy feet fell the ceaseless flow
Into the boiling gulf below!

Dan Periton's cheek grew paler with fear,
As the echoes fell on his startled ear,
And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide
That hung on the rifted mountain-side,
Held by that heap of stone and straw
O'er the swarming valley of Conemaugh!

The raw-boned bay with quivering ears
Displayed a brute's instinctive fears,
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,
Seized on the curb, and turned to fly!

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,
Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him his head,
And down the steep valley they clattering sped.
Then the horse showed his breeding—the close gripping knees
Felt the strong shoulders working with unflagging ease
As mile after mile, 'neath the high-blooded bay,
The steep mountain turnpike flew backward away,
While with outstretched neck he went galloping down
With the message of warning to periled Johnstown,
Past farm-house and village, while shrilly outrang,
O'er the river's deep roar and the hoof's iron clang,
His gallant young rider's premonitant shout,
"Fly! Fly to the hills! The waters are out!"

Past Mineral Point there came such a roar
As never had shaken those mountains before!
Dan urged the good horse then with word and caress:
'Twould be his last race, what mattered distress?
A mile farther on and behind him he spied
The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!
Then he plied whip and spur and redoubled the shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! The waters are out!"
Thus horseman and flood-tide came racing it down
The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry;
The blood ran off from his good steed's side;
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;
His hair felt the touch of the eygre's breath;
The spray on his cheek was the cold [illegible] of death;
Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and droop—
He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!
But clear over all rang his last warning shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!"
Then the tide reared its head and leaped vengefully down
On the horse and his rider in fated Johnstown!

That horse was a hero, so poets still say,
That brought the good news of the treaty to Aix;
And the steed is immortal which carried Revere
Through the echoing night with his message of fear;
And the one that bore Sheridan into the fray,
From Winchester town, "twenty miles away;"
But none of these merits a nobler lay
Than young Daniel Periton's raw-boned bay
That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,
With the tide that rushed through the dam of straw,
Roaring and rushing and tearing down
In the very track of the eygre's swoop,
With Dan in the saddle and Death on the croup,
The foam of his nostrils flew back on the wind,
And mixed with the foam of the billow behind.

A terrible vision the morrow saw
In the desolate valley of Conemaugh!
The river had shrunk to its narrow bed,
But its way was choked with the heaped-up dead
'Gainst the granite bridge with its arches four
Lay the wreck of a city that delves no more;
And under it all, so the searchers say,
Stood the sprawling limbs of the gallant bay,
Stiff-cased in the drift of the Conemaugh.
A goodlier statue man never saw—
Dan's foot on the stirrup, his hand on the rein!
So shall they live in white marble again;
And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the group,
Of the race that he ran while Death sat on the croup.

ALBION W. TOURGEE.

THE ENGINE DRIVER'S STORY.

WE were driving the down express—
Will at the steam, I at the coal—
Over the valleys and villages!
Over the marshes and coppices!
Over the river, deep and broad!
Through the mountain, under the road!
Flying along, tearing along!
Thunderbolt engine, swift and strong,
Fifty tons she was, whole and sole!

I had been promoted to the express:
I warrant you I was proud and gay.
It was the evening that ended May,
And the sky was a glory of tenderness.
We were thundering down to a midland town;
It makes no matter about the name—
For we never stopped there, or anywhere
For a dozen of miles on either side:
So it's all the same—

Just there you slide,
With your steam shut off, and your brakes in hand,
Down the steepest and longest grade in the land
At a pace that I promise you is grand.
We were just there with the express,
When I caught sight of a muslin dress
On the bank ahead; and as we passed—
You have no notion of how fast—
A girl shrank back from our baleful blast.

We were going a mile and a quarter a minute
With vans and carriages down the incline,
But I saw her face, and the sunshine in it,
I looked in her eyes, and she looked in mine
As the train went by, like a shot from a mortar,
A roaring hell-breath of dust and smoke;
And I mused for a minute, and then awoke,
And she was behind us—a mile and a quarter.

And the years went on, and the express
Leaped in her black resistlessness,
Evening by evening, England through.
Will—God rest him!—was found, a mash
Of bleeding rags, in a fearful smash
He made with a Christmas train at Crewe.
It chanced I was ill the night of the mess,
Or I shouldn't now be here alive;
But thereafter the five-o'clock out express
Evening by evening I used to drive.

And I often saw her—that lady I mean,
That I spoke of before. She often stood
A-top o' the bank; it was pretty high—
Say twenty feet, and backed by a wood.
She would pick the daisies out of the green
To fling down at us as we went by.
We had got to be friends, that girl and I,
Though I was a rugged, stalwart chap,
And she a lady! I'd lift my cap,
Evening by evening, when I'd spy
That she was there, in the summer air,
Watching the sun sink out of the sky.

Oh, I didn't see her every night:
Bless you! no; just now and then,
And not at all for a twelvemonth quite.
Then, one evening, I saw her again,
Alone, as ever, but deadly pale,
And down on the line, on the very rail,
While a light, as of hell, from our wild wheels broke,
Tearing down the slope with their devilish clamors
And deafening din, as of giant's hammers
That smote in a whirlwind of dust and smoke
All the instant or so that we sped to meet her.
Never, oh, never, had she seemed sweeter!
I let yell the whistle, reversing the stroke
Down that awful incline, and signaled the guard
To put on his brakes at once, and hard—
Though we couldn't have stopped. We tattered the rail
Into splinters and sparks, but without avail.

We *couldn't* stop; and she wouldn't stir,
Saving to turn us her eyes, and stretch
Her arms to us—and the desperate wretch
I pitied, comprehending her.
So the brakes let off, and the steam full again,
Sprang down on the lady the terrible train—
She never flinched. We beat her down,
And ran on through the lighted length of the town
Before we could stop to see what was done.
Oh, I've run over more than one!
Dozens of 'em, to be sure, but none
That I pitied as I pitied her—
If I could have stopped, with all the spur
Of the train's weight on, and cannily—
But it wouldn't do with a lad like me
And she a lady—or had been—sir?
Who was she? Best say no more of her!
The world is hard; but I'm her friend,
Stanch, sir—down to the world's end.
It is a curl of her sunny hair
Set in this locket that I wear.
I picked it off the big wheel there.
Time's up, Jack. Stand clear, sir. Yes;
We're going out with the express.

W. WILKINS.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by king Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Soldana's liberty. Alfonso accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold with all his captives, and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "Oh! God, is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?" "Look where he is," replied the cruel king, "and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see."—The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark, as to Bernardo's history after this event.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed
his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh! break my father's chain!"
"Rise, rise! ev'n now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they passed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there in very truth is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."
His dark eyes flashed—his proud breast heaved—his cheek's hue came and went—
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there dismounting bent,
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead—
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead—

A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white—
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!
Up from the ground he sprang and gazed—but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts that saw its horror and amaze—
They might have chained him as before that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low—and wept like childhood then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of war-like men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown—
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.
Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now—
My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father—oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness are passed away from earth.

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet—
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met—
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—for thee my fields were won,
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"
Then starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier-train;
And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead—

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay.
Into these glassy eyes put light—be still! keep down thine ire—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is not my sire—
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed—
Thou canst not—and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed, his slack hand fell—upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turned from that sad place—
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain—
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE FIRE.

From "Evangeline."

SUDDENLY rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

It is related in a French Life of Ali Pacha, that several of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into their mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit, and after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves, with their children, into the chasm below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy.

SHE stood upon the loftiest peak,
Amidst the clear blue sky,
A bitter smile was on her cheek,
And a dark flash in her eye.

"Dost thou see them, boy?—through the dusky pines
Dost thou see where the foeman's armor shines?
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?
My babe, that I cradled on my breast!
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with joy?
That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

For in the rocky strait beneath,
Lay Suliote, sire and son;
They had heaped high the piles of death
Before the pass was won.

"They have crossed the torrent, and on they come!
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,
Naught but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!"

And now the horn's loud blast was heard
And now the cymbal's clang,
Till ev'n the upper air was stirred,
As cliff and hollow rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild?
Doth it light thine eyes with so quick a fire,
As if at a glance of thine armed sire?
Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low—
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now!"

But nearer came the clash of steel,
And louder swelled the horn,
And farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?
Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,
Free, and how cherished, my warrior's son!
He too hath blessed thee, as I have done!
Ay, and unchained must his loved ones be—
Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
And fast the fair child bore,
A veil upon the wind was flung,
A cry—and all was o'er!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE CAPTIVES FREED.

As an instance of Scipio's magnanimity, ancient authors state that after the taking of New Carthage, he restored a captive maiden to her lover, and gave them, as a marriage dowry, the money which her parents had brought to pay her ransom.

ALL silent now the clash of war, the Roman hosts have won;
The knights, who held the city's gates, lie bleeding in the sun.

Proud Rome, in victory, will quaff the Carthaginian wine;
And lictors, lords and plumed knights will in the feast combine.

And to the conqueror will be given a captive maid so fair,
There's not a single maid in Rome with beauty half so rare.

And Scipio, 'tis said, will be so raptured with her charms,
He'll boast her love with greater pride than all his deeds of arms.

But lo! where yonder chariot moves, the axes all are hung
With garlands, and the banners wave the laureled knights among.

Behold how sways the surging crowd, the victors' robes they know;
And mark the rabble's noisy shout, "Make way for Scipio."

Before the open palace doors now prance the fretful steeds;
From chariot wheels to banquet hall, a flowery pathway leads.

O'er arch and pillared portals hang the perfumed wreath and vine,
While from within the battered arms and costly trophies shine.

Right haughtily the hero smiles, the laurel on his brow;
To joyous sounds of revelry right proudly treads he now.

The curule chair he slowly mounts, with kingly air looks round,
When, from the crowded doorway, comes a low, a murmuring sound.

With slow and faltering steps they come, the captive maid and knight;
The pompous lictors lead them in, to kneel in Scipio's sight.

What wondrous eyes, so darkly bright! How pale her brow and cheek!
She cannot meet the dreaded glance, her mute lips dare not speak.

Through her despair, one last hope gleams; with white hands wildly pressed,
She kneels, her dark dishevelled hair upon her heaving breast:

"Oh! if in chains you must take me, upon your Appian way,
Give freedom to my lover knight, I plead, I kneel, I pray."

First looked he on the silent knight, and then upon the maid;
And when the murmuring crowd was still, with haughty mien he said:

"Right royal maid and knight, the laws of war, by land and sea,
Give to the conqueror, ye know, the spoils of victory.

"Proud Carthage knew no mercy, when on Cannæ's bloody plain,
Full fifty thousand Roman knights were left among the slain.

"The Roman pride has long succumbed to Carthaginian power;
Our daughters have been captives made, e'en at the bridal hour;

"And, though they ever knelt in vain, their prayers and pleading spurned,
Though coldly have your victors from our suppliants ever turned;

"Yet Rome will deem the mercies, which in war her victor shows,
Worth more than all the honors won in conflict from her foes."

And while in wonder, looking on, stood vassals, lords, and all,
He freed the captive maid and knight, and led them from the hall.

WALTER S. KEPLINGER.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
But which the Indian soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
Arose—and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

FROM THE SPANISH.

KING ALMANZOR of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound.
He hath summoned all the Moorish lords from the hills and plains around;
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.

'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,
And they have closed the spacious lists beside the Alhambra's gate;
In gowns of black, and silver-laced, within the tented ring,
Eight Moors, to fight the bull, are placed in presence of the king.

Eight Moorish lords of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,
The onset of the beasts abide, come trooping furious through;
The deeds they've done, the spoils they've won, fill all with hope and trust;
Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly; than clangs the loud tambour:
Make room, make room for Gazul—throw wide, throw wide the door!
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more loudly strike the drum—
The Alcayde of Algava to fight the bull doth come!

And first before the king he passed, with reverence stooping low,
And next he bowed him to the queen, and the infantas all a-rowe;
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw
A scarf from out her balcony, was whiter than the snow.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery in the sand,
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand;
And ladies look with heaving breast and lords with anxious eye—
But the lance is firmly in its rest, and his look is calm and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on;
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rejon;
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,
He blindly totters and gives back, across the sand to go.

"Turn, Gazul, turn," the people cry—"the third comes up behind;
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind;"
The mountaineers that lead the steers without stand whispering low,
"Now thinks this proud Alcayde to stun Harpado so?"

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters clear,
Beneath the oak trees was he nursed, this proud and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil;
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.
His eyes are jet and they are set in crystal rings of snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows curled, ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcayde's shock.

Now stops the drum—close, close they come—thrice meet, and thrice give back;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black—
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun:
Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless one!

Once more, once more—in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel;
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel—
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast, I see, I see thee stagger;
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern Alcayde's dagger!

They have slipped a noose around his feet; six horses are brought in,
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din.
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of price bestow
Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Harpado low.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

THE FIREMAN'S WEDDING.

WHAT are we looking at, guv'nor?
Well, you see those carriages there?
It's a wedding—that's what it is, sir;
And ar'n't they a beautiful pair?

They don't want no marrow-bone music,
There's the fireman's band come to play;
It's a fireman that's going to get married,
And you don't see such sights every day!

They're in the church now, and we're waiting
To give them a cheer as they come;
And the grumbler that wouldn't join in it
Deserves all his life to go dumb.

They wont be out for a minute,
So if you've got time and will stay,
I'll tell you right from the beginning
About this 'ere wedding to-day.

One night I was fast getting drowsy,
And thinking of going to bed,
When I heard such a clattering and shouting—
"That sounds like an engine!" I said.

So I jumped up and opened the window:
"It's a fire sure enough, wife," says I;
For the people were running and shouting
And the red glare quite lit up the sky.

I kicked off my old carpet slippers,
And on with my boots in a jiff;
I hung up my pipe in the corner
Without waiting to have the last whiff.

The wife, she just grumbled a good'un,
But I didn't take notice of that,
For I on with my coat in a minute,
And sprang down the stairs like a cat!

I followed the crowd, and it brought me
In front of the house in a blaze;
At first I could see nothing clearly,
For the smoke made it all of a haze.

The firemen were shouting their loudest,
And unwinding great lengths of hose;
The "peelers" were pushing the people,
And treading on every one's toes.

I got pushed with some more in a corner,
Where I couldn't move, try as I might;
But little I cared for the squeezing
So long as I had a good sight.

Ah, sir, it was grand! but 'twas awful!
The flames leaped up higher and higher:
The wind seemed to get underneath them,
Till they roared like a great blacksmith's fire.

I was just looking round at the people,
With their faces lit up by the glare,
When I heard some one cry, hoarse with terror,
"Oh, look! there's a woman up there!"

I shall never forget the excitement,
My heart beat as loud as a clock;
I looked at the crowd, they were standing
As if turned to stone by the shock.

And there was the face at the window,
With its blank look of haggard despair—
Her hands were clasped tight on her bosom,
And her white lips were moving in prayer.

The staircase was burnt to a cinder,
There wasn't a fire-escape near;
But a ladder was brought from the builder's,
And the crowd gave a half-frightened cheer.

The ladder was put to the window,
While the flames were still raging below:
I looked, with my heart in my mouth, then,
To see who would offer to go!

When up sprang a sturdy young fireman,
As a sailor would climb up a mast;
We saw him go in at the window,
And we cheered as though danger were past.

We saw nothing more for a moment,
But the sparks flying round us like rain;
And then as we breathlessly waited,
He came to the window again.

And on his broad shoulder was lying
The face of that poor fainting thing,
And we gave him a cheer as we never
Yet gave to a prince or a king.

He got on the top of the ladder—
I can see him there now, noble lad!
And the flames underneath seemed to know it,
For they leaped at that ladder like mad.

But just as he got to the middle,
I could see it begin to give way,
For the flames had got hold of it now, sir!
I could see the thing tremble and sway.

He came but a step or two lower,
Then sprang, with a cry, to the ground;
And then, you would hardly believe it,
He stood with the girl safe and sound.

I took off my old hat and waved it;
I couldn't join in with the cheer,
For the smoke had got into my eyes, sir,
And I felt such a choking just here.

And now, sir, they're going to get married;
I bet you, she'll make a good wife;
And who has the most right to have her?
Why, the fellow that saved her young life!

A beauty? ah, sir, I believe you!
Stand back, lads! stand back! here they are!
We'll give them the cheer that we promised,
Now, lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah!

W. A. EATON.

THE NORMAN BARON.

IN his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the doomsday book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that, from the neighboring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused a while and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A MONARCH'S DEATH-BED.

The Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, who was assassinated by his nephew, afterwards called John the Parricide, was left to die by the way-side, and was supported in his last moments by a female peasant who happened to be passing.

A MONARCH on his death-bed lay—
Did censers waft perfume,
And soft lamps pour their silvery ray,
Through his proud chamber's gloom?
He lay upon a greensward bed,
Beneath a darkening sky—
A lone tree waving o'er his head,
A swift stream rolling by.

Had he then fallen, as warriors fall,
Where spear strikes fire from spear?
Was there a banner for his pall,
A buckler for his bier?—
Not so—nor cloven shields nor helms
Had strewn the bloody sod,
Where he, the helpless lord of realms,
Yielded his soul to God.

Were there not friends, with words of cheer,
And princely vassals nigh?
And priests, the crucifix to rear
Before the fading eye?
A peasant girl that royal head
Upon her bosom laid;
And, shrinking not for woman's dread,
The face of death surveyed.

Alone she sat—from hill and wood
Red sank the mournful sun;
Fast gushed the fount of noble blood,
Treason its worst had done!
With her long hair she vainly pressed
The wounds to staunch their tide—
Unknown, on that meek, humble breast,
Imperial Albert died!

THE MERRIMACK.

O CHILD of that white-crested mountain, whose springs
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters shine,
Leaping gray walls of rocks, flashing through the dwarf pine;

From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold and so lone,
From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of stone,
By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and free,
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to the sea!

No bridge arched thy waters save that where the trees
Stretched their long arms above thee and kissed in the breeze:
No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy shores,
The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's fall
Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and tall,
Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,
And the hills of Pentucket were tasselled with corn.

But thy Pannacook valley was fairer than these,
And greener its grasses and taller its trees,
Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had rung,
Or the mower his scythe in the meadows had swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out from the wood
The bark-builded wigwams of Pennacook stood,
There glided the corn-dance, the council-fire shone,
And against the red war-post the hatchet was thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their pipes, and the young
To the pike and the white-perch their baited lines flung;
There the boy shaped his arrows, and there the shy maid
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum braid.

O Stream of the Mountains! if answer of thine
Could rise from thy waters to question of mine,
Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks a moan
Of sorrow would swell for the days which have gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the wheel,
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;
But that old voice of waters, of bird and of breeze,
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE WEATHER IN VERSE.

THE undersigned desires, in a modest sort of way,
To make the observation, which properly he may,
To wit: That writing verses on the several solar seasons
Is most uncertain business, and for these conclusive reasons:

In the middle of the autumn the subscriber did compose
A sonnet on November, showing how the spirit grows
Unhappy and despondent at the season of the year
When the skies are dull and leaden, and the days are chill and drear.

Perhaps you may recall to mind that, when November came,
No leaden skies nor chilly days accompanied the same;
But the weather was as balmy as in Florida you'd find,
And that sonnet on November was respectfully declined.

With laudable ambition to prepare a worthy rhyme,
The writer wrote a Christmas song three weeks ahead
of time;
And there was frequent reference to the sharp and
piercing air,
And likewise to the cold white snow that covered earth
so fair.

I scarcely need remind you that the Christmas did not
bring
The piercing air and cold white snow of which I chose
to sing,
'Twas all ethereal mildness while for icicles I yearned,
And of course my frigid verses were with cordial
warmth returned.

This very spring I set to work—'twas on an April day
As warm as June—I set to work and wrote an ode on
May;
The inspiration may have come in part from what I
owed,
But while I sang of gentle spring, why, then it up and
snowed!

And once when dew inspired me a pastoral to spin,
It happened, when the poem was done, a fearful
drought set in;
There was no moisture in the earth, which dry and
dryer grew,
And the piece on dew came back to me with six cents
postage due!

And for these conclusive reasons it is obviously plain
That verses on the weather are precarious and vain;
And the undersigned would only add, so far as he can
see,
The trouble is not the meter, but the meteorology.

VANDYKE BROWN.

THE BRIDGE-KEEPER'S STORY.

DO we have many accidents here, sir?
Well, no! but of one I could tell,
If you wouldn't mind hearing the story.
I have cause to remember it well!

You see how the draw-bridge swings open
When the vessels come in from the bay;
When the lightning express comes along, sir,
That bridge must be shut right away!

You see how it's worked by the windlass
A child, sir, could manage it well;
My brave little chap used to do it,
But that's part of the tale I must tell.

It is two years ago come the autumn,
I shall never forget it, I'm sure;
I was sitting at work in the house here,
And the boy played just outside the door.

You must know, that the wages I'm getting
For the work on the line are not great,
So I picked up a little shoemaking,
And I manage to live at that rate.

I was pounding away on my lapstone,
And singing as blithe as could be!
Keeping time with the tap of my hammer
On the work that I held at my knee.

And Willie, my golden-haired darling,
Was tying a tail on his kite;
His cheeks all aglow with excitement,
And his blue eyes lit up with delight.

When the telegraph bell at the station
Rang out the express on its way;
"All right, father!" shouted my Willie,
"Remember, I'm pointsman to-day!"

I heard the wheel turn at the windlass,
I heard the bridge swing on its way,
And then came a cry from my darling
That filled my poor heart with dismay.

"Help, father! oh, help me!" he shouted.
I sprang through the door with a scream:
His clothes had got caught in the windlass—
There he hung o'er the swift, rushing stream.

And there, like a speck in the distance,
I saw the fleet oncoming train;
And the bridge that I thought safely fastened
Unclosed and swung backward again.

I rushed to my boy; ere I reached him,
He fell in the river below.
I saw his bright curls on the water,
Borne away by the current's swift flow.

I sprang to the edge of the river,
But there was the onrushing train;
And hundreds of lives were in peril,
Till that bridge was refastened again.

I heard a loud shriek just behind me,
I turned, and his mother stood there,
Looking just like a statue of marble,
With her hands clasped in agonized prayer.

Should I leap in the swift-flowing torrent
While the train went headlong to its fate,
Or stop to refasten the draw-bridge,
And go to his rescue too late?

I looked at my wife, and she whispered,
With choking sobs stopping her breath,
"Do your duty, and Heaven will help you
To save our own darling from death!"

Quick as thought, then, I flew to the windlass,
And fastened the bridge with a crash:
Then, just as the train rushed across it,
I leaped in the stream with a splash.

How I fought with the swift-rushing water!
How I battled till hope almost fled!
But just as I thought I had lost him,
Up floated his bright, golden head.

How I eagerly seized on his girdle,
As a miser would clutch at his gold;
But the snap of his belt came unfastened,
And the swift stream unloosened my hold.

He sank once again, but I followed,
And caught at his bright, clustering hair,
And, biting my lip till the blood came,
I swam with the strength of despair!

We had got to the bend of the river,
Where the water leaps down with a dash,
I held my boy tighter than ever,
And steeled all my nerves for the crash.

The foaming and thundering whirlpool
Engulfed us; I struggled for breath,
Then caught on a crag in the current,
Just saved, for a moment, from death!

And there, on the bank, stood his mother,
And some sailors were flinging a rope;
It reached us at last, and I caught it,
For I knew 'twas our very last hope!

And right up the steep rock they dragged us;
I cannot forget, to this day,
How I clung to the rope, while my darling
In my arms like a dead baby lay.

And down on the green sward I laid him
Till the color came back to his face,
And, oh, how my heart beat with rapture
As I felt his warm, loving embrace!

There, sir! that's my story, a true one.
Though it's far more exciting than some,
It has taught me a lesson, and that is,
"Do your duty, whatever may come!"

W. A. EATON.

ABNER'S SECOND WIFE.

A NINE days' wonder had Tattlerstown,
Its gossips regaled on a morsel sweet,
And the whilom widower, Abner Brown,
Provided, free gratis, the luscious treat.
For Abner, tiring of single life,
And sighing again for wedded bliss,
Affinity found for a second wife
In Amanda Green, an ancient miss.

The widow Simmons made bold to state
(Though in neighbors' affairs she took no part!)
That Abner was lured to a dreadful fate
By deep design and a cunning art.

However, this view caused no surprise,
For as plain as the noonday sun 'twas seen,
The widow looked through the monster's eyes,
Whose hues are said to be emerald green.

Samantha Jones and Abigail White—
Two maidens born in the long ago—
Wouldn't think of marrying such a fright!
"But 'Mandy was growing old, you know!
We're told at length in ancient tale
How Reynard roamed where the grapes hung high—
To both Samantha and Abigail
This aged legend will well apply.

Belinda Jenkins turned up her nose,
And scornfully sniffing the ambient air,
Maliciously hinted the dead wife's clothes
Were all the living would get to wear.
To which Mrs. Mopps rejoined, "I guess
Ab. Brown 'll be like the rest of his ilk,
Who keep the fust in a kaliker dress
That the second critter may wear the silk!"

Some said Amanda would be the boss,
And others argued the other way;
Some thought his grief for his first wife's loss
Was a hypocrite's pretence and play.
Amanda and Abner were both the theme
At the quilting-bee and the milliner's shop,
Until it really began to seem
The wagging tongues would never stop.

A fragment or two came Abner's way,
Conveyed by his bosom friend, Bill Ayers,
And the bridegroom had only this to say,
While the town was nosing in his affairs:
"I knowed a man onst 'way down south,
And houses and lands and bonds were his,
And he made it all by keepin' his mouth
And mindin' his individooal biz!"

P. C. FOSSETT.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

RUN? Now you bet you, I rather guess so.
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché, boy, whoa.
No, you wouldn't think so to look at his eyes,
But he is badger blind, and it happened this wise:

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.
"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back
Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed,
And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground—

Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed—
"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed, if ever for life you would speed;
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride,
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses, hard flying before,
I hear like a sea breaking hard on the shore;
While the buffalo come like the surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flames, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheer,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colts, true companions for years,
Cast the red silk scrapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, as a creviced wind blows,
Yet we spoke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! thirty miles!—a dim distant speck—
Then a long reaching line and the Brazos in sight.
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair,
With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air.

As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher,
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud,
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns through the storm of his mane
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes
With a longing and love, yet look of despair,
And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fell as dead.
Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head
With a look of delight, for this Pachó, you see,
Was her father's, and once at the South Santafee
Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight,
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Pachó, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,
And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal—
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
And the howling of beasts like the sound of thunder—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them and wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone.
And into the Brazos I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,

And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then, just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

KATE KETCHEM.

KATE Ketchem, on a winter's night,
Went to a party, dressed in white.

Her chignon, in a net of gold,
Was about as large as they ever sold.

Gayly she went, because her "pap"
Was supposed to be a rich old chap.

But when by chance her glances fell
On a friend who had lately married well,

Her spirits sunk, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish she wouldn't have had made known,
To have an establishment of her own.

Tom Fudge came slowly through the throng,
With chestnut hair, worn pretty long.

He saw Kate Ketchem in the crowd,
And, knowing her slightly, stopped and bowed.

Then asked her to give him a single flower,
Saying he'd think it a priceless dower.

Out from those with which she was decked
She took the poorest she could select,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
To call attention to her gown.

"Thanks," said Fudge, and he thought how dear
Flowers must be at this time of year.

Then several charming remarks he made,
Asked if she sang, or danced, or played;

And being exhausted, inquired whether
She thought it was going to be pleasant weather.

And Kate displayed her jewelry,
And dropped her lashes becomingly;

And listened with no attempt to disguise
The admiration in her eyes.

At last, like one who has nothing to say,
He turned around and walked away.

Kate Ketchem smiled, and said, "You bet
I'll catch that Fudge and his money yet.

"He's rich enough to keep me in clothes,
And I think I could manage him if I chose.

"He could aid my father as well as not,
And buy my brother a splendid yacht.

"My mother for money should never fret,
And all that it cried for the baby should get;

"And after that, with what he could spare,
I'd make a show at a charity fair."

Tom Fudge looked back as he crossed the sill,
And saw Kate Ketchem standing still.

"A girl more suited to my mind
It isn't an easy thing to find;

"And everything that she has to wear
Proves her as rich as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and that I to-day
Had the old man's cash my debts to pay;

"No creditors with a long account,
No tradesmen waiting 'that little amount;'

"But all my scores paid up when due
By a father as rich as any Jew!"

But he thought of her brother, not worth a straw,
And her mother, that would be his, in law;

So, undecided, he walked along,
And Kate was left alone in the throng.

But a lawyer smiled, whom he sought by stealth,
To ascertain old Ketchem's wealth;

And as for Kate, she schemed and planned
Till one of the dancers claimed her hand.

He married her for her father's cash—
She married him to cut a dash.

But as to paying his debts, do you know,
The father couldn't see it so;

And at hints for help Kate's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

And when Tom thought of the way he had wed,
He longed for a single life instead,

And closed his eyes in a sulky mood,
Regretting the days of his bachelorhood;

And said in a sort of a reckless vein,
"I'd like to see her catch me again,

"If I were free as on that night
I saw Kate Ketchem dressed in white!"

She wedded him to be rich and gay;
But husband and children didn't pay.

He wasn't the prize she hoped to draw,
And wouldn't live with his mother-in-law.

And oft when she had to coax and pout
In order to get him to take her out,

She thought how very attentive and bright
He seemed at the party that winter's night.

Of his laugh, as soft as a breeze of the south,
('Twas now on the other side of his mouth;)

How he praised her dress and gems in his talk,
As he took a careful account of stock.

Sometimes she hated the very walls—
Hated her friends, her dinners, and calls:

Till her weak affections, to hatred turned,
Like a dying tallow candle burned.

And for him who sat there, her peace to mar,
Smoking his everlasting segar—

He wasn't the man she thought she saw,
And grief was duty, and hate was law.

So she took up her burden with a groan,
Saying only, "I might have known!"

Alas for Kate! and alas for Fudge!
Though I do not owe them any grudge;

And alas for any that find to their shame
That two can play at their little game!

For of all hard things to bear and grin,
The hardest is knowing you're taken in.

Ah, well! as a general thing we fret
About the one we didn't get;

But I think we needn't make a fuss
If the one we don't want didn't get us.

PHŒBE CARY.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

'TWAS in my easy chair at home,
About a week ago,
I sat and puffed my light cigar,
As usual, you must know.

I mused upon the Pilgrim flock,
Whose luck it was to land
Upon almost the only Rock
Among the Plymouth sand.

In my mind's eye, I saw them leave
Their weather-beaten bark—
Before them spread the wintry wilds,
Behind, rolled Ocean dark.

Alone that noble handful stood
While savage foes lurked nigh—
Their creed and watchword, "Trust in God,
And keep your powder dry."

Imagination's pencil then
That first stern winter painted,
When more than half their number died
And stoutest spirits fainted.

A tear unbidden filled one eye,
My smoke had filled the other.
One sees strange sights at such a time,
Which quite the senses bother.

I knew I was alone—but lo!
(Let him who dares, deride me;)
I looked, and drawing up a chair,
Down sat a man beside me.

His dress was ancient, and his air
Was somewhat strange and foreign;
He civilly returned my stare,
And said, "I am Richard Warren.

"You'll find my name among the list
Of hero, sage and martyr,
Who, in the Mayflower's cabin, signed
The first New England charter.

"I could some curious facts impart—
Perhaps some wise suggestions—
But then I'm bent on seeing sights,
And running o'er with questions."

"Ask on," said I; "I'll do my best
To give you information,
Whether of private men you ask,
Or our renownéd nation."

Says he, "First tell me what is that
In your compartment narrow,
Which seems to dry my eye-balls up,
And scorch my very marrow."

His finger pointed to the grate.
Said I, "That's Lehigh coal,
Dug from the earth"—he shook his head—
"It is, upon my soul!"

I then took up a bit of stick,
One end as black as night,
And rubbed it quick across the hearth,
When, lo! a sudden light!

My guest drew back, uprolled his eyes,
And strove his breath to catch;
"What necromancy's that?" he cried.
Quoth I, "A friction match."

Upon a pipe just overhead
I turned a little screw,
When forth, with instantaneous flash,
Three streams of lightning flew.

Uprose my guest: "Now Heaven me save!"
Aloud he shouted; then,
"Is that hell-fire?" "'Tis gas," said I;
"We call it hydrogen."

Then forth into the fields we strolled;
A train came thundering by,
Drawn by the snorting iron steed
Swifter than eagles fly.

Rumbled the wheels, the whistle shrieked,
Far streamed the smoky cloud
Echoed the hills, the valleys shook,
The flying forest bowed.

Down on his knees, with hand upraised
In worship, Warren fell;
"Great is the Lord our God," cried he;
"He doeth all things well.

"I've seen his chariots of fire,
The horsemen, too, thereof;
Oh may I ne'er forget his ire,
Nor at his threatenings scoff."

"Rise up, my friend, rise up," said I,
"Your terrors all are vain;
That was no chariot of the sky,
'Twas the New York mail train."

We stood within a chamber small—
Men came the news to know
From Worcester, Springfield and New York,
Texas and Mexico.

It came—it went—silent and sure—
He stared, smiled, and burst out laughing;
"What witchcraft's that?" "It's what we call
Magnetic telegraphing."

Once more we stepped into the street.
Said Warren, "What is that
Which moves along across the way
As smoothly as a cat?

"I mean the thing upon two legs
With feathers on its head—
A monstrous hump below its waist
Large as a feather-bed.

"It has the gift of speech, I hear;
But sure it can't be human!"
"My amiable friend," said I,
"That's what we call a woman!"

'A woman! no—it cannot be,"
Sighed he, with voice that faltered:
'I loved the women in my day,
But oh! they're strangely altered."

I showed him then a new machine
For turning eggs to chickens—
A labor-saving hennery,
That beats the very dickens!

Thereat he strongly grasped my hand,
And said, "'Tis plain to see
This world is so transmogrified,
'Twill never do for me.

"Your telegraphs, your railroad trains,
Your gas-lights, friction matches,
Your hump-backed women, rocks for coal,
Your thing which chickens hatches,

"Have turned the earth so upside down
No peace is left within it;"
Then, whirling round upon his heel,
He vanished in a minute.

A. C. SPOONER.

THE FIRE-FIEND.

IN the deepest dearth of midnight, while the sad and solemn swell
Still was floating, faintly echoed from the Forest Chapel Bell—
Fainting, falteringly floating o'er the sable waves of air
That were through the midnight rolling, chafed and billowy with the tolling—
In my chamber I lay dreaming by the fire-light's fitful gleaming,
And my dreams were dreams foreshadowed on a heart fore-doomed to care!

As the last long lingering echo of the midnight's mystic chime—
Lifting through the sable billows to the thither shore of time—
Leaving on the starless silence not a token nor a trace—
In a quivering sigh departed, from my couch in fear I started:
Started to my feet in terror, for my dream's phantasmal error
Painted in the fitful fire, a frightful, fiendish, flaming face!

On the red hearth's reddest centre, from a blazing knot of oak,
Seemed to gibe and grin this phantom when in terror I awoke,
And my slumberous eyelids straining as I staggered to the floor,
Still in that dread vision seeming, turned my gaze toward the gleaming
Hearth, and—there!—oh, God! I saw it! and from out its flaming jaw it
Spat a ceaseless, seething, hissing, bubbling, gurgling stream of gore!

Speechless; struck with stony silence: frozen to the floor I stood,
Till methought my brain was hissing with that hissing, bubbling blood:—
Till I felt my life-stream oozing, oozing from those lambent lips:—
Till the demon seemed to name me:—then a wondrous calm o'ercame me.

And my brow grew cold and dewy, with a death-damp stiff and gluey,
And I fell back on my pillow in apparent soul-eclipse!

Then, as in death's seeming shadow, in the icy pall of fear
I lay stricken, came a hoarse and hideous murmur to my ear:—
Came a murmur like the murmur of assassins in their sleep;—
Muttering, "Higher! higher! higher! I am demon of the fire!
I am arch-fiend of the fire! and each blazing roof's my pyre,
And my sweetest incense is the blood and tears my victims weep!

"How I revel on the prairie! how I roar among the pines!
How I laugh when from the village o'er the snow the red flame shines,
And I hear the shrieks of terror, with a life in every breath!
How I scream with lambent laughter as I hurl each crackling rafter
Down the fell abyss of fire, until higher! higher! higher!
Leap the high-priests of my altar in their merry dance of death!

"I am monarch of the fire! I am vassal-king of death!
World-encircling, with the shadow of its doom upon my breath!
With the symbol of hereafter flaming from my fatal face!
I command the eternal fire! Higher! higher! higher! higher!
Leap my ministering demons, like phantasmagoric lemans
Hugging universal nature in their hideous embrace!"

Then a sombre silence shut me in a solemn, shrouded sleep,
And I slumbered, like an infant in the "cradle of the deep,"
Till the belfry in the forest quivered with the matin stroke,
And the martins, from the edges of its lichen-lidded ledges,
Shimmered through the russet arches where the light in torn files marches,
Like a routed army struggling through the serried ranks of oak.

Through my ivy-fretted casement filtered in a tremulous note
From the tall and stately linden where a robin swelled his throat:—
Querulous, quaker-crested robin, calling quaintly for his mate!

Then I started up, unbidden, from my slumber nightmare ridden,
With the memory of that dire demon in my central fire
On my eye's interior mirror, like the shadow of a fate!

Ah! the fiendish fire had smouldered to a white and formless heap,
And no knot of oak was flaming as it flamed upon my sleep;
But around its very centre, where the demon face had shone,
Forkéd shadows seemed to linger, pointing as with spectral finger
To a Bible, massive, golden, on a table carved and olden—
And I bowed, and said, "All Power is of God, of God alone!"

C. D. GARDETTE.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

GIRT round with rugged mountains the fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected, shine back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and silence, enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance a thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers, upon their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadows of ages on the deep;
Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night, three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred, a Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted, so silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her the memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle to pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz with longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep mist of years;

She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war or strife;
Each day she rose contented, to the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children would clustering round her stand,
She sang them the old ballads of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening she knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley more peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered, with looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one, the women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow with strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching a strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees that stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled, all care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker, ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror, (yet pride, too, had her part,)
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Before her, stood fair Bregenz, once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her? Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk, the day of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her, (though shouts rang forth again,)
Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz, and then if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger, that fed from out her hand,
She mounted and she turned his head toward her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is passed;
She looks up; clouds are heavy: Why is her steed so slow?—
Scarcely the wind beside them, can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "Oh, faster!" Eleven the church-bells chime;
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz, and bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror; she leans above his neck
To watch the flowing darkness; the bank is high and steep.
One pause—he staggers forward, and plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness, and looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters that dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her, and now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz, that tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz, just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier to meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army that marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished, and yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in the shade,
They see the quaint old carving, the charger and the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long, and calls each passing hour:
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud, and then (O crown of fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies he calls the maiden's name.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE MISER.

AN old man sat by a fireless hearth,
Though the night was dark and chill,
And mournfully over the frozen earth
The wind sobbed loud and shrill.
His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray,
And dim, but not with tears;
And his skeleton form had wasted away
With penury, more than years.

A rush-light was casting its fitful glare
O'er the damp and dingy walls,
Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,
And the venomous spider crawls;
But the meanest thing in this lonesome room
Was the miser worn and bare,
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barred the door,
And every nook had scanned;
And felt the fastening o'er and o'er,
With his cold and skinny hand;
And yet he sat gazing intently round,
And trembled with silent fear,
And started and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the miser: "I'm safe at last
From this night so cold and drear,
From the drenching rain and driving blast,
With my gold and treasures here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, 'tis true;
Yet if I should light that fire again,
It would cost me a cent or two.

"But I'll take a sip of the precious wine:
It will banish my cold and fears;
It was given long since by a friend of mine—
I have kept it for many years."
So he drew a flask from a mouldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide;
And his eyes grew bright with each draught he took,
And his bosom swelled with pride.

"Let me see; let me see!" said the miser then,
"'Tis some sixty years or more
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up the glittering store;
And well have I sped with my anxious toil,
As my crowded chest will show:
I've more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow."

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,
And cautiously raised the lid,
And then it shone like the clouds of the west,
With the sun in their splendor hid:
And gem after gem, in precious store,
Are raised with exulting smile;
And he counted and counted them o'er and o'er,
In many a glittering pile.

Why comes the flush to his pallid brow,
While his eyes like his diamonds shine?
Why writhes he thus in such torture now?
What was there in the wine?
He strove his lonely seat to gain:
To crawl to his nest he tried;
But finding his efforts all in vain,
He clasped his gold, and—*died*.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

THE SOLDIER'S PARDON.

WILD blew the gale in Gibraltar one night
As a soldier lay stretched in his cell;
And anon, 'mid the darkness, the moon's silver light
On his countenance dreamily fell.
Nought could she reveal, but a man true as steel,
That oft for his country had bled;
And the glance of his eye might the grim king defy,
For despair, fear, and trembling had fled.

But in rage he had struck a well-merited blow
At a tyrant who held him in scorn;
And his fate soon was sealed, for alas! honest Joe
Was to die on the following morn.
Oh! sad was the thought to a man that had fought
'Mid the ranks of the gallant and brave—
To be shot through the breast at a coward's behest,
And laid low in a criminal's grave!

The night call had sounded, when Joe was aroused
By a step at the door of his cell;
'Twas a comrade with whom he had often caroused,
That now entered to bid him farewell.

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E W. CUTTER.

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A FLIRTATION

"Ah, Tom! is it you come to bid me adieu?
'Tis kind, my lad! give me your hand!
Nay—nay—don't get wild, man, and make me a child!—
I'll be soon in a happier land!"

With hands clasped in silence, Tom mournfully said,
"Have you any request, Joe, to make?—
Remember by me 'twill be fully obeyed:
Can I anything do for your sake?"
"When it's over, to-morrow!" he said filled with sorrow,
"Send this token to her whom I've sworn
All my fond love shall share!"—'twas a lock of his hair,
And a prayer-book, all faded and worn.

"Here's this watch for my mother; and when you write home,"
And he dashed a bright tear from his eye—
"Say I died with my heart in old Devonshire, Tom,
Like a man, and a soldier!—Good-bye!"
Then the sergeant on guard, at the grating appeared,
And poor Tom had to leave the cold cell,
By the moon's waning light, with a husky "Good-night!
God be with you, dear comrade!—farewell!"

Gray dawned the morn in a dull cloudy sky,
When the blast of a bugle resounded;
And Joe ever fearless, went forward to die,
By the hearts of true heroes surrounded.
"Shoulder arms" was the cry as the prisoner passed by:
"To the right about—march!" was the word;
And their pale faces proved how their comrade was loved,
And by all his brave fellows adored.

Right onward they marched to the dread field of doom:
Sternly silent, they covered the ground;
Then they formed into line amid sadness and gloom,
While the prisoner looked calmly around.
Then soft on the air rose the accents of prayer,
And faint tolled the solemn death-knell,
As he stood on the stand, and with uplifted hand
Waved the long and the lasting farewell.

"Make ready!" exclaimed an imperious voice:
——"Present!"——struck a chill on each mind;
Ere the last word was spoke Joe had cause to rejoice,
For "Hold!—hold!" cried a voice from behind.
Then wild was the joy of them all, man and boy,
As a horseman cried, "Mercy!—Forbear!"
With a thrilling "Hurrah!——a free pardon!——huzzah!"
And the muskets rang loud in the air.

Soon the comrades were locked in each other's embrace:
No more stood the brave soldiers dumb:
With a loud cheer they wheeled to the right-about-face,
Then away at the sound of the drum!——
And a brighter day dawned in sweet Devon's fair land,
Where the lovers met never to part;
And he gave her a token—true, warm and unbroken—
The gift of his own gallant heart!

JAMES SMITH.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king, (Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed; (Hurry!)
Each one mounted a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers struggled and sank:
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst:
But ride as they would, the king rode first;
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one; (Hurry!)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage crying.
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled.
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din:
Then he dropped; and the king alone rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn; (Silence!)
No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For, dead in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The warm steed stood with a drooping crest,
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eying,

The tears gushed forth, which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck;
"O, steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain,
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

THE CAVE OF SILVER.

SEEK me the cave of silver!
Find me the cave of silver!
Rifle the cave of silver!
Said Ilda to Brok the Bold:
So you may kiss me often;
So you may ring my finger;
So you may bind my true love
In the round hoop of gold!

Bring me no skins of foxes;
Bring me no beds of eider;
Boast not your fifty vessels
That fish in the northern sea;
For I would lie upon velvet,
And sail in a golden galley,
And naught but the cave of silver
Will win my true love for thee.

Rena, the witch, hath told me
That up in the wild Lapp mountains
There lieth a cave of silver,
Down deep in a valley-side;
So gather your lance and rifle,
And speed to the purple pastures,
And seek ye the cave of silver
As you seek me for your bride.

I go, said Brok right proudly;
I go to the purple pastures,
To seek for the cave of silver
So long as my life shall hold;
But when the keen Lapp arrows
Are fleshed in the heart that loves you,
I'll leave my curse on the woman
Who slaughtered Brok the Bold!

But Ilda laughed as she shifted
The Bergen scarf on her shoulder,
And pointed her small white finger
Right up at the mountain gate;
And cried, O my gallant sailor,
You're brave enough to the fishes,
But the Lappish arrow is keener
Than the back of the thorny skate.

The summer passed, and the winter
Came down from the icy ocean:
But back from the cave of silver
Returned not Brok the Bold;
And Ilda waited and waited,
And sat at the door till sunset,
And gazed at the wild Lapp mountains
That blackened the skies of gold.

I want not a cave of silver!
I care for no caves of silver!
O far beyond caves of silver
I pine for my Brok the Bold!
O ye strong Norwegian gallants,
Go seek for my lovely lover,
And bring him to ring my finger
With the round hoop of gold!

But the brave Norwegian gallants
They laughed at the cruel maiden,
And left her sitting in sorrow,
Till her heart and her face grew old,
While she moaned of the cave of silver,
And moaned of the wild Lapp mountains,
And him who never will ring her
With the round hoop of gold!

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

GERTRUDE.

The Baron Von der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, of an accomplice to the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel and attended by his wife Gertrude throughout his last agonizing moments with the most heroic fidelity. Her own sufferings and those of her unfortunate husband are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards address; to a female friend and which was published some years ago at Haarlem in a book entitled "Gertrude Von der Wart; or, Fidelity unto Death."

FELT hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above;
Its pale stars watching to behold
The night of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph! say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side—
Peace, peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for me to fear
When death is on thy brow?
The world?—what means it?—mine is here—
I will not leave thee now!

"I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss,
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through this!
And thou, mine honored love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a freezing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—

Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only thou, shouldst speak!

The winds rose high—but with them rose
Her voice that he might hear;—
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near:
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute chords low
Had stilled his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses pressed
As joy and hope ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, love and faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit passed,
While even as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE OUTCAST.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she, but viewlessly
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And honor charmed the air,
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair;
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo:
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail:
'Twixt want and scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

IT was the wild midnight,
A storm was in the sky;
The lightning gave its light,
And the thunder echoed by.
The torrent swept the glen,
The ocean lashed the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men,
To make their bed in gore!
Swift from the deluged ground
Three hundred took the shield,
Then, silent, gathered round
The leader of the field.

He spoke no warrior-word,
He bade no trumpet blow;
But the single thunder roared,
And they rushed upon the foe.
The fiery element
Showed, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart, and flag, and tent,
Like the spectres of a dream.
All up the mountain-side,
All down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide
Waved the Persian banners pale.

And King Leonidas,
Among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass,
Like the lightning's living brand:
Then double darkness fell,
And the forest ceased to moan;
But there came a clash of steel,
And a distant dying groan.
Anon a trumpet blew,
And a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw
A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill,
A host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rushed onward still,
Like leopards in their play.
The air was all a yell,
And the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartans' bloody steel
On the silken turbans came;
And still the Greek rushed on,
Beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun,
Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
His midnight banquet, there!
And the treasures of the East
Lay beneath the Doric spear.
Then sat to the repast
The bravest of the brave;
That feast must be their last,
That spot must be their grave.
They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreathed lyres
From eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires
The sounds that freedom gave.
But now the morning-star
Crowned Œta's twilight brow,
And the Persian horn of war
From the hill began to blow:
Up rose the glorious rank,
To Greece one cup poured high;
Then, hand-in-hand, they drank
"To immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell,
He saw the warriors come;
But down swept all his power
With chariot and with charge;
Down poured the arrowy shower,
Till sank the Dorian's targe.
They marched within the tent,
With all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung:

To heaven the blaze uprolled,
Like a mighty altar-fire;
And the Persians' gems and gold
Were the Grecians' funeral pyre.
Their king sat on the throne,
His captains by his side,
While the flame rushed roaring on,
And their pæan loud replied!
Thus fought the Greek of old:
Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould
Bring forth the self-same men?

GEORGE CROLY.

THE CASTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

THERE stands an ancient castle
On yonder mountain height,
Where, fenced with door and portal,
Once tarried steed and knight.

But gone are door and portal,
And all is hushed and still;
O'er ruined wall and rafter
I clamber as I will.

A cellar with many a vintage
Once lay in yonder nook;
Where now are the cellarer's flagons,
And where is his jovial look?

No more he sets the beakers
For the guests at the wassail feast;
Nor fills a flask from the oldest cask
For the duties of the priest.

No more he gives on the staircase
The stoup to the thirsty squires,
And a hurried thanks for the hurried gift
Receives, nor more requires.

For burned are roof and rafter,
And they hang begrimed and black;
And stair, and hall, and chapel,
Are turned to dust and wrack.

Yet, as with song and cittern,
One day when the sun was bright
I saw my love ascending
The slopes of yon rocky height;

From the hush and desolation
Sweet fancies did unfold,
And it seemed as they had come back again
The jovial days of old.

As if the stateliest chambers
For noble guests were spread,
And out from the prime of that glorious time
A youth a maiden led.

And, standing in the chapel,
The good old priest did say,
"Will ye wed with one another?"
And we smiled and we answered "Yea!"

We sung, and our hearts they bounded
To the thrilling lays we sung,
And every note was doubled
By the echo's catching tongue.

And when, as eve descended,
The hush grew deep and still,
And the setting sun looked upward
On that great castled hill;

Then far and wide, like lord and bride,
In the radiant light we shone—
It sank; and again the ruins
Stood desolate and lone!

THEODORE MARTIN

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'TWAS a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent and his gait was slow,
His long thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There's much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school—
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
"Besides, it is painful," he sometimes said·
"We should make life pleasant down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet and neat and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving his tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,
"Twas a glorious world, down here below;
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered, "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head—
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead—
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

THE drunkard dreamed of his old retreat,
Of his cosy place in the tap-room seat;
And the liquor gleamed on his gloating eye,
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.
He lifted it up with an eager glance,
And sang as he saw the bubbles dance:
"Aha! I am myself again!
Here's a truce to care, and adieu to pain.
Welcome the cup with its creamy foam—
Farewell to work and a mopy home—
With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl,
In bar-room pleasures I love to roll!"

Like a crash there came to the drunkard's side
His angel child, who that night had died;
With a look so gentle and sweet and fond,
She touched his glass with her little wand;
And oft as he raised it up to drink,
She silently tapped on its trembling brink,
Till the drunkard shook from foot to crown,
And set the untasted goblet down.
"Hey, man!" cried the host, "what meaneth this?
Is the covey sick? or the dram amiss?
Cheer up, my lad—quick, the bumper quaff"
And he glared around with a fiendish laugh

The drunkard raised his glass once more,
And looked at its depths as so oft before;
But started to see on its pictured foam
The face of his dead little child at home;
Then again the landlord at him sneered,
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered;
But still, as he tried that glass to drink,
The wand of his dead one tapped the brink!
The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,
Thou shalt take every drop of this flowing can!"
The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,
Though his heart beat fast and his eye grew dim,
But the wand struck harder than before;
The glass was flung on the bar-room floor.

All around the ring the fragments lay,
And the poisonous current rolled away.
The drunkard woke. His dream was gone;
His bed was bathed in the light of morn;
But he saw, as he shook with pale, cold fear,
A beautiful angel hovering near.
He rose, and that seraph was nigh him still
It checked his passions, it swayed his will:
It dashed from his lips the maddening bowl
And victory gave to his ransomed soul.
Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed,
Our hero has been a man redeemed,
And this is the prayer that he prays alway,
And this is the prayer let us help him pray:
That angels may come in every land,
To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

CHARLES W. DENISON.

"I CANNOT TURN THE KEY AND MY BAIRN OUTSIDE."

In the villages of the West Riding of Yorkshire there is a tender sentiment, or custom, still prevailing. When one of a family has been buried, or has gone away, the house door is left unlocked for seven nights, lest the departed might, in some way, feel that he was locked out of his old home.

"SUSPENSE is worse than bitter grief—
The lad will come no more;
Why should we longer watch and wait?
Turn the key in the door.
From weary days and lonely nights,
The light of hope has fled;
I say the ship is lost, good wife,
And our bairn is dead."

"Husband, the last words that I spoke,
Just as he left the shore,
Were, 'Come thou early, come thou late,
Thou 'It find an open door;
Open thy mother's heart and hand,
Whatever else betide,'
And so I cannot turn the key
And my bairn outside.

"Seven years is naught to mother love
And seventy times the sever
A mother is a mother still,
On earth or in God's heaven.
I'll watch for him, I'll pray for him—
Prayer as the world is wide;
But, oh! I cannot turn the key
And leave my bairn outside.

"When winds were loud, and snow lay white,
And storm-clouds drifted black,
I've heard his step—for hearts can hear;
I know he's coming back.
What if he came this very night,
And he the house-door tried,
And found that we had turned the key,
And our bairn outside!"

The good man trimmed the candle light,
Threw on another log,
Then, suddenly, he said: "Good wife!
What ails—what ails the dog?
And what ails you? What do you hear?"
She raised her eyes and cried:
"Wide-open fling the house-door now,
For my bairn's outside!"

Scarce said the words, when a glad hand
Flung wide the household door.
"Dear mother! father! I am come!
I need not leave you more!"

That night, the first in seven long years,
The happy mother sighed:
"Father, you now may turn the key,
For my bairn's inside!"

THE WHITBY SMACK.

"SHE ought to be in, she ought to be in,
There's another moon begun;
She sailed—last Friday was a week,
And it is but a four days' run.

"I've left our sorrowing Jane at home.
She'll not sleep nor bite, poor lass;
Just toss her wedding clothes about,
And stare at the falling glass.

"The banns were out last week, you see,
And to-day—alack—alack,
Young George has other gear to mind
Out there, out there, in the smack.

"I bade her dry her welling tears,
Or share them with another,
And go down yonder court and try
To comfort Willie's mother.

"The poor old widowed mourning soul,
Laid helpless in her bed,
She prays for the touch of her one son's hand,
The sound of his cheery tread.

"She ought to be in—her timbers were stout;
She would ride through the roughest gale;
Well found and manned—but the hours drag on
It was but a four days' sail."

Gravely and sadly the sailor spoke,
Out on the great pier-head;
Sudden a bronzed old fish-wife turned
From the anxious group and said:

"Jenny will find her lovers anew,
And Anne has one foot in the grave;
We've lived together twenty year,
Me and my poor old Dave.

"We've neither chick nor child of us,
Our John were drowned last year;
There is nothing on earth but Dave for me,
Why, there's nought in the wind to fear

"He's been out in many a coarser sea,
I'll set the fire alight;
We said 'Our Father' afore he went:
The smack will be in to-night."

And just as down in the westward
The light rose pale and thin,
With her bulwarks stove, and her foresail gone,
The smack came staggering in.

With one warm face at her rudder,
And another beside her mast:
But George, and Willie, and staunch old Dave—
Why, ask the waves and the blast.

Ask the sea that broke aboard her.
Just as she swung her round.

Ask the squall that swept above her,
With death in its ominous sound.

"The master saw," the sailor said,
"A face past the gunwale go;
And Jack heard 'Jane' ring shrill through the roar,
And that is all we know."

"I can't tell; Parson says grief is wrong,
And p[illegible] is wilful sin;
But I'd [illegible] to hear how those two died
Afore the smack came in."

Well, this morning the flags fly half-mast head
In beautiful Whitby Bay,
That's all we shall know till the roll is read,
On the last great muster-day.

THE WANDERING JEW.

THE Wandering Jew once said to me,
I passed through a city in the cool of the year,
A man in the garden plucked fruit from a tree:
I asked, "How long has this city been here?"
And he answered me, and he plucked away,
"It has always stood where it stands to-day,
And here it will stand forever and aye."
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the self-same road again.

No trace of a city there I found;
A shepherd sat blowing his pipe alone,
His flock went quietly nibbling round,
I asked, "How long has the city been gone?"
And he answered me, and he piped away,
"The new ones bloom and the old decay,
This is my pasture-ground for aye."
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the self-same road again.

And I came to a sea, and the waves did roar,
And a fisherman threw his net out clear,
And when heavy laden he dragged it ashore.
I asked, "How long has the sea been here?"
And he laughed, and he said, and he laughed away:
"As long as yon billows have tossed their spray,
They've fished and they've fished in the self-same way."
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the self-same road again.

And I came to a forest, vast and free,
And a woodman stood in the thicket near;
His axe he laid at the foot of a tree:
I asked, "How long have the woods been here?"
And he answered, "The woods are a covert for aye;
My ancestors dwelt here always,
And the trees have been here since creation's day."
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the self-same road again.

And I found there a city, and far and near
Resounded the hum of toil and glee.
And I asked, "How long has the city been here?
And where is the pipe, and the wood, and the sea?"
And they answered me, and they went their way,
"Things always have stood as they stand to-day,
And so they will stand forever and aye."
I'll wait five hundred years, and then
I'll travel the self-same road again.

HIS MOTHER'S COOKING.

HE sat at the dinner table there
With a discontented frown,
The potatoes and steak were underdone
And the bread was baked too brown.
The pie too sour, the pudding too sweet,
And the roast was much too fat;
The soup so greasy, too, and salt,
'Twas hardly fit for the cat.

"I wish you could eat the bread and pies
I've seen my mother make;
They are something like, and 'twould do you good
Just to look at a loaf of her cake."
Said the smiling wife, "I'll improve with age;
Just now I'm but a beginner;
But your mother has come to visit us,
And to-day she cooked the dinner."

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

LOVE AND ROMANCE.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars:
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know erelong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A LOVER'S SPEECH.

MY spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," cried Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden; the thought is divine."
So the temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship, to place in the shrine.

So she flew to the sculptor, who sat down before her
An image, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold, and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the Friendship she meant.

"O, never," said she, "could I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim;
But yon little god upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him."

So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden,
She joyfully flew to her home in the grove.
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love!

THOMAS MOORE.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

THOU wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine;
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
Are wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the future cries,
"On! on!"—but o'er the past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies,
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of life is o'er!
No more—no more—no more—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore).

EDGAR ALLEN POE

HOW FEW THAT LOVE US.

THE very flowers that blend and meet,
In sweetening others, grow more sweet;
The clouds by day, the stars by night,
Inweave their floating locks of light;
The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's braid,
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found!
How wide the world that girds them round!
Like mountain streams we meet and part,
Each living in the other's heart.
Our course unknown, our hope to be
Yet mingled in the distant sea.

But ocean coils and heaves in vain,
Bound in the subtle moonbeam's chain;
And love and hope do but obey
Some cold, capricious planet's ray,
Which lights and leads the tide it charms
To death's dark caves and icy arms.

Alas! one narrow line is drawn,
That links our sunset with our dawn;
In mist and shade life's morning rose,
And clouds are round it at its close;
But ah! no twilight beam ascends
To whisper where that evening ends.

Oh! in the hour when I shall feel
Those shadows round my senses steal,
When gentle eyes are weeping o'er
The clay that feels their tears no more,
Then let thy spirit with me be,
Or some sweet angel, likest thee!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

 LORD BYRON.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death:
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE PRIDE OF LOVE.

'TIS strange with how much power and pride
The softness of love allied;
How much of power to force the breast,
To be in outward show at rest;
How much of pride that never eye
May look upon its agony;
Ah! little will the lip reveal
Of all the burning heart can feel.
Oh! why should woman ever love,
Trusting to one sole star above,
And fling her little chance away
Of sunshine, for its doubtful ray.

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

SHALL we roam, my love,
To the twilight grove,
Where the moon is rising bright?
Oh, I'll whisper then
In the cool night air,
What I dare not in the broad daylight.

I'll tell thee a part
Of the thoughts that start
To being when thou art nigh;
And the beauty more bright
Than the stars' soft light,
Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

When the pale moonbeam
On tower and stream
Sheds a flood of silver sheen,
How I love to gaze
As the cold ray strays
O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen.

Wilt thou roam with me
To the restless sea,
And linger upon the steep,
And list to the flow
Of the waves below
How they toss and roar and leap?

Those boiling waves,
And the storm that raves
At night o'er their foaming crest,
Resemble the strife
That from earliest life
The passions have waged in my breast.

Oh, come then and rove
To the sea or the grove,
When the moon is shining bright,
And I'll whisper there
In the cold night air,
What I dare not in the broad daylight.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE LOVE I BEAR.

ALEXIS calls me cruel;
The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says, are not more cold:

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim,
And forest walks, can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame!
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

MY heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.
When the long dun wolds are ribbed with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow.
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana:
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana:
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By star-shine and by moonlight,
Oriana.
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana;
She watched my crest among them all,
Oriana;
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stept a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana;
The false, false arrow went aside
Oriana;
The damnéd arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride
Oriana!
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana!

Oh! narrow, narrow was the space,
Oriana.
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's bray.
Oriana.
Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deepened in its place,
Oriana;
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.

They should have stabbed me where I lay,
Oriana.
How could I rise and come away,
Oriana?
How could I look upon the day?
They should have stabbed me where I lay,
Oriana:
They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana!
O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
Oriana!
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down thy cheek,
Oriana!
What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana?

I cry aloud: none hear my cries,
Oriana.
Thou comest atween me and the skies,
Oriana.
I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart into my eyes,
Oriana.
Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

O cursed hand! O cursed blow!
Oriana!
O happy thou that liest low,
Oriana!
All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
Oriana.
A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
Oriana,
I walk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana.
Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
I dare not die and come to thee,
Oriana.
I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A SUMMER GIRL.

She wears a saucy hat,
And her feet go pit-a-pat
As she walks;
And the sweetest music slips
From her merry madding lips
When she talks.

She fascinates the street
With her gaiters trim and neat,
Made of kid;
For they twinkle as they pass
Like the rillets in the grass,
Half-way hid.

Her skin is soft and white,
Like magnolia buds at night
On the bough;
But for fear she'd be too fair
There's a freckle here and there
On her brow.

Dimples play at hide-and-seek
On her apple-blossom cheek
And her chin,
Slyly beckoning to you,
"Don't you think it's time to woo?
Pray begin."

Then her winsome, witching eyes
Flash like bits of summer skies
O'er her fan,
As if to say, "We've met;
You may go now and forget—
If you can."

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

EPITAPH.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die,
Which, when alive, did vigor give
To as much beauty as could live.

BEN JONSON.

TELL THY LOVE NOW.

Yea, tell them now, those hearts so hungry, yearning
For e'en one meagre sign of thy felt love:
Why should they evermore in vain be turning
Askance, to meet thine eyes their hopes to prove?

Why shouldst thou be indifferent to their pleading,
Expressed in actions thou mightst understand.
Their empty life thy love is sorely needing.
No hand can bear it to them but thine hand.

Perhaps some day—that day may not be distant—
In anguished grief thou wilt the past regret.
Oh, tell them now, if love is now existent,
Or vain will it be told with lashes wet!

Now, love will meet with living, warm responses
And happily will glide the hours away;
Oh, tell them now, with spoken words make conscious,
Those waiting hearts, thou lovest them to-day!

BESSIE Q. JORDAN

TRUST.

SOMEWHERE alone he is waiting for me,
Waiting afar in the great unknown,
And the fates that ruthlessly keep us apart
Some day will have kinder grown.

When he has scaled the mountain's height,
Has climbed the ladder's topmost round,
He will fondly come to claim me his own,
And my ideal hero will then be found.

When the fickle world lays its praise at his feet,
And places its laurel upon his brow,
I know mid the glamour and glare of this
He will be as true then as he is to me now.

And when he stands in the courts of men,
Proud and loyal he still shall be,
For naught of deceit will my brave knight know
In his words and promises made to me.

So forever trusting in faith abide,
We'll dream life's sweet, short dream,
And nothing of doubt or dark unrest
Shall ever come between.

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,
I could harm what I love—as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It is not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear
Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear;
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more, because Heaven lies there!

THOMAS MOORE.

CATHARINA.

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—
And meet perhaps never again;
The sun of that moment is set,
And seems to have risen in vain;
Catharina has fled like a dream,
So vanishes pleasure, alas!
But has left a regret and esteem
That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progress was often delayed
By the nightingale warbling nigh.

We paused under many a tree,
And much she was charmed with a tone
Less sweet to Maria and me,
Who so lately had witnessed her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue
Could infuse into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I esteemed
The work of my fancy the more,
And even to myself never seemed
So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed
In number the days of the year,
Catharina, did nothing impede,
Would feel herself happier here;
For the close-woven arches of limes
On the banks of our river, I know,
Are sweeter to her many times
Than aught that the city can show.

So it is when the mind is imbued
With a well-judging taste from above,
Then, whether embellished or rude,
'Tis nature alone that we love.
The achievements of art may amuse,
May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and valleys diffuse
A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess
Catharina alone can rejoice,
May it still be her lot to possess
The scene of her sensible choice
To inhabit a mansion remote
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
And by Philomel's annual note
To measure the life that she leads!

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre
To wing all her moments at home,
And with scenes that new rapture inspire,
As oft as it suits her to roam,
She will have just the life she prefers,
With little to hope or to fear,
And ours would be pleasant as hers,
Might we view her enjoying it here.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE BIRD'S RELEASE.

GO forth, for she is gone!
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air,
She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath passed away!
It hath passed away like a summer breeze,
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and, like her, be free!
With thy radiant wing, and thy glowing eye;
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,
And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught even to her we mourn?
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
Or float, on the light wind borne?

We know not, but she is gone!
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng;
She hath left her dwelling lone.

When the waves at sunset shine,
We may hear thy voice, amidst thousands more,
In the scented woods of our glowing shore;
But we shall not know 'tis thine!

Even so with the loved one flown!
Her smile in the starlight may wander by,
Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,
Around us, but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loosed thy chain!
We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers
Which the bright day rears in her eastern bowers;
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Even thus may the summer pour
All fragrant things on the land's green breast,
And the glorious earth like a bride be dressed;
But it wins her back no more

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

IS all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needls created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE TALES.

From "EVANGELINE."

ONCE, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets—
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines, o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

QUESTIONS AND REPLIES.

I SEND a question to my dear
Each morning by the lark.
And every night the nightingale
Brings answer ere the dark.
The question needs no other words,
And this is the reply—
"I'll love thee dearest while I live,
And bless thee if I die."

I send a message by the rose,
It says, "Thou breathing grace,
Thy modest virtue, like this flower,
Spreads fragrance round thy place."
The lily brings the answer meet:
"O thou whom I adore,
My heart is spotless as these leaves,
And loves thee evermore."

CHARLES MACKAY.

HOW HAVE I THOUGHT OF THEE?

HOW have I thought of thee? as flies
The dove to seek her mate,
Trembling lest some rude hand has made
Her sweet home desolate:
Thus timidly I seek in thine
The only heart that throbs with mine.

How have I thought of thee? as turns
The flower to meet the sun,
E'en though, when clouds and storms arise,
It be not shone upon:
Thus, dear one, in thine eye I see
The only light that beams for me.

How have I thought of thee? as dreams
The mariner of home,
When doomed o'er many a weary waste
Of waters yet to roam:
Thus doth my spirit turn to thee,
My guiding star o'er life's wild sea.

How have I thought of thee? as kneels
The Persian at the shrine
Of his resplendent god, to watch
His earliest glories shine:
Thus doth my spirit bow to thee,
My soul's own radiant deity.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

TO LADY IRWIN.

WHY will Delia thus retire,
And languish life away?
While the sighing crowd admire,
'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea;
All these dismal looks and fretting
Cannot Damon's life restore,
Long ago the worms have eat him,
You can never see him more.

Once again consult your toilet,
In the glass your face renew,
So much reading soon will spoil it,
And no spring your charms renew.
I, like you, was born a woman,
Well I know what vapors mean;
The disease, alas! is coming,
Single, we have all the spleen.

All the morals that they tell us
Never cured the sorrow yet;
Choose among the pretty fellows
One of humor, youth, and wit;

Prithee, hear him every morning
For at least an hour or two,
Once again at night returning,
I believe the dose will do.

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

LADY IRWIN'S ANSWER.

THOUGH Delia oft retires,
'Tis not from spleen or hate.
No lovers she desires
Nor envies others' fate.

Though her Damon's dead, 'tis true,
Yet he lives in Delia's heart;
None a constancy can show,
Where a virtue has no part.

Should she consult her toilet,
Alas! she'll quickly find
Her face there's nought can spoil it,
So she'll improve her mind.

If the morals that they tell us
Cannot cure us of despair,
I believe the pretty fellows
Will bring us only double care.

'Tis our interest then to shun 'em,
Since their practice it is such,
They who venture boldly on 'em
Often find one dose too much.

LADY IRWIN.

UNDER THE MILK-WHITE THORN.

O HAPPY love! where love like this is found,
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THOMAS MOORE.

TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH.

FOR aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood:
Or else misgraffed in respect of years:
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream:
Brief as the lightning in the murky night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the Planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky—
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine;
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine!
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"Forever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow, and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;
From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen-rose of the rose-bud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
And the red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A PRUDENT CHOICE.

WHEN Loveless married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny,
I choose her, says he, like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.

MY HEART IS BEATING.

MY heart is beating with all things that are,
My blood is wild unrest;
With what a passion pants yon eager star
Upon the water's breast!
Clasped in the air's soft arms the world doth sleep;
Asleep its moving seas, its humming lands
With what a hungry lip the ocean deep
Lappeth forever the white-breasted sands;
What love is in the moon's eternal eyes,
Leaning unto the earth from out the midnight skies.

Thy large dark eyes are wide upon my brow,
Filled with as tender light
As yon low moon doth fill the heavens now,
This mellow autumn night!
On the late flowers I linger at thy feet,
I tremble when I touch thy garment's rim;
I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—
O kiss me into faintness sweet and dim!
Thou leanest to me as a swelling peach,
Full-juiced and mellow, leaneth to the taker's reach.

Thy hair is loosened by that kiss you gave,
It floods my shoulders o'er;
Another yet! Oh, as a weary wave
Subsides upon the shore,
My hungry being, with its hopes, its fears,
My heart like moon-charmed waters, all unrest,
Yet strong as is despair, as weak as tears,
Doth faint upon thy breast!
I feel thy clasping arms, my cheek is wet
With thy rich tears. One kiss, sweet, sweet. Another yet!

ALEXANDER SMITH.

CONCEALED LOVE.

SHE never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A LADY.

A BEAUTIFUL and graceful head—
The artist would have worshipped
If copied into marble white—
Nor turned by praise that's sung or said,
Poised like a lily in the light.

Her eyes are large, of heavenly hue,
In which are seen the image true
Of a sweet woman's stainless heart,
Her features captivate the view:
Her nature triumphs over art.

Her faultless form, well-posed and fair;
The sunlight tangled in her hair—
A sheaf of soft and radiant gold;
Her buoyant step is light as air;
Her gifts and graces manifold.

Add to her sweet, attractive grace
And loveliness of form and face
The gifts of mind by nature given;
Then in her life of beauty trace
Something of earth and more of heaven.

THE FIRST.

THE first, the first! Oh, nought like it
Our after years can bring,
For summer hath no flowers so sweet
As those of early spring.
The earliest storm that strips the tree,
Still wildest seems and worst;
Whate'er hath been again may be,
But never as at first.

For many a bitter blast may blow
O'er life's uncertain wave,
And many a thorny thicket grow
Between us and the grave.
But darker still the spot appears
Where thunder-clouds have burst
Upon our green unblighted years—
No grief is like the first.

Our first-born joy, perchance 'twas vain,
Yet, that brief lightning o'er,
The heart indeed may hope again,
But can rejoice no more.
Life hath no glory to bestow
Like it—unfallen, uncursed;
There may be many an after-glow,
But nothing like the first.

The rays of hope may light us on
Through manhood's toil and strife,
But never can they shine as shone
The morning stars of life.
Though bright as summer's rosy wreath,
Though long and fondly nursed,
Yet still they want the fearless faith
Of those that blessed us first.

Its first love deep in memory
The heart forever bears;
For that was early given and free,
Life's wheat without the tares.
It may be death hath buried deep
It may be fate hath cursed,
But yet no later love can keep
The greenness of the first.

And thus, whate'er our onward way,
The lights or shadows cast
Upon the dawning of our day
Are with us to the last.
But ah! the morning breaks no more
On us, as once it burst;
For future springs can ne'er restore
The freshness of the first.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE FLOWER'S NAME.

HERE'S the garden she walked across,
Arm in my arm such a short while since:
Hark! now I push its wicket, the moss
Hinders the hinges, and makes them wince
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
As back with that murmur the wicket swung;
For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurned,
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel walk
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box;
And here she paused in her gracious talk
To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.
Roses ranged in a valiant row,
I will never think that she passed you by!
She loves you, noble roses, I know;
But yonder see where the rock-plants lie!

This flower she stooped at, finger on lip—
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim;
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name.
What a name! was it love or praise?
Speech half asleep, or song half awake?
I must learn Spanish one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,
I may bring her one of these days,
To fix you fast with as fine a spell—
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase.
But do not detain me now, for she lingers
There, like sunshine over the ground;
And ever I see her soft white fingers
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard! look that you grow not,
Stay as you are and be love forever.
Bud, if I kiss you, 'tis that you blow not—
Mind! the shut pink mouth opens never!
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
Till round they turn, and down they nestle:
Is not the dear mark still to be seen?

When I find her not, beauties vanish;
Whither I follow her, beauties flee.
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
June's twice June since she breathed it with me?

Come, bud! show me the least of her traces.
Treasure my lady's lightest footfall:
Ah! you may flout and turn up your faces—
Roses, you are not so fair after all!

ROBERT BROWNING.

WHAT IS LOVE?

LOVE'S no irregular device,
No sudden start of raging pain,
Which in a moment grows a fire,
And in a moment cools again.

Not found in the sad sonneteer
That sings of darts, despair and chains,
And by whose dismal verse 'tis clear
He wants not heart alone, but brains.

Nor does it centre in the beau
Who sighs by rule, by order dies,
Whose all consists in outward show,
And want of art by dress supplies.

No; love is something so divine,
Description would but make it less:
'Tis what I feel, but can't define;
'Tis what I know, but can't express.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE LAST SEPARATION.

WE shall not rest together, love!
When death has wrenched my heart from thine,
The sun may smile thy grave above,
When clouds are dark on mine.
I know not why—since in the tomb
No instinct fires the silent heart—
And yet it seems a thought of gloom,
That we should ever part;—

That, journeying through the toils once past,
Thus hand in hand, and side by side,
The rest we reach should at the last
The weary ones divide;
That the same breezes should not sigh
The self-same funeral boughs among—
Nor o'er *some* grave at daybreak die
The night-bird's lonely song.

A foolish thought! for *we* are not
The things that rest beneath the sod;
The very shapes we wore forgot,
When near the smile of God.
A foolish thought—yet human, too!
For love is not the soul's alone:
It winds around the form we woo—
The *mortal* we have known!

The eyes that speak such tender truths,
The lips that every care assuage—
The hand that thrills the heart in youth,
And smooths the couch in age—

With these—*the human*—human love
Will twine its thoughts and weave its doom,
And still confound the life above
With death beneath the tomb!

And who shall tell, in yonder skies,
What earthlier instincts we retain—
What link to souls released supplies
The old material chain?
The stars that pierced this darksome state
May fade in that meridian shore—
And human love, like human hate,
Be memory, and no more.

We will not think it—for in vain
Were all our dreams of heaven could show,
Without the hope to love again
What we have loved below!
But still the heart will haunt the well
Wherein the golden bowl lies broken—
And treasure, in the narrow cell,
The past's most holy token!

Or wherefore grieve above the dead?
Why bid the rose-tree o'er them bloom?
Why fondly deck their dismal bed,
And sanctify the tomb?
'Tis through the form the soul we love,
And hence, the thought *will* chill the heart,
That, though our souls may meet above,
Our forms shall rest apart!

LORD LYTTON.

AS PANTS THE SEA.

BEND o'er me with those starry eyes,
Those eyelids milky white;
Sink on my storm-impassioned heart,
Like a peace-giving night.
Bend o'er me with thy sky-like brow,
Which all the stars might seek;
Bend o'er me, let thy golden hair
Trail on my burning cheek.
My heart leaps toward thee, as the sea
Pants at the maiden moon;
A swimming haze comes o'er my soul,
Like a great sultry noon.
And all my life is lined with music bars,
Packed with sweet notes that tremble like the stars!

J. STANYAN BIGG.

ROSALINE.

THOU look'dst on me all yesternight,
Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was bright
As when we murmured our troth plight
Beneath the thick stars, Rosaline!
Thy hair was braided on thy head
As on the day we two were wed.
Mine eyes scarce knew if thou wert dead—
But my shrunk heart knew, Rosaline!

The deathwatch ticked behind the wall,
The blackness rustled like a pall,
The moaning wind did rise and fall
Among the bleak pines, Rosaline!
My heart beat thickly in mine ears!
The lids may shut out fleshly fears,
But still the spirit sees and hears,
Its eyes are lidless, Rosaline!

A wildness rushing suddenly,
A knowing some ill shape is nigh,
A wish for death, a fear to die—
Is not this vengeance, Rosaline?
A loneliness that is not lone,
A love quite withered up and gone,
A strong soul trampled from its throne—
What wouldst thou further, Rosaline?

'Tis lone such moonless nights as these,
Strange sounds are out upon the breeze
And the leaves shiver in the trees,
And then thou comest, Rosaline!
I seem to hear the mourners go,
With long, black garments trailing slow,
And plumes a-nodding to and fro,
As once I heard them, Rosaline!

Thy shroud it is of snowy white,
And, in the middle of the night,
Thou standest moveless and upright,
Gazing upon me, Rosaline!
There is no sorrow in thine eyes,
But evermore that meek surprise—
O, God! her gentle spirit tries
To deem me guiltless, Rosaline!

Above thy grave the robin sings,
And swarms of bright and happy things
Flit all about with sunlit wings—
But I am cheerless, Rosaline!
The violets on the hillock toss,
The gravestone is o'ergrown with moss,
For Nature feels not any loss—
But I am cheerless, Rosaline!

Ah! why wert thou so lowly bred?
Why was my pride galled on to wed
Her who brought lands and gold instead
Of thy heart's treasure, Rosaline?
Why did I fear to let thee stay
To look on me and pass away
Forgivingly, as in its May,
A broken flower, Rosaline?

I thought not, when my dagger strook,
Of thy blue eyes; I could not brook
The past all pleading in one look
Of utter sorrow, Rosaline!
I did not know when thou wert dead·
A blackbird whistling overhead
Thrilled through my brain: I would have fled,
But dared not leave thee, Rosaline!

A low, low moan, a light twig stirred,
By the upspringing of a bird,
A drip of blood—were all I heard—
Then deathly stillness, Rosaline!
The sun rolled down, and very soon,
Like a great fire, the awful moon
Rose, stained with blood, and then a swoon
Crept chilly o'er me, Rosaline!

The stars came out; and, one by one,
Each angel from his silver throne
Looked down and saw what I had done:
I dared not hide me, Rosaline!
I crouched; I feared thy corpse would cry
Against me to God's quiet sky,
I thought I saw the blue lips try
To utter something, Rosaline!

I waited with a maddened grin
To hear that voice all icy thin
Slide forth and tell my deadly sin
To hell and heaven, Rosaline!
But no voice came, and then it seemed
That if the very corpse had screamed,
The sound like sunshine glad had streamed
Through that dark stillness, Rosaline!

Dreams of old quiet glimmered by,
And faces loved in infancy
Came and looked on me mournfully,
Till my heart melted, Rosaline!
I saw my mother's dying bed,
I heard her bless me, and I shed
Cool tears—but lo! the ghastly dead
Stared me to madness, Rosaline!

And then, amid the silent night,
I screamed with horrible delight,
And in my brain an awful light
Did seem to crackle, Rosaline!
It is my curse! sweet mem'ries fall
From me like snow—and only all
Of that one night, like cold worms crawl
My doomed heart over, Rosaline!

Thine eyes are shut, they never more
Will leap thy gentle words before
To tell the secret o'er and o'er
Thou couldst not smother, Rosaline!
Thine eyes are shut: they will not shine
With happy tears, or, through the vine
That hid thy casement, beam on mine
Sunful with gladness, Rosaline!

Thy voice I never more shall hear,
Which in old times did seem so dear,
That, ere it trembled in mine ear,
My quick heart heard it, Rosaline!
Would I might die! I were as well,
Ay, better, at my home in hell,
To set for aye a burning spell
'Twixt me and memory, Rosaline!

Why wilt thou haunt me with thine eyes,
Wherein such blessed memories,
Such pitying forgiveness lies,
  Than hate more bitter, Rosaline!
Woe's me! I know that love so high
As thine, true soul, could never die,
And with mean clay in church-yard lie—
  Would God it were so, Rosaline!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FAIREST OF CREATION.

STRANGE! that one lightly-whispered tone
  Is far, far sweeter unto me
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
  Or breathe along the sea;
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair, blue skies,
  And naught but empty air I see;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
  It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf
  That ever western breeze hath fanned,
But thou shalt have the tender flower,
  So I may take thy hand;
That little hand to me doth yield
More joy than all the broidered field.

O, lady! there be many things
  That seem right fair, below, above;
But sure not one among them all
  Is half so sweet as love;
Let us not pay our vows alone,
But join two altars both in one.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ECHO.

HOW sweet the answer Echo makes
  To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
  Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
  And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute, or soft guitar,
  The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
  And only then—
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
  Breathed back again.

THOMAS MOORE.

CONSTANCY.

SHOULD joy our days and years illume,
  How sweet with thee to share such doom!
Nor, oh! less sweet, should sorrows come,
  To cherish and caress thee.
Then while I live, then till I die,
Oh! be thou only smiling by;
And while I breathe, I'll fondly try
  With all my heart to bless thee.

D. M. MOIR.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
  And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
  I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn;
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms!
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patron[illegible] sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart [illegible] my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom[illegible] chair.

She comes from the past and revisits [illegible]oom;
She looks as she then did, all beauty [illegible]d bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and [illegible]fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

CAPTIVATED.

LIFT up the curtains of thine eyes
And let their light out shine!
Let me adore the mysteries
Of those mild orbs of thine,
Which ever queenly calm do roll,
Attuned to an ordered soul!

Open thy lips yet once again,
And, while my [illegible]ul [illegible]th hush
With awe, pour [illegible]t holy strain
Which seemed [illegible]ush,
A fount of music[illegible]ng o'er
From thy deep sp[illegible]nmost core!

The melody that dwells in thee
Begets in me as well
A spiritual harmony,
A mild and blessed spell;
Far, far above earth's atmosphere
I rise, whene'er thy voice I hear.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BEWARE!

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not.
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not.
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A LADY ASLEEP.

SLEEP on, and dream of heaven a while;
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
And move and breathe delicious sighs!

Ah! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
And mantle o'er her neck of snow.
Ah! now she murmurs, now she speaks,
What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast;
And now, how like a saint she sleeps,
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure. Above control,
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee!
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here,
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

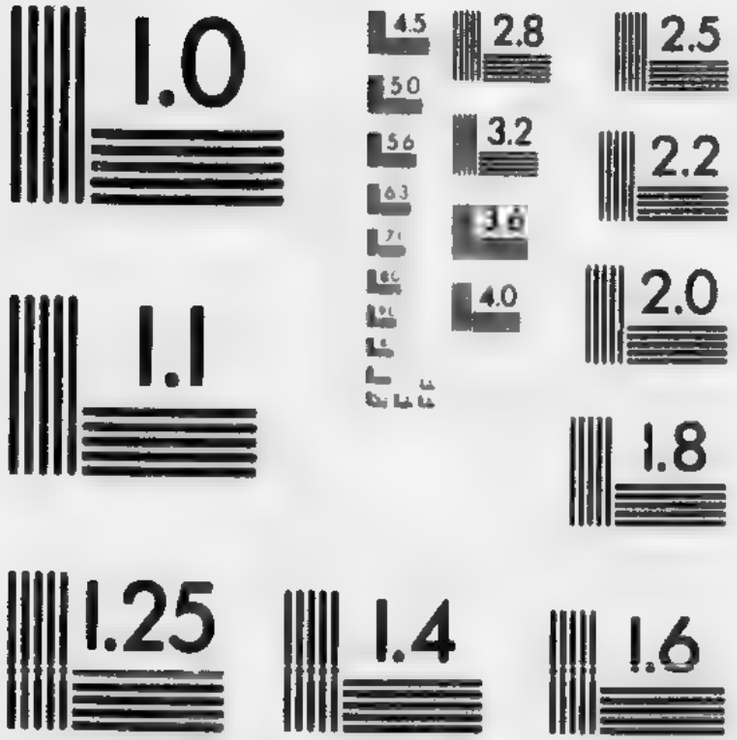
Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee—or perish there too!

THOMAS MOORE.



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DEATH OF GABRIEL.

From "Evangeline."

THEN it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads like a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm the oppressor,
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless,
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket,
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly, the words of the Lord: "The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hang by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates their spirits ere long would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their splendor and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes at their church in Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said: "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of sun on the walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.
Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowers dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning;
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish
That the dying heard it and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man;
Long, and thin, and gray, were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the angel of death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit, exhausted,
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking;
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded,
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and walking under their shadow,
As in the days of their youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt at his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise, and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience;
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

'TIS SUMMER ALL THE YEAR.

AND now a maid in russet gown
Trips o'er the wiry grass,
The last lone flowers their heads hang down,
Grief-bowed to see her pass;
The tresselled vines dejected swing
In tassels brown and sere.
Yet there be joyous hearts that sing
"'Tis summer all the year!"

The song birds hear the chilling "hush!"
And straight their carols close;
And blight falls on the parent bush,
That rocked the fragrant rose;
The trees their gorgeous tresses fling
To deck sweet summer's bier,
And yet glad hearts rejoicing sing—
"'Tis summer all the year!"

The autumn winds may rave and shout,
Till hoarse their voices be,
The frost may chill the world without,
And reign o'er wood and lea;
But naught of change can seasons bring
To love's immortal sphere,
For in the hearts where love is king,
"'Tis summer all the year!"

M. A. MAITLAND.

ENRAPTURED.

HE says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

LOVE IN ADVERSITY.

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn;
They may torture, but shall not subdue me:
'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one:
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun;
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that which I most cherished,
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

LORD BYRON.

HER VOICE.

A HIDDEN choir of dear southern birds
Have made their home in her fair throat,
Voicing the tender passion of unspoken words
In many a sweet heart-stirring note.
Sometimes the arch and tricksy mocking bird
Laughs in her happy, jocund tone;
Again, the yearning of the dove is heard,
As when she mourns her mate alone;
And now the red bird with his vibrant trill
Showers a rain of music on the air,
Or the swamp robin makes the pulses thrill
Like some soul-burdened choral prayer.
Our spirit's song, blest by her voice, will be
Attuned to heaven's fullest harmony!

MEL E. COLQUITT.

WAKING SONG.

AWAKE thee, my Lady-Love!
Wake thee, and rise!
The sun through the bower peeps
Into thine eyes.

Behold how the early lark
Springs from the corn!
Hark, hark how the flower bird
Winds her wee horn!

The swallow's glad shriek is heard
All through the air;
The stock-dove is murmuring
Loud as she dare.

Apollo's winged bugleman
Cannot contain,
But peals his loud trumpet-call
Once and again.

Then wake thee, my Lady-Love!
Bird of my bower!
The sweetest and sleepiest
Bird at this hour.

GEORGE DARLEY.

WHEN THOU WERT NIGH.

WHEN thou wert nigh, I did not heed
What voices blamed—what lot befell
For where I found a charmless weed
There always sprung a flower as well
The shades of life might come and go,
I thought not how—I cared not when—
The darkest cloud the world could show
Was ne'er without its rainbow then.

But now thou'rt gone, the morning ray
Seems dim and dull as evening's close,
I see the cypress on my way,
But cannot find the rich, red rose.
The cloud now comes with gloom alone,
The weed now springs with baneful power,
With secret tears my heart must own
Thou wert the rainbow and the flower.

ELIZA COOK

THEN FARE THEE WELL!

THEN fare thee well, my own dear Love
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus,
Dear Love!
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might in numbering them forget
The deep deep pain of this,
Dear Love!
The deep deep pain of this.

But no, alas! we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray
But still there came a cloud between
And chased it all away,
Dear Love!
And chased it all away.

Yet even could [illegible] sad moments last
Far dearer [illegible] heart
Were hours of grief together pass'd
Than years of mirth apart,
Dear Love!
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell! our hope was born in fears
And nursed 'mid vain regrets:
Like winter suns, it rose in tears.
Like them in tears it sets,
Dear Love!
Like them in tears it sets.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MAID'S LAMENT

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him; I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me and, when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears.
"Merciful God!"—such was his latest prayer:
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard-gate
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls! whoe'er you be;
And O, pray too for me!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WAITING.

O WHAT are you waiting for here? young man!
What are you looking for over the bridge?—
"A little straw hat with the streaming blue ribbons
Is soon to come dancing over the bridge.

"Her heart beats the measure that keeps her feet dancing,
Dancing along like a wave o' the sea;
Her heart pours the sunshine with which her eyes glancing
Light up strange faces, in looking for me!

"The strange faces brighten in meeting her glances;
The strangers all bless her, pure, lovely, and free;
She fancies she walks, but her walk skips and dances,
Her heart makes such music in coming to me.

"O thousands and thousands of happy young maidens
Are tripping this morning their sweethearts to see:
But none whose heart beats to a sweeter love-cadence
Than hers who will brighten the sunshine for me."

O what are you waiting for here? young man!
What are you looking for over the bridge?—
"A little straw hat with the streaming blue ribbons."
—And here it comes dancing over the bridge.

JAMES THOMSON.

11

A DREAM.

FAIR lady, in my dream
Methought I was a weak and lonely bird,
In search of summer, wandered on the sea,
Toiling through mists, drenched by the arrowy rain,
Struck by the heartless winds: at last, methought
I came upon an isle in whose sweet air
I dried my feathers, smoothed my ruffled breast,
And skimmed delight from off the waving woods.
Thy coming, lady, reads this dream of mine:
I am the swallow, thou the summer land.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

TO A LADY.

I THINK of thee when morning springs
From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew,
And like a young bird lifts her wings
Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love
O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
And sent in music from the grove,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when, soft and wide,
The evening spreads her robes of light,
And like a young and timid bride,
Sits blushing in the arms of night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs,
In light, o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,
And stars are forth, like blessed things,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee;—that eye of flame,
Those tresses, falling bright and free,
That brow, where "Beauty writes her name,"
I think of thee—I think of thee.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

"NO, THANK YOU, JOHN."

I NEVER said I loved you, John:
Why will you teaze me day by day
And wax a weariness to think upon,
With always "do" and "pray?"

You know I never loved you, John;
No fault of mine made me your toast:
Why will you haunt me with a face as wan
As shows an hour-old ghost?

I dare say Meg or Moll would take
Pity upon you, if you'd ask:
And pray don't remain single for my sake,
Who can't perform that task

I have no heart? Perhaps I have not;
But then you're mad to take offence
That I don't give you what I have not got;
Use your own common sense.

Let bygones be bygones,
Don't call me false, who owed not to be true,
I'd rather answer "No" to fifty Johns
Than answer "Yes" to you.

Let's mar our pleasant days no more,
Song-birds of passage, days of youth:
Catch at to-day, forget the days before;
I'll wink at your untruth.

Let us strike hands as hearty friends;
No more, no less; and friendship's good:
Only don't keep in view ulterior ends,
And points not understood.

In open treaty. Rise above
Quibbles and shuffling off and on:
Here's friendship for you if you like: but love—
No, thank you, John.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

SHE LOVES HIM YET.

SHE loves him yet!
I know by the blush that rises
Beneath the curls
That shadow her soul-lit cheek;
She loves him yet!
Through all love's sweet disguises
In timid girls,
A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs
Than the radiant blush of beauty,
The maiden finds,
Wherever his name is heard;—
Her young heart thrills,
Forgetting herself—her duty,
Her dark eye fills,
And her pulse with hope is stirred.

She loves him yet!
The flower the false one gave her
When last he came,
Is still with her wild tears wet;
She'll ne'er forget,
Howe'er his faith may waver,
Through grief and shame.
Believe it—she loves him yet!

His favorite songs
She will sing—she heeds no other;
With all her wrongs,
Her life on his love is set.
Oh! doubt no more!
She never can wed another:
Till life be o'er,
She loves—she will love him yet!

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

LOVE ME STILL.

WHEN 'mid the festive scene we meet,
To joyous bosoms dear,
Though other voices fall more sweet,
Upon thy listening ear,
Yet scorn not thou my ruder tone,
Oh! think my heart is all thine own,
And love me still.

When o'er young beauty's cheek of rose
Thine eye delighted strays,
Half proud to watch the blush that glows
Beneath thine ardent gaze,
Oh! think that but for sorrow's blight
My faded cheek had yet been bright,
And love me still.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

A WEARY LOT.

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid!
A weary lot is thine:
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
My Love!
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again.
He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle rein a shake,—
Said Adieu forevermore,
My Love,
And Adieu forevermore!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ILL OMENS.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she looked in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.

Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brushed him—he fell, alas! never to rise:
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
"For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole through the garden where heart's-ease was growing,
She culled some, and kissed off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, looked so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it, too.
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:
"Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sighed at its meaning),
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost."

THOMAS MOORE

FROM THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

ON her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore:
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose—
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike;
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
With shining ringlets, the smooth, ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy network we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ADIEU.

LET time and chance combine, combine,
Let time and chance combine;
The fairest love from heaven above,
That love of yours was mine,
My dear,
That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
The past is fled and gone;
If nought but pain to me remain,
I'll fare in memory on,
My dear,
I'll fare in memory on.

The saddest tears must fall, must fall,
The saddest tears must fall;
In weal or woe, in this world below,
I love you ever and all,
My dear,
I love you ever and all.

A long road full of pain, of pain,
A long road full of pain;
One soul, one heart, sworn ne'er to part,—
We ne'er can meet again,
My dear,
We ne'er can meet again.

Hard fate will not allow, allow,
Hard fate will not allow;
We blessed were as the angels are,—
Adieu forever now,
My dear,
Adieu forever now

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE TWO PILOTS.

LOVE launched a gallant little craft,
Complete with every rope;
In golden words was painted aft,
"The Cupid, Captain Hope!"

Pleasure was rated second mate,
And Passion made to steer,
The guns were handed o'er to Fate,
To Impulse sailing gear.

Merrily rowed the thoughtless crew,
Amid the billow's strife;
But soon a sail bore down—all knew
'Twas Captain Reason's "Life."

And Pleasure left, though Passion said
He'd guard her safe through harms;
'Twas vain, for Fate rammed home the lead,
While Love prepared small arms.

A storm arose; the canvas now
Escaped from Impulse's hand,
When headstrong Passion dashed the prow
Right on a rocky strand.

"All's lost!" each trembling sailor cried,
"Bid Captain Hope adieu;"
But in her life-boat Reason hied,
To save the silly crew.

Impulse the torrents overwhelm,
But Pleasure 'scaped from wreck;
Love, bidding Reason take the helm,
Chained Passion to the deck.

"I thought you were my foe; but now,"
Said Love, "we'll sail together;
Reason, henceforth, through life shalt thou
My pilot be forever!"

THE HEBREW WEDDING.

TO the sound of timbrels sweet,
Moving slow our solemn feet,
We have borne thee on the road,
To the virgin's blest abode;
With thy yellow torches gleaming
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceast;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously-unclosing door;
That the favored youth admits,
Where the veiled virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear,
And the music's brisker din,
At the bridegroom's entering in;
Entering in a welcome guest
To the chamber of his rest.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,
Bride of David's kingly line;
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
And thy shrouded eye-resembleth
Violets, when the dews of eve
A moist and tremulous glitter leave
On the bashful sealed lid!
Close within the bride-veil hid,
Motionless thou sitt'st and mute;
Save that at the soft salute
Of each entering maiden friend,
Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark! a brisker, merrier glee!
The door unfolds—'tis he! 'tis he!
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him,
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

THE HEART IN A SNARE.

IS thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be;
The sweetest name that mortals bear,
Were best befitting thee;
And she to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
I look upon thy folded hair;
Ah! while we dream not they beguile,
Our hearts are in the snare;
And she, who chains a wild bird's wing,
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,
To all but thee unseen, unknown;
When evening shades thy silent walls,
Then read it all alone;
In stillness read, in darkness seal,
Forget, despise, but not reveal!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY THE RIVER.

WHY, Love, my love is a dragon fly
That weaves by the beautiful river,
Where waters flow warm, where willows droop by,
Where lilies dip waveward and quiver,
Where stars of heaven they shine for aye,
If you take not hold of that dragon fly,
By the musical, mystical river.

Let Love go his ways; let the lilies grow
By that beautiful silvery river;
Let tall tules nod; let noisy reeds blow;
Let the lilies' lips open and quiver;
But when Love may come, or when love may go,
You may guess and may guess, but you never shall know,
While the silver stars ride on that river.

But this you may know: If you clasp Love's wings,
And you hold him hard by that river,
Why, his eyes grow green, and he turns and he stings,
And the waters wax icy and shiver;
The waters wax chill and the silvery wings
Of Love they are broken, as broken heart-strings,
While darkness comes down on that river.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

FAITHFUL AND CONSTANT.

HIS words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more she hath been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was train'd in Nature's school;—
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,—
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning—

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR'S STORY.

"TELL me a story, or sing me a song,"
Said the curly-headed child on my knee;
"It must not be short, and it must not be long."
Little Golden-Hair, what shall it be?

"Tell me a story, or sing me a song
Of a princess, who dwelt by the sea,
And what the waves sung to her, all the day long,
And what to the waves answered she."

The waves, in calm weather, came trippingly, trippingly,
Ripplingly, up from the sea,—
"The flowers at thy casement are blooming and dying,
The smile on thy mouth, it has ended in sighing,
As thou sittest alone by the sea;
But the mast is of gold, and the ship is of pearl,
And its sails take the light, like this long amber curl
That droops from thy neck to thy knee."

Cheer up, pretty princess! the white sails are flying,
At the ends of the world, they are shining and flying,
That bear a fond suitor to thee!
And she listens in fear, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
Half-pleased and half-pensive is she;
And she tosses her head, just as if she had said,
"He may tarry forever, for me!"

But the waves, in rough weather, came roaringly, roaringly,
Pouringly, up from the sea,—
And the land-echoes moan, "Wilt thou go all alone,
To be tossed on the storm-driven sea?
Leaving father, and mother, and sister, and brother,
For a stranger thou never didst see?"

And loud winds arise, as she weepingly cries,
"He may come,—but he'll never have me!
The waters are cold—not for silver and gold
Would I trust to the treacherous sea!
O say, only say, you won't take me away,
Ye wild-flowing waves of the sea!"

"Ah, what a sad song!" little Golden-Hair said
"But finish the story, I pray;
The prince he is coming quite soon, I'm afraid,
And then will he take her away?"

"Nay, now, little Golden-Hair, how can I tell?
Run away, for a troublesome elf!"
But she clapped her small hands, crying out, "Very well,
I can finish it all for myself!"

Ah, whisper, sweet Golden-Hair, close to my ear,
Do tell me—I want so to know!
"The prince he is handsome—the prince he is dear,
And the princess will willingly go.

"The ship is all sparkling with gold and with pearl,
The white sails are fluttering free,
And there, on the deck, like a little bright speck
The pretty princess I can see.

"The prince he leans over her all the day long,
Or plays his sweet lute at her side;
And when the waves roar, and the wind is too strong,
He soothes her with loverly pride."

But is she unhappy? or is she afraid?
Little Golden-Hair capered for glee;
"She's as merry again," said this mischievous maid.
"As she was when she sat by the sea!"

GERDA FAY.

WE'LL BE TRUE TO EACH OTHER.

WE'LL be true to each other, though Fate has now parted
Two spirits that yearn with devotion and love;
We will show the hard world that we both are strong-hearted,
And the wings of the eagle shall nestle our dove.
They say thou art young, and that I may be fickle,
That Time will cut down all our youth-tinted flowers;
Let us prove that 'tis only old Death with his sickle
Can dare to destroy such pure blossoms as ours.
Perhaps it is well that our faith and affection
Are tried by a cold and a lingering test;
But if thou art mine by the soul's free election,
We'll be true to each other, and hope for the rest.

Let us chafe not unwisely, by rudely defying
The doubts and denials that echo in vain;
Like the ship in the stream, on her anchor relying,
We'll live on our truth till the tide turns again.

I'll pray for thy welfare, right firm in believing
That knowledge and years will but help thee to see,
That my spirit, too proud for a selfish deceiving,
Is honest and ardent in cherishing thee.
We are parted, but, trust me, it is not forever,—
We love, and be certain our love will be blest;
For we'll work, and we'll wait, with Love's earnest endeavor,
Be true to each other, and hope for the rest.

ELIZA COOK.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

I'N youth I saw but a maiden fair;
And finding beauty I sought no more,
But loved and wedded as youth will dare,
And little knew of the prize I bore.
Proud was I 'midst my fellow-men,
Dear to me was my young wife then.

But as life advanced and cares came thick—
On every side came pressing round,
Till my wearied heart grew faint and sick—
Ever her at my side I found,
With words of counsel wise and free;
Dearer still was she then to me.

Her hair is gray, and her sweet blue eyes,
Though loving still, are no longer bright;
And I list not now for her thoughts so wise;
But far stronger ties our hearts unite.
Dear through life has she ever been:
Dearest now at its close serene.

THE ENTRANCING MISS O'DOWD.

SHE wore a wreath of roses
The first time that we met"—
(Her handsome Roman nose is
Most beautifully set).
When I was introduced to her,
She sweetly smiled, and bowed:
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the lovely Miss O'Dowd.

"She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine!"—
(The lobster-salad wasn't bad,
But I couldn't stand the wine).
What with the pace she went at,
And what with the heat and crowd;
Oh! my head, my head was reeling,
As I danced with Miss O'Dowd.

"Let other lips and other hearts
Their tale of sorrow tell"—
(That stuff for cleaning gloves imparts
A most unpleasant smell)—
I'd gladly dance a thousand times
With her, were I allowed.
Oh! my heart, my heart is aching—
Oh! that eldest Miss O'Dowd.

"Her mother bade her bind her hair
With bands of roseate hue"—
(I wonder she hadn't better taste
Than to mix 'em up with blue)
When on the light fantastic toe
We danced to the music loud,
Oh! my heart was palpitating
Next to that of Miss O'Dowd.

"Maxwellton braes are bonny
And Christmas bills fall due"—
(I wonder has she money?
Is her governor a screw?)
Of her beauty and accomplishments
She's not the least bit proud—
Oh, my heart is shivered to little bits
By Mary Jane O'Dowd!

SWEETER THAN TRUTH.

AS I stood by the lakelet of love, to my view,
'Mid the moon's fairy glow shone a soul-charming scene;
The clouds were all silver, the skies were all blue,
And the shores were all waving with woodlands of green.
In a boat-shell of pearl sailed a maid and a youth,
And the song that she sang sounded sweeter than truth;
But the youth sat all silent; and soon from my sight,
They sped through the gathering shadows of night.

When the sun to its woes first awakened the world,
What a scene! the tall forests lay prostrate and bare,
While the love-freighted bark into fragments was hurled,
And the youth and the maiden, alas! they were—where?
'Gainst the tempest that raged they had struggled in vain,
And the lake rolling wroth as the storm-stricken main;
Then the voice that was silent had shrieked round the shore,
And the song that seemed sweeter than truth was no more.

PHILIP JAMES BAILY.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

THOSE eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven they are,
When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most holy.
Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star
Did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?
Tell me, beloved eyes!

Was it from yon lone orb, that ever by
The quiet moon, like hope on patience, hovers;

The star to which hath sped so many a sigh,
Since lutes in Lesbos hallowed it to lovers?
Was that your fount, sweet eye,

Ye sibyl books, in which the truths foretold
Inspire the heart, your dreaming priest, with gladness;
Bright alchemists, that turn to thoughts of gold
The leaden cares ye steal away from sadness
Teach only me, sweet eyes!

Hush! when I ask ye how at length to gain
The cell where love, the sleeper, yet lies hidden
Loose not those arch lips from their rosy chain,
Be every answer, save your own, forbidden—
Feelings are words for eyes!

LORD LYTTON.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

LET us love one another—
Not long we may stay:
In this bleak world of mourning
Some droop while 'tis day.
Others fade in their noon,
And few linger till eve:
Oh! there breaks not a heart
But leaves some one to grieve;
And the fondest, the purest,
The truest that met,
Have still found the need
To forgive and forget!
Then ah! though the hopes
That we nourished decay,
Let us love one another
As long as we stay.

There are hearts like the ivy,
Though all be decayed,
That it seemed to clasp fondly
In sunlight and shade;
As leaves droop in sadness,
Still gaily they thread,
Undimmed midst the blighted,
The lonely, the dead.
But the mistletoe clings
To the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it—
The root in its heart;
Exists but to twine it—
Imbibe the same dew,
Or to fall with its loved oak,
And perish there too.

Thus let's love one another
Midst sorrows the worst,
Unaltered and fond,
As we loved at the first;
Though the false wing of pleasure
May change and forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth
Into particles break,
There are some sweet affections
That wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer
When sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet,
Though all else pass away;
Thus let's love one another
As long as we stay.

CHARLES SWAIN.

LOVED ONCE.

I CLASSED and counted once
Earth's lamentable sounds—the well-a-day,
The jarring yea and nay,
The fall of kisses upon senseless clay.

The sobbed farewell, the greeting mournfuller—
But all those accents were
Less bitter with the leaves of earth's despair
Than I thought these—"Loved *once*."

And who saith "I loved once?"
Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love foresee;
Love through eternity—
Who by "to love," do apprehend "to be."

Not God called love his noble crown-name, casting
A light too broad for blasting!
The great God, changing not for everlasting,
Saith never, "I loved once."

Nor ever "I loved once."
Wilt thou say, O meek Christ, O victim-friend!
The nail and curse may rend,
But having loved, Thou lovest to the end.

This is *man's* saying! impotent to move
One spheric star above.
Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love
With his "no more," and "once."

How say ye, "We loved once,"
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners without that snow?
Ah, sweetest friend, and would ye wrong me so?

And would ye say of me whose heart is known,
Whose prayers have met your own:
Whose tears have fallen for you; whose smiles have shown,
Your words—"We loved her once?"

Could ye "We loved her once"
Say cold of me, when dwelling out of sight?
When happier friends aright
(Not truer) stand between me and your light?

When like a flower kept too long in the shade,
Ye find my colors fade,
And all that is not love in me decayed,
Say ye, "We loved her once?"

Will ye "We loved her once"
Say after, when the bearers leave the door,
When having murmured o'er
My last "Oh, say it not," I speak no more?

Not so—not then—*least* THEN! when life is shriven,
And death's full joy is given—
Of those who sit and love you up in heaven,
Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, "We loved once:"
God is too near above, the grave below:
And all our moments go
Too quickly past our souls for saying so.

The mysteries of life and death avenge
Affections light of range—
There comes no charge to justify that change,
Whatever comes—loved once!

And yet that word of "once"
Is humanly acceptive—kings have said,
Shaking a discrowned head,
"We ruled once;" idiot tongues, "We once bested."

Cripples once danced i' the vines, and warriors proved,
To nurse's rocking moved:
But Love strikes one hour—LOVE! Those never loved
Who dream that they loved once.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE TENDER PASSION.

THERE'S not a fibre in my trembling frame
That does not vibrate when thy step draws near;
There's not a pulse that throbs not when I hear
Thy voice, thy breathing, nay, thy very name.
When thou art with me every sense seems dull,
And all I am, or know, or feel is thee.
My soul grows faint, my veins run liquid flame,
And my bewildered spirit seems to swim
In eddying whirls of passion dizzily.
When thou art gone there creeps into my heart
A cold and bitter consciousness of pain:
The light, the warmth of life, with thee depart,
And I sit dreaming o'er and o'er again,
Thy greeting clasp, thy parting look and tone;
And suddenly I wake—and am alone.

FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER.

THOU ART FAIR.

COULD love impart, by nicest art,
To speechless rocks a tongue,
Their theme would be, beloved, of thee,
Thy beauty all their song.

And clerk-like, then, with sweet amen,
Would echo from each hollow
Reply all day; while gentle fay,
With merry whoop, would follow.

Had roses sense, on no pretence,
Would they their buds unroll;
For, could they speak, 'twas from thy cheek
Their daintiest blush they stole.

Had lilies eyes, with glad surprise,
They'd own themselves out-done,
When thy pure brow and neck of snow
Gleamed in the morning sun.

Could shining brooks, by amorous looks,
Be taught a voice so rare,
Then every sound that murmured round
Would whisper: "Thou art fair!"

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BLIND CUPID.

WHEN blushing cheeks and downcast eyes
Set all the heart aflame,
When love within a dimple lies
And constancy's a name,
Since every lass is passing fair,
Cupid must fly and see;
And, lightly flitting here and there,
A winged boy is he.

When creeping years steal on apace
And youth and vigor go,
When time with wrinkles marks the face
And strews the hair with snow,
Ah, then no winged boy is he,
But strong-limbed and complete,
With blinded eyes that need not see,
Since memory guides his feet.

WALTER LEARNED.

THE DEAREST.

OH! that from far-away mountains
Over the restless waves,
Where bubble enchanted fountains,
Rising from jewelled caves,
I could call a fairy bird,
Who whene'er thy voice was heard,
Should come to thee, dearest!

He should have violet pinions,
And a beak of silver white,
And should bring from the sun's dominions
Eyes that would give thee light.
Thou shouldst see that he was born
In a land of gold, and sworn
To be thy servant, dearest!

Oft should he drop on thy tresses
A pearl, or diamond stone,
And would yield to thy light caresses
Blossoms in Eden grown;
Round thy path his wings would shower,
Now a gem, and now a flower,
And dewy odors, dearest!

He should fetch from his eastern island
The songs that the Peris sing,
And when evening is clear and silent,
Spells to thy ear would bring;
And with his mysterious strain
Would entrance thy weary brain,
Love's own music, dearest!

No Phœnix, alas! will hover,
Sent from the morning star,
And thou must take of thy lover
A gift not brought so far.
Wanting bird, and gem, and song,
Ah! receive, and treasure long,
A heart that loves thee, dearest!

JOHN STERLING.

PLATONIC.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid,
For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid;
Besides, we had our higher loves—fair science ruled my heart,
And she said her young affections were all wound up in art

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship cannot live
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something more to give:
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man;
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash—vows, kisses, tears, and sighs;
High friendship, such as ours, might well such childish arts despise;
We "liked" each other, that was all, quite all there was to say,
So we just shook hands upon it, in a business sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal that young Ambition reared;
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days to come,
We were strictly confidential, and we called each other "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills,
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she, the ruined mills
And rustic bridges, and the like, that picture-makers prize
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and summer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent ease,
We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the trees,
And talked, in long gradation from the poets to the weather,
While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale glance or sigh,
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy.
We talked of love as coolly as we talked of nebulæ,
And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.

"Well, good by, chum!" I took her hand, for the time had come to go.
My going meant our parting, when to meet, we did not know.
I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy heart;
For although we were but "friends," 'tis hard for honest friends to part.

"Good-by, old fellow! don't forget your friends beyond the sea,
And some day, when you've lots of time, drop a line or two to me."
The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob, just behind,
Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine—great liquid eyes of blue,
Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups of dew;
One long, long glance, and then I did, what I never did before—
Perhaps the tears meant friendship, but I'm sure the kiss meant more.

WILLIAM H. TERRETT.

LAST LOVE.

THE first flower of the spring is not so fair
Or bright as one the ripe midsummer brings
The first faint note the forest warbler sings
Is not so rich with feeling, or so rare,
As when, full master of his art, the air
Drowns in the liquid sea of song he flings
Like silver spray from beak and breast and wings.
The artist's earliest effort, wrought with care,
The bard's first ballad, written in his tears,
Set by his later toil seems poor and tame
And into nothing dwindles at the test.
So with the passions of maturer years;
Let those who will demand the first fond flame
Give me the heart's last love—for that is best.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

HE.

WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

SHE.

What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.

SHE.

But they say, the bee's a rover
Who will fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

HE.

Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

THOMAS MOORE.

TO MEET AGAIN.

THE years they come and go, love;
Writ in flowers and snow, love;
In laughter, tears and pain.
And each but brings us nearer
The heart that has grown dearer,
We part to meet again.

So life will slip away, love,
In sunshine of the day, love,
In shadow and in rain.
With faith through nights of sorrow,
In a happier to-morrow,
We part to meet again.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be.
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain.
But, when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou hast left unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

CHARLES WOLFE.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odors fade,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast.
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

THOMAS MOORE.

SUMMER HEARTS.

OUR love is not a fading earthly flower.
Its winged seed dropped down from Paradise,
And, nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,
Doth momently to fresher beauty rise:
To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
Nor winter's rustling boughs lack lusty green,
Our summer hearts make summer's fulness where
No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be seen:
For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie;
Love, whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,
Whose mystic keys these cells of thou and I
Into the infinite freedom openeth,
And makes the body's dark and narrow grate
The wide-flung bearer of heaven's palace gate.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PAINFUL YET SWEET.

WHY should I blush to own I love?
'Tis love that rules the realms above.
Why should I hesitate to say to all,
That virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest love's dear secret be betrayed?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove—
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet, to love.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

LOVE'S ATTRACTION.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh;
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar—
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor played on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command:
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like young birds, may be tamed to your will.

Be gay and good humored, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

DAVID GARRICK

FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET me not, when, friends and fortune smiling,
'Mid sweets and flowers thy careless footsteps stray:
When lovers' looks and tender words beguiling
Would steal thy thoughts from him who wanders far away.
If e'er, thy changeful heart o'er plighted vows prevailing,
Thou hear'st a wretched soul deep in thy breast bewailing;
O think 'tis thine, my love, and dark despair my lot;—
Forget me not.

When care and pain, with phantoms dread surrounding,
Appal thy trembling mind, forlorn, oppressed,
An inward voice, in tender whisper sounding,
Shall soothe thy boding fears, and fortify thy breast;
And round thy weary couch a gentle spirit flying,
Shall breathe these cheering notes in hollow murmurs sighing:
"Faint not, dear maid, but think thy lover shares thy lot;"—
Forget me not.

When from her clay-built nest, my soul departing,
Prepares her blissful flight to realms on high,
O! should I see one tear of anguish starting,
To catch the falling drops I'd leave my native sky;
Then round thy lovely form a watch incessant keeping,
And every sigh of love in thrilling transports steeping,
I'll snatch thy constant soul, to share in heaven my lot;—
Forget me not!

TO A FAIR YOUNG FRIEND.

COULD I bring lost youth back again,
And be what I have been,
I'd court you in a gallant strain,
My young and fair Florine.

But mine's the chilling age that chides
Devoted rapture's glow;

And love, that conquers all besides,
Finds time a conquering foe.

Farewell! we're severed by our fate
As far as night from noon;
You came into this world so late,
And I depart so soon!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A FLIRTATION.

THE game of love requires two;
So count it nothing queer
That where one roguish flirt is found
Another should be near.

One stands this side the iron fence,
The other stands beyond;
Bright looks light up each eager face,
And eyes to eyes respond.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," it is said,
And outwits such defences;
And so flirtations will go on
In spite of iron fences.

O youthful pair! your smiling game
Has oft been played before;
Learn well that what begins in fun
May end in something more.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

TOO LATE.

THE broken moon lay in the autumn sky,
And I lay at thy feet;
You bent above me; in the silence, I
Could hear my wild heart beat.

I spoke—my soul was full of trembling fears
At what my words would bring;
You raised your face—your eyes were full of tears
As the sweet eyes of spring.

You kissed me then—I worshipped at thy feet
Upon the shadowy sod.
O fool! I loved thee!—loved thee, lovely cheat,
Better than fame or God!

My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss;
What then to me were groans,
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss—
I seemed to walk on thrones.

And you were with me 'mong the rushing wheels;
'Mid trade's tumultuous jars;
And when to awe-struck wilds the night reveals
Her hollow gulf of stars.

Before thy window, as before a shrine,
I've knelt 'mong dew-soaked flowers,
While distant music-bells, with voices fine,
Measured the midnight hours.

There came a fearful moment—I was pale;
You wept, and never spoke,
But clung around me, as the woodbine frail
Clings pleading round an oak.

Upon my wrong I steadied up my soul,
And flung thee from myself;
I spurned thy love as 'twere a rich man's dole—
It was my only wealth.

I spurned thee! I who loved thee, could have died
That hoped to call thee "wife,"
And bear thee gently smiling at my side
Through all the shocks of life!

Too late, thy fatal beauty and thy tears,
Thy vows, thy passionate breath;
I'll meet thee not in life, nor in the spheres
Made visible by death.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

THE HEART'S DEVOTION.

From "In Memoriam."

Arthur Henry Hallam, a noble youth, betrothed to the sister of Alfred Tennyson, died in Vienna. The following beautiful tribute to his friend, by the Poet Laureate, possesses a pathos rivalled only by the genius which gave the poem birth.

THIS truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrowed most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

My blood an even tenor kept,
Till on mine ear this message falls,
That in Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touched him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there,

And led him through the blissful climes,
And showed him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remained, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darkened earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, though left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine.

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing through his lips impart
The life that almost dies in me.

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hushed nor moved along,
And hushed my deepest grief of all,
When filled with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

With weary steps I loiter on,
Though always under altered skies
The purple from the distance dies,
My prospect and horizon gone.

No joy the blowing season gives,
The herald melodies of spring,
But in the songs I love to sing
A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

If any care for what is here
Survive in spirits rendered free,
Then are these songs I sing of thee
Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

Peace; come away; the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song:
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly: let us go.

Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale;
But half my life I leave behind:
Methinks my friend is richly shrined;
But I shall pass; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead;
And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said,
"Adieu, adieu" for evermore.

In those sad words I took farewell:
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
As drop by drop the water falls
In vaults and catacombs, they fell;

And, falling, idly broke the peace
Of hearts that beat from day to day,
Half-conscious of their dying clay,
And those cold crypts where they shall cease.

The high Muse answered: "Wherefore grieve
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?
Abide a little longer here,
And thou shalt take a nobler leave."

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out—to some one of his race:

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

Ah dear, but come thou back to me:
Whatever change the years have wrought,
I find not yet one lonely thought,
That cries against my wish for thee.

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March;

Come, wear the form by which I know
Thy spirit in time among thy peers;
The hope of unaccomplished years
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

When summer's hourly-mellowing change
May breathe, with many roses sweet,
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,
That ripple round the lonely grange;

Come: not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
Come, beauteous in thine after form,
And like a finer light in light.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colors of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry through the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speak to me of me and mine.

One writes, that "Other friends remain,"
That "Loss is common to the race"—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath stilled the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor—while thy head is bowed,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought;

Expecting still his advent home;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, "here to-day,"
Or "here to-morrow will he come."

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
And thinking "this will please him best,"
She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her color burns;
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turned, the curse
Had fallen, and her future lord
Was drowned in passing through the ford,
Or killed in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

The lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead;

Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fulness from the mind:
"It will be hard," they say, "to find
Another service such as this."

My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze;

For by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of death,
And scarce endure to draw the breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit;

But open converse is there none,
So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair, and think,
"How good! how kind! and he is gone."

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CAROLINE.

I'LL bid my hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true love all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild wood scents to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by;
And with the music of his wing,
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime!
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,
Whatever isles of ocean fanned,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where heaven and love their Sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould,

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where pleasure's sigh alone is heard,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endeared, undoubting, undeceived,

From some sweet Paradise afar,
Thy music wanders distant, lost;
Where nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never crossed.

Oh! gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours,
In nature's more propitious home—

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
And let the name be Caroline.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO MARY.

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too,
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blessed—and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favorite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,
I kissed it for its mother's sake.

I kissed it—and repressed my sighs,
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deemed that time, I deemed that pride
Had quenched at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there;
One only feeling couldst thou trace:
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart, be still, or break.

LORD BYRON.

FAIR INES.

OH! saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright;

And blessèd will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whispered thee so near!—
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;—
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more!

Alas! alas! fair Ines!
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,
To her you loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

THOMAS HOOD.

ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When sleeping in the grove,
She dreamed not of her love.

Like Diana's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep-impassioned gaze.

It comes, the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,
In silence and alone,
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the bows, whose shadows deep
Are life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto its own.

Responds as if, with unseen wings,
A breath from heaven had touched its strings
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TO A LADY.

Presented with a ring, bearing a heart with this motto—"Stop Thief."

SOON as I saw those beauteous eyes,
You played a roguish part,
You first enthralled me by surprise,
Then robbed me of my heart.
Since thus you now may boast of two
Disputing is in vain;
Render to me your own in lieu,
Or give me mine again.
If not, then you're by all confest
The masterpiece of nature,
I'll paint you to the world at best
A double-hearted creature.

TO A FACE BELOVED.

THE music of the wakened lyre
Dies not upon the quivering strings,
Nor burns alone the minstrel's fire
Upon the lip that trembling sings:
Nor shines the moon in heaven unseen,
Nor shuts the flower its fragrant cells,
Nor sleeps the fountain's wealth, I ween,
Forever in its sparry wells;
The spells of the enchanter lie
Not on his lone heart, his own rapt ear and eye.

I look upon a face as fair
As ever made a lip of heaven
Falter amid its music prayer!
The first lit star of summer even

Springs not so softly on the eye,
Nor grows with watching half so bright,
Nor, 'mid its sisters of the sky,
So seems of heaven the dearest light.
Men murmur where that face is seen:
My youth's angelic dream was of that look and mien.

Yet, though we deem the stars are blest,
And envy in our grief the flower
That bears but sweetness in its breast,
And feared the enchanter for his power,
And love the minstrel for his spell
He winds out of his lyre so well;
The stars are almoners of light,
The lyrist of melodious air,
The fountain of its waters bright,
And everything most sweet and fair
Of that by which it charms the ear,
The eye of him that passes near;
A lamp is lit in woman's eye,
That souls, else lost on earth, remember angels by.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

LOVE OMNIPRESENT.

LOVE knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song, in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men,
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream,
And he'll float to his eye in morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud, and the open sky—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he;
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought
Will Love be lurking nigh.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it.
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.

Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

THOMAS MOORE.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run,

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse,

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Then, why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

See'st thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove with startled eye
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bow where slumbered,
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age, that bow with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a life in thy hand:
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

THE wall-flowers to the frolic wind
Do dance their golden aiglets,
And elf-maids steal the hawthorn beads
To wear for fairy amulets.
The spring is here, the spring is here—
The love-time of the year, my dear!

All heavy hang the apple boughs,
Weighed down by bails of yellow gold;
The poppy cups, so fiery bright,
Me seems would burn the hearts they hold,
The summer's here, the summer's here—
The kiss-time of the year, my dear!

The birds are winging for the south,
The elf-mai ls haste them to their bowers,
And dandelion balls do float
Like silver ghosts of golded flowers.
The autumn's here, the autumn's here—
The wife-time of the year, my dear!

Now are the heavens not more gray
Than are the eyes of her I love;
More dainty white than her sweet breast
The snow lies not the earth above.
The winter's here, the winter's here—
But love-time lasts the year, my dear!

AMELIE RIVES CHANLER.

A FAIRY BANK.

I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE FLOWER OF DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie—
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha 'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening!
Thou 'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And recken as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

IN A QUANDARY.

WHICH is the maiden I love best?
Twenty now are buzzing round me;
Three in their milk-white arms have wound me,
Gently—yet I feel no rest!

One hath showered her black locks o'er me,
Ten kneel on the ground before me,
Casting forth such beams of blue,
That I'm pierced—oh, through and through!
Bacchus! Gods! what can I do?
Which must I love best?

Tell me—(ah, more gently take me,
Sweet one, in thy warm white arms!)
Tell me—which will ne'er forsake me
Through all life's ills and harms?
Is it she, whose blood's retreating
From that forehead crowned with pride?
Is it she, whose pulse is beating
Full against my unarmed side?
What do all these things betide?

Strong my doubts grow—strong—and stronger:
Quick! give answer to my call!
If ye pause a moment longer,
I shall love ye—all!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

FANCY FREE.

THOU rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, thronéd by the west:
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A VALENTINE.

[To translate the address, read the first letter of the first line in connection with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, the fourth of the fourth, and so on to the end. The name will thus appear.]

FOR her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes,
Brightly expressive as the twins of Lœda,
Shall find her own sweet name, that, nestling lies
Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.
Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure
Divine—a talisman—an amulet
That must be worn at heart. Search well the measure—
The words—the syllables! Do not forget
The trivialest point, or you may lose your labor!
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
Which one might not undo without a sabre,
If one could merely comprehend the plot.
Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering
Eyes scintillating soul, there lie *perdus*
Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing
Of poets, by poets—as the name is a poet's too.
Its letters, although naturally lying
Like the knight Pinto—Mendez Ferdinando—
Still form a synonym for truth—cease trying!
You will not read the riddle, though you do the best you can do.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

AH, HOW SWEET.

AH, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart:
E'en the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use,
Treat them like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again.
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE LOVER UP A TREE.

WELL! here's a situation,
For a young man up a tree;
With a bull-dog standing under,
Looking lovingly at me!

Treed! by all the darts of Cupid!
Like a 'possum, or a 'coon!
What an aspect for a lover,
By the dim light of the moon!

Came to serenade my Julia:
Lightly climbed the garden wall:
Tuned my guitar 'neath her window,
Yonder where the shadows fall:

Got as far as "Sleep, my darling,"
When a deep bass "bow! wow! wow!"
Out of tune and time, saluted me—
I hear its echo now.

And a snapping, close behind me,
Warned me that a foe was near;
So I beat a quick retreat from there
And found a lodgment here!

As I climbed this smooth Alanthus
I felt a-something tear:
Let's see: yes, here's a rent behind:
I know how it came there!

Plague take the canine creature!
Wagging his stiff bob-tail,
As though he thought his narrative
Would finally prevail!

But such dogmatic arguments
Have no effect on me,
And such waggish illustrations
With my temper don't agree:

Yonder where the snowy curtain
In the mellow moonlight shines,
Unconscious of my sad mishap,
My Julia dear reclines.

Oh! for a bit of strychnine,
Or some poison of some sort!
I'd stop the wagging of that tail,
And all this canine sport!

'Tis midnight, and I hope, if now
A ghost is on the jog,
He'll come this way, and frighten off
This most pugnacious dog:

If fairies in the moonlight dance,
I trust some light carouser
Will come and "play dog" for a while,
With this infernal Bowser!

The merry stars seem laughing
In their places up afar,
But I am looking downward
On a dangerous dog-star:

When Acteon looked on Dian,
With her naked nymphs around,
The angry huntress changed the bold
Intruder to a hound:

Oh! for the power to change this dog
Into a strapping fellow!
I'd mount him in a minute,
And turn his back to bellow:

Hark! what is that?—an old tom cat
Around the porch is crawling:
Poor Tom! I've a fellow feline
For your sad caterwauling!

Now Bowser hears him!—see he turns;
Seek! catch him! bite him, Bowser!
Confound the twig! it's fastened in
The rent within my trowser!

He's gone! and dog and cat are seen
In mad and desperate chase!
'Tis a very proper time, I think,
For me to leave this place.

O Julia! sleep!—sleep sound, my love!
Oh! do not wake just yet,
To view the rent in my trouserloons,
Made by your canine pet;

And if you never wake until
My soft guitar you hear,
You'll slumber till old Gabriel's horn
Shall break your sleep, my dear!

THE PARTING WORD.

I MUST leave thee, lady sweet!
Months shall waste before we meet;
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed:
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark;
Through thy tears, O lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet;
When the morning star shall rise,
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes;
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,
Taught too well that wild despair
Dims thine eyes, and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek;
In the first month's second half
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh;
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,
Slightly puckering round the lip,
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last,
Round thy chamber bolted fast,
Many a youth shall fume and pout,
"Hang the girl, she's always out!"
While the second week goes round,
Vainly shall they ring and pound;
When the third week shall begin
"Martha, let the creature in."

Now once more the flattering throng
Round thee flock with smile and song,
But thy lips, unweaned as yet,
Lisp, "O, how can I forget!"
Men and devils both contrive
Traps for catching girls alive;
Eve was duped, and Helen kissed—
How, O how can you resist?

First be careful of your fan,
Trust it not to youth or man;
Love has filled a pirate's sail
Often with its perfumed gale.
Mind your kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;
Shorter ell than mercers clip
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes;
All the hemp that Russia bears
Scarce would answer lovers' prayers;
Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretched the line,
Would not hold the lovers true
That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Beating breasts in black despair;
Others murmur with a sigh,
You must melt, or they will die;
Painted words on empty lies,
Grubs with wings like butterflies;
Let them die, and welcome, too;
Pray what better could they do?

Fare thee well, if years efface
From thy heart love's burning trace,
Keep, O keep that hallowed seat
From the tread of vulgar feet·
If the blue lips of the sea
Wait with icy kiss for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Sealed how often, love, as now.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

LOVE'S COMPARISON.

DOST I tell thee, Georgiana,
Of my cousin Caroline?
How the pretty creature sported
With this wayward heart of mine?
Oh! her eyes were as blue as heaven, love;
But not so blue as thine.
And yet I almost idolized
The eyes of Caroline.
Her soft hair rippled to her waist
In waves of golden light,
Giving glimpses of a shoulder
That was exquisitely white;
Thine own has just that sunny fall,
But silkier far than hers,
And a fairer neck gleams through them
While the wind their beauty stirs.
Ah! fondly (when she'd let me)
Did I those tresses twine,
But it was not near so pleasant, love,
As playing thus with thine.

When I tell you she had danglers
By the dozen in her net;
For she was very beautiful,
Bewildering and bright,
And I own her pretty winning ways
And words bewitched me quite.
Ah! I even now remember
That sweet madness with a sigh,
Nay, do not draw the hand away,
Nor droop the doubting eye;
But think if I was dazzled thus
By careless Caroline,
How much more fondly I shall prize
So pure a heart as thine.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

A HAPPY FACE.

THE lady watched her lover—and that hour
Of love's, and night's, and ocean's solitude,
O'erflowed her soul with their united power;
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude
She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,
Where nought upon their passion could intrude,
And all the stars that crowded the blue space
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

LORD BYRON.

THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK, MARY.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
As spring's rath blossoms die;
And sadness hath o'ershadowed now
Thy once bright eye;
But look! on me the prints of grief
Still deeper lie.
Farewell!

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary;
Thy step is sad and slow;
The morn of gladness hath gone by
Thou erst did know;
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
For very woe.
Farewell!

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
We were the happiest twain,
When murmured sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,
Discoursed my love, and told how loved
I was again.
Farewell!

'Twas not in cold and measured phrase
We gave our passion name;
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our hearts' fond flame
And long-imprisoned feelings fast
In deep sobs came.
Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love
That merest worldlings know,
When passion's draught to our doomed lips
Turns utter woe,
And our poor dream of happiness
Vanishes so!
Farewell!

But in the wreck of all our hopes
There's yet some touch of bliss,
Since fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss:
Despair, and love, and madness meet
In this, in this.
Farewell!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

LEOLINE.

IN the molten-golden moonlight,
In the deep grass warm and dry,
We watched the fire-fly rise and swim
In floating sparkles by.
All night the hearts of nightingales,
Song-steeping, slumbrous leaves,
Flowed to us in the shadow there
Below the cottage-eaves.

We sang our songs together
Till the stars shook in the skies.
We spoke—we spoke of common things,
Yet the tears were in our eyes.
And my hand—I know it trembled
To each light warm touch of thine:
But we were friends, and only friends,
My sweet friend, Leoline!

How large the white moon looked, dear!
There has not ever been,
Since those old nights, the same great light
In the moons which I have seen.
I often wonder, when I think,
If you have thought so too,
And the moonlight has grown dimmer, dear,
Than it used to be to you.

And sometimes, when the warm west wind
Comes faint across the sea.
It seems that you have breathed on it,
So sweet it comes to me;
And sometimes, when the long light wanes
In one deep crimson line.
I muse, "And does she watch it too,
Far off, sweet Leoline?"

And often, leaning all day long
My head upon my hands,
My heart aches for the vanished time
In the far fair foreign lands:
Thinking sadly—"Is she happy?
Has she tears for those old hours?
And the cottage in the starlight?
And the songs among the flowers?"

One night we sat below the porch,
And out in that warm air,
A fire-fly, like a dying star,
Fell tangled in her hair;
But I kissed him lightly off again,
And he glittered up the vine,
And died into the darkness
For the love of Leoline!

Between two songs of Petrarch
I've a purple rose-leaf prest,
More sweet than common rose-leaves,
For it once lay in her breast.
When she gave me that her eyes were wet:
The rose was full of dew.
The rose is withered long ago!
The page is blistered too.

There's a blue flower in my garden,
The bee loves more than all;
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is frail and small.
She loved it too—long, long ago;
Her love was less than mine.
But still we are friends, but only friends
My lost love, Leoline!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON (*Owen Meredith*).

ADAM'S DESCRIPTION OF EVE.

WHEN I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows:
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

JOHN MILTON

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!

There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there she langest tarries!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was full tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that loved me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

FAIR, SWEET, AND YOUNG.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prais
Reserved for your virtuous eyes;
From crowds, whom at your feet you see
O pity and distinguish me!
As I, from thousand beauties more,
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was designed,
Your every motion charms my mind,
Angels when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak;
But when, at once, they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend successive love; and if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now, timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hapless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the muse, or love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

JOHN MILTON.

I DIE, DEAR LIFE.

I DIE, dear life! unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flowers,
Or there be silver-drops in Iris' showers,
Or stars there be in all-embracing heaven;
And if displeased ye of the match remain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care
For Phyllis so fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, resolves
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish;
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.
When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments forgot,
And sadly reflecting
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set;
And that he could die
Whenever he would,
But that he could live
But as long as he could;
How generous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorned to endeavor
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcerned,
At thoughts of the pain
He calmly returned
To his cottage again.

WILLIAM WALSH.

I LOVE MY LOVE BECAUSE HE LOVES ME.

MAN, man loves his steed,
For its blood or its breed,
For its odor the rose, for its honey the bee;
His own haughty beauty
From pride or from duty;
But I love my love, because—he loves me.

Oh, my love has an eye,
Like a star in the sky,
And breath like the sweets from the hawthorn tree;
And his heart is a treasure,
Whose worth is past measure;
And yet he hath given all—all to me!

It crowns me with light,
In the dead of the night,
It brightens my journey by land and sea;
And thus, while I wander,
I sigh and grow fonder,
For my love ever grows with his love for me.

Why didst thou depart,
Thou sweet bird of my heart?
Oh! come back to my bosom, and never flee:
I never will grieve thee,
I'll never deceive thee,
But love thee forever—as thou lovest me.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

THAT SONG AGAIN.

THAT song again! its wailing strain
Brings back the thought of other hours,
The forms I ne'er may see again,
And brightens all life's faded flowers.

In mournful murmurs o'er mine ear
Remembered echoes seem to roll,
And sounds I never more can hear
Make music in my lonely soul.

That swell again! now full and high
The tide of feeling flows along,
And many a thought that claims a sigh
Seems mingling with thy magic song.

The forms I loved, and loved in vain;
The hopes I nursed—to see them die;
With fleeting brightness, through my brain
In phantom beauty, wander by.

Then touch the lyre, my own dear love,
My soul is like a troubled sea,
And turns from all below—above,
In fondness to the harp and thee.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

A MAIDEN.

WHERE the golden hand of morn
Touches light the singing fountain,
There a maiden, lowly born,
Guides her flock along the mountain
Bashful as the fawn, and fleet,
She invests the world with beauty,
Simple grace and manners sweet
Dignify her humble duty.

Sudden light has wreathed the earth,
Robed the fields and flowers in gladness:
New delights too deep for mirth,
Gentle griefs too sweet for sadness.
Who this sudden charm hath wrought?
Sent this flow of bright revealings?
Mind that springs with joyous thought!
Heart that flows with heavenly feelings!

Surely 'tis some angel strayed,
Not a shepherd's daughter solely,
Who hath earth like heaven arrayed,
In a light and love so holy!
Oh! when stars like drops of pearl
Glimmer o'er the singing water,
There I'll woo my mountain girl,
Proudly wed the shepherd's daughter.

CHARLES SWAIN.

CHERRY RIPE.

CHERRY ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry!
Full and fair ones—come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow?—I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

ROBERT HERRICK

UNLESS I CHANGE MY MIND.

SHE shook her head, and pursed her lips,
And beat time with her fan;
And then set forth, with emphasis,
Her well-digested plan:
To never, never fall in love,
At any time of life;
And never, never to become
Of any one the wife!

The lover heard, in dire dismay,
Her cruel proclamation;
But did not know for many a day
Her mental reservation—
"Unless I change my mind!

I'll never fall in love, oh, no!
I'm sure I'll never feel inclined;
I'll never marry, that I know-
Unless I change my mind!

He pressed her hand, he kissed her lips,
She never said him nay;
But vowed before the minister
Upon her wedding day,
To ever, ever love but him
Throughout her wedded life;
And ever, ever honor and
Obey him as his wife.

The bridegroom heard, with heart so gay,
Her tender proclamation:
But did not know for many a day
Her mental reservation—
"Unless I change my mind!"

I'll ever love him from this day!
I'm sure I'll ever feel inclined·
I'll ever honor and obey—
Unless I change my mind!

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

UPON the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung,
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him?" gasped the chief,
"Obey your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
And angel kneels in woman's form
And breathes a prayer for him.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

HI, fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky
Were all that met thy infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks;
Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MARY WILL SMILE.

THE morn was fresh, and pure the gale,
When Mary, from her cot a rover,
Plucked many a wild rose of the vale
To bind the temples of her lover.
As near his little farm she strayed.
Where birds of love are ever pairing,
She saw her William in the shade,
The arms of ruthless war preparing.
"Though now," he cried, "I seek the hostile plain,
Mary shall smile, and all be fair again."

She seized his hand, and "Ah!" she cried,
"Wilt thou, to camps and war a stranger,
Desert thy Mary's faithful side,
And bare thy life to every danger?
Yet, go, brave youth! to arms away!
My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee,
And when the drum beats far away,
I'll drop a silent tear, and bless thee.
Returned with honor, from the hostile plain,
Mary will smile, and all be fair again.

"The bugles through the forest wind,
The woodland soldiers call to battle:
Be some protecting angel kind,
And guard thy life when cannons rattle!"
She sung—and as the rose appears
In sunshine, when the storm is over,
A smile beamed sweetly through her tears—
The blush of promise to her lover.
Returned in triumph from the hostile plain,
All shall be fair, and Mary smile again.

WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

THE FORCE OF LOVE

THROW an apple up a hill,
Down the apple tumbles still;
Roll it down, it never stops
Till within the vale it drops;
So are all things prone to love,
All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the stream,
Up ascends the lambent flame,
Smoke and vapor mount the skies,
All preserve their unities.
Nought below, and nought above,
Seem averse, but prone to love.

Stop the meteor in its flight,
Or the orient rays of light,
Bid Dan Phœbus not to shine,
Bid the planets not incline.
'Tis as vain below, above,
To impede the course of love.

Metals grow within the mine,
Luscious grapes upon the vine,
Still the needle marks the pole,
Parts are equal to the whole.
'Tis a truth as clear that love
Quickens all below, above.

Does the cedar love the mountain?
Or the thirsty deer the fountain?
Does the shepherd love his crook?
Or the miller court the brook?
Thus by nature all things move,
Like a running stream, to love.

Is the valiant hero bold?
Does the miser doat on gold?
Seek the birds in spring to pair?
Breathes the rosebud scented air?
Should you this deny, you'll prove
Nature is averse to love.

When young maidens courtship shun,
When the moon outshines the sun,
When the tigers lambs beget,
When the snow is black as jet,
When the planets cease to move,
Then shall nature cease to love.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

NEAR THE LAKE.

NEAR the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow;
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherished,
By high and low;
But with autumn's leaf she perished,
Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water,
Long time ago!
Bee and bird and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know!
While to my fond words she listened,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened
Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts forever!
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her?—Never!
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow;
She's the star I missed from heaven.
Long time ago!

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

WE PARTED IN SADNESS.

WE parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting;
We talked not of hopes that we both must resign;
I saw not her eyes, and but one tear-drop starting
Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine:
Each felt that the past we could never recover,
Each felt that the future no hope could restore;
She shuddered at wringing the heart of her lover,
I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

Long years have gone by, and the spring-time smiles ever
As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their birth.
Long years have gone by, yet that parting, O! never
Can it be forgotten by either on earth.
The note of each wild bird that carols toward heaven
Must tell her of swift-winged hopes that were mine,
And the dew that steals over each blossom at even
Tells me of the tear-drop that wept their decline.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

SEVEN long years has the desert rain
Dropped on the clods that hide thy face;
Seven long years of sorrow and pain
I have thought of thy burial place.

Thought of thy fate in the distant West,
Dying with none that loved thee near;
They who flung the earth on thy breast
Turned from the spot without a tear.

There, I think, on that lonely grave,
Violets spring in the soft May shower;
There in the summer breezes wave
Crimson phlox and moccasin flower.

There the turtles alight, and there
Feeds with her fawn the timid doe;
There, when the winter woods are bare,
Walks the wolf on the crackling snow.

Soon wilt thou wipe my tears away;
All my task upon earth is done;
My poor father, old and gray,
Slumbers beneath the church-yard stone.

In the dreams of my lonely bed,
Ever thy form before me seems;
All night long I talk with the dead,
All day long I think of my dreams.

This deep wound that bleeds and aches,
This long pain, a sleepless pain—
When the Father my spirit takes
I shall feel it no more again.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TO ELMIRA.

(Written with French chalk on a pane of glass.)

This substance has the singular property, that what is written on glass, though easily rubbed out again, so that no trace remains visible, by being breathed on becomes immediately distinctly legible.

ON this frail glass, to others' view,
No written words appear;
They see the prospect smiling through,
Nor deem what secret's here.
But shouldst thou on the tablet bright
A single breath bestow,
At once the record starts to sight
Which only thou must know.

Thus, like this glass, to strangers' gaze
My heart seemed unimpressed;
In vain did beauty round me blaze,
It could not warm my breast.
But as one breath of thine can make
These letters plain to see,
So in my heart did love awake
When breathed upon by thee.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX.

YOUR heart is a music-box, dearest!
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break:
Then, O! be the magic key mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake!
And there's one little tune it can play
That I fancy all others above—
You learned it of Cupid one day—
It begins with and ends with "I love!" "I love!"
It begins with and ends with "I love!"

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE.

WHERE Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Crow-nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star!
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives,
The diamonds of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and leaves,
The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
Her purity define;
But Ida's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow:
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,
My soul is with you now!
I bless the star-crowned highlands where
My Ida's footsteps roam—
Oh! for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to my home.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE.

'TIS said that absence conquers love!
But O! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear,
As fixed in this devoted heart,
As when I clasped thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name;
And yet, as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same.
And when the wine-cup passes round,
I toast some other fair—
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove.
In vain! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot;
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favorite bower to die,
So, lady, I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.
'Tis said that absence conquers love!
But O! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

FREDERICK W. THOMAS.

THE GREEN ISLE OF LOVERS.

THEY say that, afar in the land of the West,
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,
Mid fens where the hunter never ventured to tread,
A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread;
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,
In distance seen dimly, the green Isle of Lovers.

There verdure fades never; immortal in bloom,
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume;
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depressed,
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the East;
There the bright eye of nature, in mild glory hovers;
'Tis the land of the sunbeam—the green Isle of Lovers!

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss
The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss
Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs
Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires
The dance and the revel, 'mid forests that cover
On high with their shade the green Isle of the Lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eyeballs of fire,
When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,
Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle,
Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile;
From beauty there valor and strength are not rovers,
And peace reigns supreme in the green Isle of Lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,
In mazes perplexed, has beheld it no more:
It fleets on the vision, deluding the view,
Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue;
O! who in this vain world of woe shall discover
The home undisturbed, the green Isle of the Lover!

ROBERT C. SANDS.

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

AN ivy-mantled cottage smiled,
Deep-wooded near a streamlet's side,
Where dwelt the village pastor's child.
In all her maiden bloom and pride.
Proud suitors paid their court and duty
To this romantic sylvan beauty:
Yet none of all the swains who sought her
Was worthy of the pastor's daughter.

The town-gallants crossed hill and plain,
To seek the groves of her retreat,
And many followed in her train,
To lay their riches at her feet.
But still, for all their arts so wary,
From home they could not lure the fairy.
A maid without a heart, they thought her,
And so they left the pastor's daughter.

One balmy eve in dewy spring
A bard became her father's guest;
He struck his harp, and every string
To love vibrated in her breast.
With that true faith which cannot falter,
Her hand was given at the altar,
And faithful was the heart he brought her
To wedlock and the pastor's daughter.

How seldom learn the worldly gay,
With all their sophistry and art,
The sweet and gentle primrose-way
To woman's fond, devoted heart:
They seek, but never find the treasure,
Although revealed in jet and azure.
To them, like truth in wells of water,
A fable is the pastor's daughter.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

LOST FEELINGS.

OH! weep not that our beauty wears
Beneath the wings of time,
That age o'erclouds the brow with cares
That once was raised sublime.

Oh! weep not that the beamless eye
No dumb delight can speak;
And fresh and fair no longer lie
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No! weep not that the ruin-trace
Of wasting time is seen
Around the form and in the face
Where beauty's bloom has been.

But mourn the inward wreck we feel
As hoary years depart,
And time's effacing fingers steal
Young feelings from the heart.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I LOVE HIM.

I LOVE him, I dream of him,
I sing of him by day,
And all the night I hear him talk—
And yet, he's far away.

There's beauty in the morning;
There's sweetness in the May;
There's music in the running stream;
And yet, he's far away.

I love him, I trust in him;
He trusteth me alway:
And so the time flies hopefully,
Although he's far away.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE.

WHEN other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine,
When other bays have crowned thee,
More fresh and green than mine,
Then think how sad and lonely
This doting heart will be,
Which, while it throbs, throbs only,
Beloved one, for thee!

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains;
I would not live without thee,
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's changing sea;
And whate'er fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

THE CONFLICT IS OVER.

THE conflict is over, the struggle is past,
I have looked—I have loved—I have worshipped my last,
And now back to the world, and let fate do her worst
On the heart that for thee such devotion hath nursed:
To thee its best feelings were trusted away,
And life hath hereafter not one to betray.

Yet not in resentment thy love I resign;
I blame not—upbraid not—one motive of thine;
I ask not what change has come over thy heart,
I reck not what chances have doomed us to part;
I but know thou hast told me to love thee no more,
And I still must obey where I once did adore.

Farewell, then, thou loved one—O! loved but too well,
Too deeply, too blindly, for language to tell—
Farewell! thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust,
Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its trust!
Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,
I would pour out my own in this last fond farewell!

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

GIVE ME THE BOON OF LOVE.

GIVE me the boon of love!
Fame's trumpet-strains depart.
But love's sweet lute yields melody
That lingers in the heart.
And the scroll of fame will burn
When sea and earth consume,
But the rose of love in a happier sphere
Will live in deathless bloom.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

THOMAS MOORE.

PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
And I love thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover blooms,
But I kiss thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily's bride o' the bee,
Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth,
Shall I wed thee?

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BRIGHT, O BRIGHT FEDALMA!

FROM THE SPANISH.

MAIDEN, crowned with glossy blackness,
Lithe as panther forest roaming,
Long-armed naiad, when she dances,
On a stream of ether floating,
Bright, O bright Fedalma!

From all curves, like softness drifted,
Wave-kissed marble roundly dimpling,
Far-off music slowly wingéd,
Gently rising, gently sinking,
Bright, O bright Fedalma!

Pure as rain-tear on a rose-leaf,
Cloud high-born in noon-day spotless,
Sudden perfect as the dew-bead,
Gem of earth and sky begotten,
Bright, O bright Fedalma!

Beauty has no mortal father,
Holy light her form engendered
Out of tremor, yearning, gladness,
Presage sweet and joy remembered,
Child of light, Fedalma!

MARIAN EVANS CROSS (*George Eliot*).

A GLIMPSE OF LOVE.

SHE came as comes the summer wind,
A gust of beauty to my heart;
Then swept away; but left behind
Emotions which shall not depart.

Unheralded she came and went,
Like music in the silent night,
Which, when the burthened air is spent,
Bequeaths to memory its delight.

Or like the sudden April bow
That spans the violet-waking rain,
She bade those blessèd flowers to grow
Which may not fall or fade again.

Far sweeter than all things most sweet,
And fairer than all things most fair,
She came and passed with footsteps fleet,
A shining wonder in the air.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

WHY NOT?

WHEN woman loves, and will not show it,
What can her lover do?
I asked a scholar, and a poet,
But neither wise fool seemed to know it;
So, lady, I ask you.

Were you in love (let me suppose it),
What should your lover do?
You know you love him and he knows it;
Oh! why not, then, to him disclose it,
As he his love to you?

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited,
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never, do it, *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh wild thrill,
I'd give—But who can live youth over?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE BRIDGE OF SNOW.

THE night is dim with snow-flakes falling fast
Through the still air. The earth is growing white
Beneath their soft, pure covering: through the gloom
I see afar a misty trail of light.

It falls from your high casement, near, yet far,
And straight my fancy to its trembling glow
Forms a white pathway of these falling flakes,
And crosses on the mystic bridge of snow.

The snow-flakes tap against your window pane;
You heed them not. Ah, love! you cannot know
That I have crossed to you this winter night
Upon a frail, white bridge of falling snow!

I stand outside—the night is dark and cold;
Within your room are warmth and summer glow,
Your smile would make a summer of the night,
Though white with misty flakes of falling snow.

Love, it is cold as death out here alone.
Look up but once, I pray you, ere I go!
Without one smile to light the lonely way
I cannot cross again this bridge of snow.

The light has vanished in the cold and gloom;
Your face is hidden. Now, alas, I know
Only my hearts deep longing formed the bridge
Between us and the falling snow.

SAID A SMILE TO A TEAR.

SAID a smile to a tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beamed like the sun in spring weather,
In sooth, lovely tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief.
And I, said the smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then, said the tear,
Sweet smile, it is clear,
We are twins, and soft pity our mother:
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the woe and the bliss of another!

RANDOLPH KENNEY.

THE MAD LOVER.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many year;
And those three are plagues enough, one would think,
For one poor mortal to bear.
'Twas drink made me fall into love,
'Twas love made me run into debt;
And though I have struggled and struggled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

ALEXANDER BROME.

THROUGH THE MEADOW.

THE summer sun was soft and bland,
As they went through the meadow land.

The little wind that hardly shook
The silver of the sleeping brook
Blew the gold hair about her eyes—
A mystery of mysteries!
So he must often pause, and stoop,
And all the wanton ringlets loop
Behind her dainty ear—emprise
Of slow event and many sighs.

Across the stream was scarce a step—
And yet she feared to try the leap;
And he, to still her sweet alarm,
Must lift her over on his arm.

She could not keep the narrow way,
For still the little feet would stray,
And ever must he bend t' undo
The tangled grasses from her shoe—
From dainty rosebud lips in pout,
Must kiss the perfect flower out!

Ah! little coquette! Fair deceit!
Some things are bitter that were sweet.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

SERENADE.

AH, sweet, thou little knowest how
I wake and passionate watches keep;
And yet, while I address thee now,
Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.
'Tis sweet enough to make me weep,
That tender thought of love and thee,
That while the world is hushed so deep,
Thy soul's perhaps awake to me!

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep!
With golden visions for thy dower,
While I this midnight vigil keep,
And bless thee in thy silent bower;
To me 'tis sweeter than the power
Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurled,
That I alone, at this still hour,
In patient love outwatch the world.

THOMAS HOOD.

LOVELY TYRANTS.

MARGARITA first possessed,
If I remember well, my breast—
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine;
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favorites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
  Alternately they swayed;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
  And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
  A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
  Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
  But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
  And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour
Judith held the sovereign power:
  Wondrous beautiful her face!
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
  And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Armed with a resistless flame,
  And the artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
  She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid,
  To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possessed
The interregnum of my breast;
  Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began;
  Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
  And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state;
  The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
  That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
  The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
  (Numberless, nameless mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel the waiting-maid—
  I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
  Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
  A higher and a nobler strain
My present sovereign does claim
Heleonora, first of the name;
  Whom God grant long to reign!

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

FROM THE SPANISH.

I WISH to make my sermon brief, to shorten my oration,
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation:
I like short women—suits at law without procrastination—
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock, he's a fool who's always grinning;
But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.
There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says—"A word unto the wise."

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner:
Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win her—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays—
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and
light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that
sing;
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in
spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrill-
ing note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat—
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat:
And such a little woman is, when love doth make her
dote.

There's naught can be compared to her throughout
the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth—our greatest consolation—
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexa-
tion:
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great re-
leased.
"Now of two evils choose the less"—said a wise man
of the East:
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the
least.

I DIE FOR THY SWEET LOVE.

I DIE for thy sweet love! The ground
Not panteth so for summer rain,
As I for one soft look of thine,
And yet—I sigh in vain!

A hundred men are near thee now—
Each one, perhaps, surpassing me;
But who doth feel a thousandth part
Of what I feel for thee?

They look on thee, as men will look
Who round the wide world laugh and rove,
I only think—how sweet 'twould be
To die for thy sweet love.

LOOK OUT UPON THE STARS.

LOOK out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light:
Then, lady, up—look out, and be
A sister to the night.

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast,
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.

Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay,
With looks whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

AN IRISH MELODY.

"AH, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your
wheel—
Your neat little foot will be weary from
spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree;
Half the parish is there, and the dance is begin-
ning.
The sun is gone down; but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glanc
ing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to—go off to the
dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen—
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of
refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in
motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
The maids move around just like swans on the
ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—
Now cozily retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around from the sky to the
ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep
blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so
mildly—
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form—
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb
wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet
love;
The sight leaves his eye as he cries with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet,
love!"

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
If fifty girls were around you, I'd hardly see the rest;
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock;
Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup;
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine—
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceeded all before—
No pretty girl for miles around was missing from the floor;
But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh! but she was gay;
She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my heart away!

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her feet;
The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her so much praised;
But blessed himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung;
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue.
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower of womankind, in country or in town;
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way and see your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

Oh, might we live together in lofty palace hall
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall;
Oh, might we live together in a cottage mean and small,
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress—
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less;
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low,
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They've hushed the minster bell:
The organ 'gins to swell;
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here, she's past!
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

DEAR BETTY.

DEAR Betty, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave;
But why, in the midst of our blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure;
Then prithee, dear Betty, be kind;
For as I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll not be confined.

Count the bees that on Hybla [illegible] raying
Count the flowers that enam[illegible] the fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempé are [illegible]ravin[illegible]
Or the grains that each Sicily [illegible]
Count how many stars are in [illegible]
Go reckon the sands on the [illegible]
And when so many kisses you
I still will be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart that, dear Betty, is thine;
In my arms I'll forever enfold thee,
And curl round thy neck like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on thy lips shall be spent;
But those who can number their kisses
Will always with few be content.

CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

OH, never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eyes be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses',
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curled to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at love's confession;
But, born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordained the Spanish maid is,
And who—when fondly, fairly won—
Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble;
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long, and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial;
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.

When thronging foemen menace Spain
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay bolero;
Or sings [illegible]her attuned [illegible]itar
[illegible]n knight[illegible] Moorish hero;
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper;
Or joins devotion's choral band
To chant the sweet and hallowed vesper:

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her.
Then let not maids less fair reprove,
Because her bosom is not colder;
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

LORD BYRON.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting—
"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun?'"
There's a form at the casement—the form of her true-love—
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and field,
Woods or steepy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull:
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE OLD STORY.

HE came across the meadow-pass,
That summer eve of eves—
The sunlight streamed along the grass
And glanced amid the leaves;
And from the shrubbery below,
And from the garden trees,
He heard the thrushes' music flow
And humming of the bees;
The garden gate was swung apart—
The space was brief between;
But there, for throbbing of his heart,
He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden-gate;
He looked, and scarce he breathed;
Within the little porch she sate,
With woodbine overwreathed;
Her eyes upon her work were bent,
Unconscious who was nigh;
But oft the needle slowly went,
And oft did idle lie:
And ever to her lips arose
Sweet fragments sweetly sung,
But ever, ere the notes could close,
She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies as they come and go,
Her pure face speaks the while;
For now it is a flitting glow,
And now a breaking smile;
And now it is a graver shade,
When holier thoughts are there—
An angel's pinion might be stayed
To see a sight so fair;

But still they hid her looks of light,
Those downcast eyelids pale—
Two lovely clouds, so silken white,
Two lovelier st..rs that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge
Had rested on the hill,
And, save one thrush from out the hedge,
Both bower and grove were still.
The sun had almost bade farewell;
But one reluctant ray
Still loved within that porch to dwell,
As charméd there to stay—
It stole asiant the pear-tree bough,
And through the woodbine fringe,
And kissed the maiden's neck and brow,
And bathed her in its tinge.

"O beauty of my heart!" he said,
"O darling, darling mine!
Was ever light of evening shed
On loveliness like thine?
Why should I ever leave this spot,
But gaze until I die?"
A moment from that bursting thought
She felt his footstep nigh,
One sudden, lifted glance—but one—
A tremor and a start—
So gently was their greeting done
That who would guess their heart?

Long, long the sun had sunken down,
And all his golden hail
Had died away to lines of brown,
In duskier hues that fail.
The grasshopper was chirping shrill—
No other living sound
Accompanied the tiny rill
That gurgled under ground—
No other living sound, unless,
Some spirit bent to hear
Low words of human tenderness
And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,
Deep in the liquid sky,
Now forth upon the darkness burst,
Sole kings and lights on high;
For splendor, myriad-fold, supreme,
No rival moonlight strove;
Nor lovelier e'er was Hesper's beam,
Nor more majestic Jove.
But what if hearts there beat that night
That recked not of the skies,
Or only felt their imaged light
In one another's eyes?

And if two worlds of hidden thought
And longing passion met,
Which, passing human language, sought
And found an utterance yet;
And if they trembled as the flowers
That droop across the stream,
And muse the while the starry hours
Wait o'er them like a dream;
And if, when came the parting time,
They faltered still and clung;
What is it all?—an ancient rhyme
Ten thousand times besung—
That part of paradise which man
Without the portal knows—
Which hath been since the world began,
And shall be till its close.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

TILL Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there
At starry midnight charmed the silent air!
In vain the wild bird carolled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep
In vain to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure played;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray—
The world was sad! the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MY LOVE.

SHE is a woman—one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green—
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LOUD AND CHILL WAS THE BLAST.

LOUD and chill was the blast,
And the bright snow fell fast
On a maiden's fair bosom who traversed the plain,
And oft a sad tear,
On her cheek, pale with fear,
Fell in sorrow for him who in battle was slain.

Down she sunk in despair,
While her dark flowing hair
Wildly waved in the blast that swept over the wold,
And more white than the snow
Was her bosom of woe,
And the heart in her bosom, alas! was as cold.

But the proud foe had fled,
Where her Henry had bled;
Still with conquest and love had he thought on her charms,
Amidst the wild storm
He beheld her fair form,
And he kissed her and warmed her to life in his arms.

T. L. POCOCK.

WIDOW MACHREE.

WIDOW Machree, it's no wonder you frown—
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown—
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear—
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl—
Och hone! widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come—
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares;
Why even the bears
Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't speak, they wish—
Och hone! widow Machree!

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in—
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! widow Machree!

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towrd—
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld?
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled;
Could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite
That would wake you each night,
Crying "Och hone! widow Machree!"

Then take my advice, darling widow Machree—
And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,
You'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure hope is no liar
In whispering to me
That the ghost would depart
When you'd me near your heart—
Och hone! widow Machree!

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE DOVE'S IN THE BOUGH.

THE dove's in the bough, and the lark's in the corn,
And folded to rest are the lilies of morn;
In balm falls the dew, and moon's tender light
Robes upland and valley—good-night, love, good-night!

Thy heart may it waken to peace like the dove;
Like the lark, may it offer its gladness above;
And lilies, that open their treasures of white,
Resemble thy fortune—Good-night, love, good-night.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE POET'S WIFE.

[After Longfellow's death, which occurred in 1882, the following beautiful tribute to his wife, written in July, 1879, was found in his portfolio.]

IN the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died, and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

BUT love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound.
When the suspicious head of theft is stopped;
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste;

For valor, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs:
O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A COBBLER THERE WAS.

A COBBLER there was, and he lived in a stall,
Which served him for parlor, for kitchen and all;
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.

Contented he worked, and he thought himself happy,
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy;
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing, too, most sweet,
Saying, "Just to a hair I've made both ends meet."

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,
He shot the poor cobbler quite through the heart:
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

He sang her love songs as he sat at his work:
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolved;
He pierced through his body instead of his sole,
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.

And now in good-will I advise as a friend,
All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end;
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's past,
That love brings us all to an end at the last.

ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN-WATER.

ON the banks of Allan-water,
When the sweet spring time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter
The fairest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he.
On the banks of Allan-water,
None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan-water,
When brown autumn spreads its store;
Then I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more.
For the summer grief had brought her
And the soldier false was he;
On the banks of Allan-water,
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan-water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free;
On the banks of Allan-water,
There a corpse lay she.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

SEE the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all those kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

WHEN POLLY GOES BY.

'TIS but poorly I'm lodged in a little side street,
Which is seldom disturbed by the hurry of feet,
For the flood-tide of life long ago ebbed away
From its homely old houses, rain-beaten and gray;
And I sit with my pipe in the window and sigh
At the buffets of fortune—till Polly goes by.

There's a flaunting of ribbons, a flurry of lace,
And a rose in the bonnet above a bright face,
A glance from two eyes so deliciously blue
The midsummer seas scarcely rival their hue;
And once in a while, if the wind's blowing high,
The sound of soft laughter as Polly goes by.

Then up jumps my heart and begins to beat fast.
"She's coming!" it whispers. "She's here! She has passed!"
While I throw up the sash and lean breathlessly down
To catch the last glimpse of her vanishing gown,
Excited, delighted, yet wondering why
My senses desert me if Polly goes by.

Ah! she must be a witch, and the magical spell
She has woven about me has done its work well,
For the morning grows brighter, and gayer the air
That my landlady sings as she sweeps down the stair,
And my poor lonely garret, so close to the sky,
Seems something like heaven when Polly goes by!

DRIED BE THAT TEAR.

DRIED be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hushed that struggling sigh;
Nor seasons, day, nor fate, shall prove
More fixed, more true, than I.
Hushed be that sigh, be dried that tear,
Cease boding doubt, cease anxious fear—
Dried be that tear.

Askst thou how long my love shall stay
When all that's new is past?
How long, ah! Delia, can I say,
How long my life shall last?
Dried be that tear, be hushed that sigh,
At least, I'll love thee till I die—
Hushed be that sigh.

And does that thought affect thee, too,
The thought of Sylvio's death,
That he, who only breathed for you,
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hushed be that sigh, be dried that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here—
Dried be that tear.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

THE MYSTIC THREAD OF LIFE.

THERE is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight;
By day that form their joys supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast;
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek;
But, pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before;
It vowed to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only—prest it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—
Hath pillowed oft this aching head;
A mouth which smiles on me alone,
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet!
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
They both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part!—ah, no!
They cannot part—those souls are one.

LORD BYRON.

THE DILEMMA.

NOW, by the blessed Paphian queen,
Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen;
By every name I cut on bark
Before my morning star grew dark;
By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
By all that thrills the beating heart;
The bright black eye, the melting blue—
I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams;—
I saw a row of twenty beams;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung;
I asked the hue of every eye,
That bade each luckless lover die;
Ten shadowy lips said, heavenly hue,
And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron which she deemed
With fairest light of beauty beamed;
She answered, some thought both were fair—
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But, as she spoke, she rung the bell,
And all her girls, nor small nor few,
Came marching in—their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden; back she flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,
And turned her eye, a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun,
On me, until beneath its rays
I felt as if my hair would blaze;
She liked all eyes but eyes of green;
She looked at me; what could she mean?

Ah! many lids love lurks between,
Nor heeds the coloring of his screen;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
The shaft upon the string is set;
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb were cased in mail.



THE SLIDE

Well, both might make a martyr break
The chain that bound him to the stake;
And both, with but a single ray,
Can melt our very hearts away;
And both, when balanced, hardly seem
To stir the scales, or rock the beam;
But that is dearest all the while,
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE TALE IS OLD.

THE tale is as old as the oldest hills,
'Twas old when the earth was young,
The gloom of it—aye! the joy of it fills
Love's song wherever it's sung.
'Tis nothing but this: That a woman loves
As a river flows down to the sea,
And a man—see how old ocean moves!
Man copies him faithfully.

The sea is as bold as the wind and tide
May choose, and it shakes the shore
As it cuts a swath in the sand so wide
With a boastful surging roar.
But over the bar the waves are less,
Where old ocean salutes the river,
And she gives her all—and he, ah, yes!
What does old ocean give her?

The tale is as old as the oldest hills,
'Twas old when the earth was young,
The gloom of it—aye! the joy of it fills
Love's song wherever it's sung.
'Tis nothing but this: That a river flows
As a woman lives for her lover;
And the sea—who watcheth the water knows
The likeness he shall discover.

THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

HE woos me with those honied words
That women love to hear,
Those gentle flatteries that fall
So sweet on every ear.
He tells me that my face is fair,
Too fair for grief to shade;
My cheek, he says, was never meant
In sorrow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me when I sing
The songs of other days,
And whispers, in love's thrilling tones,
The words of heartfelt praise;
And often in my eye he looks
Some answering love to see.
In vain! he there can only read
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake
With every gentle word;
How, by his looks and tones, the founts
Of tenderness are stirred.
The visions of my youth return,
Joys far too bright to last;
And while he speaks of future bliss,
I think but of the past.

Like lamps in eastern sepulchres,
Amid my heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon my husband's tomb;
And, as those lamps, if brought once more
To upper air, grow dim,
So my soul's love is cold and dead,
Unless it glow for him.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!
To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!
O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!
So long as summer laughs she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings.
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!
It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LOVE MAKES A CHANGE.

"I AM sick of the world," he said:
"I am sick of the world and of life:
Of the double-faced hypocrisy,
And the strain of the godless strife.

"I am sick of the fools that succeed:
I am sick of the sages that fail;
Of the pitiless laughter of wealth,
And of poverty's pitiful wail.

"I am sick of the devils that leer
At innocence passing by;
I will bar my door to the world;
I will lay me down and die."

But there came a change as he spoke,
And the mists were burned away;
And the midnight darkness of his despair
Was turned to jocund day.

And the sun burst forth once more,
Till his glories filled the skies;
And the magical power that wrought the change
Was one look in a woman's eyes.

MILES COPLEY.

LINES BY A CLERK.

OH! I did love her dearly,
And gave her toys and rings,
And I thought she meant sincerely,
When she took my pretty things.
But her heart has grown as icy
As a fountain in the fall,
And her love, that was so spicy,
It did not last at all.

I gave her once a locket,
It was filled with my own hair,
And she put it in her pocket
With very special care.
But a jeweller has got it—
He offered it to me,
And another that is not it
Around her neck I see.

For my cooings and my billings
I do not now complain,
But my dollars and my shillings
Will never come again;
They were earned with toil and sorrow,
But I never told her that,
And now I have to borrow,
And want another hat.

Think, think, thou cruel Emma,
When thou shalt hear my woe,
And know my sad dilemma,
That thou hast made it so.
See, see my beaver rusty,
Look, look upon this hole,
This coat is dim and dusty;
O let it rend thy soul!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OUR YANKEE GIRLS.

LET greener lands and bluer skies,
If such the wide earth shows,
With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes,
Match us the star and rose;
The winds that lift the Georgian's veil,
Or wave Circassia's curls,
Waft to their shores the sultan's sail—
Who buys our Yankee girls?

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch
Love's thousand chords so well;
The dark Italian, loving much,
But more than *one* can tell;
And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed dame,
Who binds her brow with pearls;—
Ye who have seen them, can they shame
Our own sweet Yankee girls?

And what if court or castle vaunt
Its children loftier born?—
Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt
Beside the golden corn?
They ask not for the dainty toil
Of ribboned knights and earls,
The daughters of the virgin soil,
Our freeborn Yankee girls!

By every hill whose stately pines
Wave their dark arms above
The home where some fair being shines,
To warm the wilds with love,
From barest rock to bleakest shore
Where farthest sail unfurls,
That stars and stripes are streaming o'er—
God bless our Yankee girls!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

QUEEN MARY.

[Written by Lord Darnley, in praise of the beauty of Mary, Queen of Scots, before their marriage.]

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
Like common people of the skies,
What are ye when the moon doth rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your purple mantles known,
Like proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are ye when the rose is blown?

Ye wandering chanters of the wood,
That fill the air with nature's lays,
Making your feelings understood
In accents weak—what is your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

Your glancing jewels of the East,
Whose estimation fancies raise,
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
Of glittering gems—what is your praise,
When the bright diamond shows his rays?

But ah, poor light, gem, voice, and sound,
What are ye if my Mary shine?

Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,
Light, lustre, scent, and music tine,
And yield to merit more divine.

The rose and lily, the whole spring,
Unto her breath for sweetness speed;
The diamond darkens in the ring;
When she appears the moon looks dead,
As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

HENRY STUART DARNLEY.

WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE?

"WHY are you wandering here, I pray?"
An old man asked a maid one day.—
"Looking for poppies, so bright and red,
Father," said she, "I'm hither led."
"Fie, fie!" she heard him cry,
"Poppies 'tis known, to all who rove,
Grow in the field, and not in the grove."

"Tell me," again the old man said,
"Why are you loitering here, fair maid?"—
"The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,
Father," said she, "I'm come to hear."
"Fie, fie!" she heard him cry,
"Nightingales all, so people say,
Warble by night, and not by day."

The sage looked grave, the maiden shy,
When Lubin jumped o'er the stile hard by;
The sage looked graver, the maid more glum,
Lubin, he twiddled his finger and thumb.
"Fie, fie!" was the old man's cry;
"Poppies like these, I own, are rare,
And of such nightingales' songs beware!"

JAMES KENNEY.

OH, SAW YE THE LASS?

OH, saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een?
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen;
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween;
She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.

The home of my love is below in the valley,
Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee;
But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen
Is the dear one I love wi' the bonnie blue een.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again;
And when the moon shines on yon valley so green,
I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.

As the dove that has wandered away from his nest
Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.

THE SCENTED VASE.

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own grief to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened the pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear;
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE GOLD-HUNTER.

I GATHERED the gold I had hid in the earth,
Hid over the door and hid under the hearth,
Hoarded and hid, as the world went over,
For the love of a blonde by a sun-browned lover;
And I said to myself, as I set my face
To the east and afar from the desolate place,
"She has braided her tresses, and through tears
Looked away to the west for years, the years
That I have wrought where the sun tans brown;
She has waked by night, she has watched by day,
She has wept and wondered at my delay,
Alone and in tears with her head held down,
Where the ships sail out and the seas swirl in,
Forgetting to knit and refusing to spin.
She shall lift her head, she shall see her lover,
She shall hear his voice like a sea that rushes,
She shall hold his gold in her hands of snow,
And down on his breast she shall hide her blushes,
And never a care shall her true heart know,
While the clods are below or the clouds are above her."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

TILL DEATH.

TAKE me no vows of constancy, dear friend—
To love me, though I die, thy whole life long,
And love no other till thy days shall end—
Nay—it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so;
I would not reach out of my quiet grave
To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go—
Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost I trust, will walk serene
In clearer light than guilds these earthly morns,
Above the jealousies and envies keen
Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy caress,
If, after death, my soul should linger here;
Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,
Love's presence warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe
For my poor sake; what love thou hast for me,
Bestow it ere I go.

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners give
To women's graves—a tardy recompense—
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head,
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;
Let small blooms grow there, and the grasses wave,
And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay
Than I—but, trust me, thou canst never find
One who will love and serve thee, night and day,
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die; the violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss thy tears; ev'n nature's self forgets;
But while I live be true.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

LIKE A TALE OF OLDEN TIME.

AH! 'tis like a tale of olden time,
Long, long ago;
When the world was in its golden prime.
And love was lord below!
Every vein of earth was dancing
With the spring's new wine;
'Twas the pleasant time of flowers
When I met you, love of mine!

Ah! some spirit sure was straying
Out of heaven that day,
When I met you, sweet! a-Maying
In that merry, merry May.
Little heart! it shyly opened
Its red leaves' love lore,
Like a rose that must be ripened
To the dainty, dainty core.

But its beauties daily brightened,
And it blooms so dear,
Though a many winters whiten,
I go Maying all the year.
And my proud heart will be praying
Blessings on the day
When I met you, sweet, a-Maying,
In that merry, merry May.

GERALD MASSEY.

LOVE-LETTERS.

AS snowdrops come to a wintry world
Like angels in the night,
And we see not the Hand who sent us them
Though they give us strange delight:
And strong as the dew to freshen the flower
Or quicken the slumbering seed,
Are those little things called "letters of love,"
To hearts that comfort need.
For alone in the world, midst toil and sin,
These still, small voices wake music within.

They come, they come, these letters of love,
Blessing and being blest,
To silence fear with thoughts of cheer,
That give to the weary rest:
A mother looks out on the angry sea
With a yearning heart in vain,
And a father sits musing over the fire,
As he heareth the wind and the rain;
And a sister sits singing a favorite song,
Unsung for a long, long while,
Till it brings the thought, with a tear to her eye,
Of a brother's vanished smile;
And with hearts and eyes more full than all,
Two lovers look forth for these blessings to fall!

And they come, they come, these letters of love,
Blessing and being blest,
To silence fear with thoughts of cheer,
That give to the weary rest:
Oh! never may we be so lonely in life,
So ruined and lost to love,
That never an olive branch comes to our ark
Of home from some cherished dove;
And never may we, in happiest hours,
Or when our prayers ascend,
Feel that our hearts have grown too cold
For a thought on an absent friend!
For, like summer rain to the fainting flowers,
They are stars to the heart in its darkest hours.

ROWLAND BROWN.

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea:
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light,
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep:
Sweet spirit, meet me then!

There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel, and my dream!
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.

LORD LYTTON.

SERENADE.

LOVE wakes and weeps, while beauty sleeps!
O for music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme for beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

Through groves of palm sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live! No dream can give
A shadowed bliss the real excelling;
No longer sleep; from lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MY LETTER.

I READ it, my letter, my letter, as I sat in my rocky nest;
The waves at my feet were creaming, the wind blew soft from the west;
The sunshine on the tangle-beds was blazing fiercely down,
And as they wavered to and fro, they glowed to golden brown.
I heard the cry of the curlews blend with the breakers' roar,
I took from my breast my letter, and read it yet once more.

I read it, my letter, my letter, as I loitered by the sea,
And as I read, my fancy was flying fast and free,
Away from the sunny seaboard, away from the purple down;
I saw the smoky, sullen streets, I saw the busy town,
I saw the desk with its dusty load, I saw the dreary room,
And I saw the dark blue eyes I knew, outshining in the gloom.

I read it, my letter, my letter, and I saw illumine it,
The graceful phrase, the graphic touch, the flash of ready wit,
The tender lingering o'er the words, that even as he wrote,
Seemed as love hovered over them, their truth and depth to note;
The sweet old words whose iterance, to those that yearn to hear
But deepens ever down and down, and deepening grows more dear.

I read it, my letter, my letter; then softly in fragments small
I tore the precious pages, and stopped to kiss them all;
They were safe and sure, the golden words rewritten in my heart,
It were surely best, in a world of change, with their earthly shrine to part;
So I tore it, my letter, my letter, with a smile, and with a sigh,
And tossed them to the sunny sea, beneath the sunny sky.

To what I have loved so long and well, the flashing, dancing wave,
To the mighty arms of the great north sea, the thing I prized I gave;
It should die, my letter, my letter, no common mortal death,
It should be rocked upon the ocean's breast, lulled by the ocean's breath.
Has a monarch kinglier requiem, a chief a nobler shrine,
Than that I gave my letter from that rocky nest of mine?

A LADY STUNG BY A BEE.

TO heal the wound the bee had made
Upon my Delia's face;
Its honey to the wound she laid
And bid me kiss the place.

Pleased, I obeyed, and from the wound,
Sucked both the sweet and smart;
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting went through my heart.

KITTY MACLURE.

OF the beauties of old
Heathen poets have told,
But I, on the faith of a Christian, more pure,
Abjure all the lays
Of their classical days,
For my own Irish beauty—sweet Kitty Maclure!
Cleopatra, the gipsy—
Ariadne, the tipsy—
Though bumpered by Bacchus in nectar so pure,
Were less worthy a toast
Than the beauty I boast,
So, in bright mountain-dew, here's to Kitty Maclure!

Fair Helen of Greece
And the Roman Lucrece,
Compared with my swan were but geese, I am sure:
What poet could speak
Of a beauty antique,
Compared with my young one—sweet Kitty Maclure?
Oh, sweet Kitty,
So pretty, so witty,
To melt you to pity what flames I endure;
While I sigh forth your name,
It increases my flame,
Till I'm turned into cinders for Kitty Maclure!

This world below here
Is but darksome and drear,
So I set about finding for darkness a cure,
And I got the sweet knowledge
From Cupid's own college—
'Twas light from the eyes of sweet Kitty Maclure.
If all the dark pages
Of all the dark ages
Were bound in one volume, you might be secure
To illumine them quite,
With the mirth-giving light
That beams from the eyes of sweet Kitty Maclure!

As Cupid, one day,
Hide-and-seek went to play,
He knew where to hide himself, sly and secure;
So away the rogue dashes
To hide 'mid the lashes
That fringe the bright eyes of sweet Kitty Maclure.
She thought 'twas a fly
That got into her eye,
So she winked—for the tickling she could not endure;
But love would not fly
At her winking so sly,
And still lurks in the eye of sweet Kitty Maclure.

SAMUEL LOVER.

LOVE'S SWEET MEMORIES.

CANST thou forget, beloved, our first awaking
From out the shadowy calms of doubts and dreams,
To know love's perfect sunlight round us breaking,
Bathing our beings in its gorgeous gleams?
Canst thou forget?

A sky of rose and gold was o'er us glowing,
Around us was the morning breath of May;
Then met our soul-tides, thence together flowing,
Then kissed our thought-waves, mingling on their way;
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget the child-like heart-outpouring
Of her whose fond faith knew no faltering fears?
The lashes dropped to veil her eyes' adoring,
Her speaking silence, and her blissful tears?
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget, though all love's spells be broken,
The wild farewell, which rent our souls apart?
And that last gift, affection's holiest token,
The severed tresses, which lay upon thy heart?
Canst thou forget?

SARAH J. LIPPINCOTT (*Grace Greenwood*).

WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

GONE from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her breath has lost all its faint perfume,
And the gloss hath dropped from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sat on her soft blue eye
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that played on her lip hath fled,
And every grace hath now left the dead.

Like slaves they obeyed her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintery hour;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrank from the tone of her last sad sigh:—
And this is man's fidelity.

'Tis woman alone, with a firmer heart,
Can see all her idols of life depart,
And love the more; and soothe, and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

LOVE AND DEATH.

MIGHTY ones. Love and death!
Ye are the strong in this world of ours,
Ye meet at the banquet, ye strive midst the flowers:—
Which hath the conqueror's wreath?

Thou art the victor, love!
Thou art the peerless, the crowned, the free;
The strength of the battle is given to thee—
The spirit from above.

Thou hast looked on death and smiled!
Thou hast buoyed up the fragile and reed-like form
Through the tide of the fight, through the rush of the storm,
On field, and flood, and wild.

Thou hast stood on the scaffold alone;
Thou hast watched by the wheel through the torture hour,
And girt thy soul with a martyr's power,
Till the conflict hath been won.

No, thou art the victor, death!
Thou comest—and where is that which spoke
From the depths of the eye, when the bright soul woke?
Gone with the flitting breath.

Thou comest, and what is left
Of all that loved us, to say if aught
Yet loves, yet answers the burning thought
Of the spirit lorn and reft?

Silence is where thou art:
Silently those dearest kindred meet;
No glance to cheer, no voice to greet,
No bounding of heart to heart.

Boast not thy victory, death!
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's power;
It is but as the winter's leaf and flower,
That slumber the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign
O'er the look and the soul which he bids be still:
But the sleepless thought and the fiery will
Are not for him to chain.

They shall soar his might above:
And so with the realm whence affection springs,
Though buried it is of mortal things—
Thou art the victor, love!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

SO, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me
All alone by myself in this place.
But I'm sure you will never deceive me,
Oh no, if there's truth in that face.
Though England's a beautiful city,
Full of illigant boys, oh what then—
You wouldn't forget your poor Terence,
You'll come back to ould Ireland again?

Och, those English! deceivers by nature,
Though maybe you'd think them sincere,
They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,
But don't you believe them, my dear.
No, Kathleen, my love, don't be minding
The flattering speeches they'll make;
Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland
Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's a folly to keep you from going,
Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case—
For, Kathleen, you know, there's no knowing
When next I shall see your sweet face.
And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
None the better will I be off, then—
You'll be spaking such beautiful English,
Sure, I won't know my Kathleen again.

Eh, now, where's the need of this hurry—
Don't flutter me so in this way—
I've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
Every word I was maning to say;
Now just wait a minute, I bid ye—
Can I talk if ye bother me so?

Oh, Kathleen, my blessing go wid ye,
Ev'ry inch of the way that you go.

HELEN SHERIDAN DUFFERIN.

MY OWN SHALL COME.

SERENE I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me,
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Or change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up the fruit of tears.

The planets know their own and draw,
The tide turns to the sea;
I stand serene midst nature's law
And know my own shall come to me.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The dews fall on the lea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

MY MOTHER DEAR.

THERE was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales did tell,
And gentle words and fond embrace were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place—upon my mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night," she softly said,
And kissed and laid me down to sleep, within my tiny bed,
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of ev'ry time,
When doubt and danger weighed me down—then pleading, all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven that bent my mother's knee.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE GOING OF MY BRIDE.

BY the brink of the river our parting was fond,
But I whispered the words soft and low;
For a band of bright angels were waiting beyond,
And my bride of a day was to go:

'Was to go from our shore, with its headland of years,
On a water whose depths were untold;
And the boat was to float on this river of tears,
Till it blent with an ocean of gold.

Our farewell was brief as the fall of a tear—
The minutes like winged spirits flew,
When my bride whispered low that a shallop drew near,
And the beck of the boatman she knew.

Then I spoke in one kiss all the passion of years,
For I knew that our parting was nigh;
Yet I saw not the end—I was blinded by tears,
And a light had gone out from the sky.

But I caught the faint gleam of an outdrifting sail,
And the dip of a silver-tipped oar;
And knew, by the low, rustling sigh of the gale,
That a spirit had gone from the shore.

All alone in my grief, I now sit on the sand,
Where so often she sat by my side;
And I long for the shallop to come to the strand,
That again I may sit by my bride.

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

Mother.

NOW what are you crying for, Nelly?
Don't be blubberin' there, like a fool—
With the weight o' the grief, 'faith I tell you,
You'll break down the three leggéd stool.
I suppose, now, you're crying for Barney,
But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say,
He tells nothin' but big lies and blarney—
Sure you know how he sarved poor Kate Kearney.

Daughter.

But, mother—

Mother.

Oh, bother!

Daughter.

But, mother, he's going away;
And I dreamt th' other night,
Of his ghost all in white—
Oh, mother, he's going away!

Mother.

If he's goin' away all the betther—
Blesséd hour when he's out of your sight!
There's one comfort—you can't get a letther,
For yiz neither can read or can write.
Sure, 'twas only last week you protested,
Since he coorted fat Jinny M'Cray,
That the sight of the scamp you detested—
With abuse, sure, your tongue never rested—

Daughter.

But, mother—

Mother.

Oh, bother!

Daughter.

But, mother, he's going away;
And I dream of his ghost,
Walking round my bedpost—
Oh, mother, he's going away!

SAMUEL LOVER.

A SPRING LOVE-SONG.

THE earth is waking at the voice of May,
The new grass brightens by the trodden way,
The woods wave welcome to the sweet spring day,
And the sea is growing summer blue;
But fairer, sweeter than the smiling sky,
Or bashful violet with tender eye,
Is she whose love for me will never die—
I love you, darling, only you!

O, friendships falter when misfortunes frown,
The blossoms vanish when the leaves turn brown,
The shells lie stranded when the tide goes down,
But you, dear heart, are ever true.
The grass grows greenest when the rain-drops fall,
The vine clasps closest to the crumbling wall—
So love blooms sweetest under sorrow's thrall—
I love you, darling, only you!

The early robin may forget to sing,
The loving mosses may refuse to cling,
Or the brook to tinkle at the call of spring,
But you, dear heart, are ever true.
Let the silver mingle with your curls of gold,
Let the years grow dreary and the world wax old,
But the love I bear for you will ne'er grow cold—
I love you, darling, only you!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

WATCHING.

THY smile is sad, Elella,
Too sad for thee to wear,
For scarcely have we yet untwined
The rosebuds from thy hair!

So, dear one, hush thy sobbing,
And let thy tears be dried—
Methinks thou shouldst be happier,
Three little months a bride!

Hark! how the winds are heaping
The snow-drifts cold and white—
The clouds like spectres cross the sky—
Oh, what a lonesome night!

The hour grows late and later,
I hear the midnight chime:
Thy heart's fond keeper, where is he?
Why comes he not?—'tis time!

Here make my heart thy pillow,
And, if the hours seem long,
I'll while them with a legend wild,
Or fragment of old song—

Or read, if that will soothe thee,
Some poet's pleasant rhymes:
Oh, I have watched and waited thus,
I cannot tell the times!

Hush, hark! across the neighboring hills
I hear the watchdog bay—
Stir up the fire, and trim the lamp,
I'm sure he's on the way!

Could that have only been the winds,
So like a footstep near?
No, smile, Elella, smile again,
He's coming home—he's here!

ALICE CAREY.

NINA TO RIENZI.

LEAVE thee, Rienzi! Speak not thus.
Why should I quit thy side?
Say, shall I shrink with craven fear,
Thine own, and freedom's bride?
Whence comes the sternness on thy lip—
Needs Nina to be tried?

I leave thee! eidst thou win and wed
A fond, w[illegible]k girl—to twine
Her arms [illegible]d thee in thy joy—
To press [illegible] lips to thine,
And breathe a love born of the heart,
But not the soul divine!

To thrill with childish awe, whene'er
Thy brow grew dark with thought,
And when the threat'ning lightnings gleamed
Thy dark'ning sky athwart,
Shrink from the crash, and leave thee lone,
Amid the wrecks it wrought!

Am I not thine—wedded to thee
In heart, and soul, and mind—
Thou, and free Rome, within my breast
As on one altar shrined—
My destiny, my very life
Closely with thine entwined!

Thou calledst me thine, when freemen flung
Fame's laurel on thy brow;

And am I less thine own—my love
Less fondly cherished now,
When Rome dishonoring miscreants dare
That fame to disavow!

Look in mine eyes! thou know'st thy love
Has been to me a heaven,
In which my soul has floated, like
The one pure star of even—
Proud in the lofty consciousness
Of glory gained and given.

Nay, strive not to look coldly, love,
Thou reckst not of the power
With which my heart will cling to thine
In mad misfortune's hour—
Glowing more bright its changeless truth
As darker storms shall lower.

And oh, Rienzi! should Heaven deem
Thy sacred mission done,
How glorious 'twere to die with thee,
My own, my worshipped one—
As, bathed in living light, the day
Dies with the setting sun!

ANNA H. PHILLIPS

THE LOVERS.

THOU marvelest why so oft her eyes
Fill with the heavy dew of tears—
Have I not told thee that there lies
A shadow darkly on her years?
Life was to her one sunny whole,
Made up of visions fancy wove,
Till that the waters of her soul
Were troubled by the touch of love.
I knew when first the sudden pause
Upon her spirit's sunshine fell—
Alas! I little guessed the cause,
'Twas hidden in her heart so well:
Our lives since early infancy
Had flowed as rills together flow,
And now to hide her thought from me
Was bitterer than to tell its woe.

One night, when clouds with anguish black
A tempest in her bosom woke,
She crushed the bitter tear-drops back,
And told me that her heart was broke!
I learned it when the autumn hours
With wailing winds around us sighed—
'Twas summer when her love's young flowers
Burst into glorious life, and died:
No—now I can remember well,
'Twas the soft month of sun and shower;
A thousand times I've heard her tell
The season, and the very hour:
For now, whene'er the tear-drops start,
As if to ease its throbbing pain,
She leans her head up[illegible]n my heart
And tells the very [illegible]le again.

'Tis something of a moon, that beamed
  Upon her weak and trembling form,
And one beside, on whom she leaned,
  That scarce had stronger heart or arm—
Of souls united there until
  Death the last ties of life shall part,
And a fond kiss whose rapturous thrill
  Still vibrates softly in her heart.

It is an era strange, yet sweet,
Which every woman's thought has known,
When first her young heart learns to beat
  To the soft music of a tone—
That era when she first begins
  To know, what love alone can teach,
That there are hidden depths within,
  Which friendship never yet could reach:
And all earth has of bitter woe,
  Is light beside her hopeless doom,
Who sees love's first sweet star below
  Fade slowly till it sets in gloom:
There may be heavier grief to move
  The heart that mourns an idol dead,
But one who weeps a living love
  Has surely little left to dread.

I cannot tell why love so true
  As theirs, should only end in gloom—
Some mystery that I never knew
  Was woven darkly with their doom:
I only know their dream was vain,
  And that they woke to find it past,
And when by chance they met again,
  It was not as they parted last.
His was not faith that lightly dies,
  For truth and love as clearly shone
In the blue heaven of his soft eyes,
  As the dark midnight of her own:
And therefore heaven alone can tell
  What are his living visions now;
But hers—the eye can read too well
  The language written on her brow.

In the soft twilight, dim and sweet,
  Once, watching by the lattice pane,
She listened for his coming feet,
  For whom she never looked in vain:
Then hope shone brightly on her brow,
  That had not learned its after fears—
Alas! she cannot sit there now,
  But that her dark eyes fill with tears!
And every woodland pathway dim,
  And bower of roses cool and sweet,
That speak of vanished days and him,
  Are spots forbidden to her feet.
No thought within her bosom stirs,
  But wakes some feeling dark and dread
God keep thee from a doom like hers—
  Of living when the hopes are dead!

PHŒBE CAREY.

LOVE AND FAME.

IT had passed in all its grandeur, that sounding summer shower,
  Had paid its pearly tribute to each fair expectant flower,
And while a thousand sparklers danced lightly on the spray,
Close folded to a rosebud's heart one tiny rain-drop lay.

Throughout each fevered petal had the heaven-brought freshness gone,
They had mingled dew and fragrance till their very souls were one;
The bud its love in perfume breathed, till its pure and starry guest
Grew glowing as the life-hue of the lips it fondly pressed.

He dreamed away the hours with her, his gentle bride and fair,
No thought filled his young spirit, but to dwell forever there,
While ever bending wakefully, the bud a fond watch kept,
For fear the envious zephyrs might steal him as he slept.

But forth from out his tent of clouds in burnished armor bright,
The conquering sun came proudly in the glory of his might,
And, like some grand enchanter, resumed his wand of power,
And shed the splendor of his smile on lake, and tree, and flower.

Then, peering through the shadowy leaves, the rain-drop marked on high,
A many-hued triumphal arch span all the eastern sky—
He saw his glittering comrades all wing their joyous flight,
And stand—a glorious brotherhood—to form that bow of light!

Aspiring thoughts his spirit thrilled—"Oh, let me join them, love!
I'll set thy beauty's impress on yon bright arch above,
And, as a world's admiring gaze is raised to iris fair,
'Twill deem my own dear rosebud's tint the loveliest color there!"

The gentle bud released her clasp—swift as a thought he flew,
And brightly 'mid that glorious band he soon was glowing too—
All quivering with delight to feel that she, his rose-bud bride,
Was gazing, with a swelling heart, on this, his hour of pride!

But the shadowy night came down at last—the glittering bow was gone,
One little hour of triumph was all the drop had won:
He had lost the warm and tender glow, his distant bud-love's hue,
And he sought her sadly sorrowing—a tear-dimmed star of dew.

ANNA H. PHILLIPS.

LOVE RULES.

IN peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,
And men below and saints above:
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And, with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

THOMAS MOORE.

I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL.

OH, I'm not myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
I'm not myself at all!
Nothin' carin', nothin' knowin',
'Tis afther you I'm goin',
Faith your shadow 'tis I'm growin',
Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
Th' other day I went confessin',
And I ask'd the father's blessin';
"But," says I, "don't give me one intirely,
For I fretted so last year
But the half o' me is here,
So give the other half to Molly Brierly."[20]
Oh, I'm not myself at all!

Oh, I'm not myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
My appetite's so small.
I once could pick a goose,
But my buttons is no use,
Faith my tightest coat is loose,
Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
If thus it is I waste,
You'd betther, dear, make haste,
Before your lover's gone away intirely;
If you don't soon change your mind,
Not a bit of me you'll find—
And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierly?—
Oh, I'm not myself at all!

Oh, my shadow on the wall,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
Isn't like myself at all.
For I've got so very thin,
Myself says 'tisn't him,
But that purty girl so slim,
Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
If thus I smaller grew,
All fretting, dear, for you,
'Tis you should make me up the deficiency:
So just let Father Taaff
Make you my betther half,
And you will not the worse of the addition be—
Oh, I'm not myself at all!

I'll be not myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
Till you my own I call!
Since a change o'er me there came,
Sure you might change your name—
And 'twould just come to the same,
Molly dear,
'Twould just come to the same:
For, if you and I were one,
All confusion would be gone,
And 'twould simplify the matther intirely;
And 'twould save us so much bother,
When we'd both be one another—
So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly;
Oh, I'm not myself at all!

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

MY EYES! HOW I LOVE YOU!

MY eyes! how I love you,
You sweet little dove you!
There's no one above you,
Most beautiful Kitty.

So glossy your hair is,
Like a sylph's or a fairy's;
And your neck, I declare, is
Exquisitely pretty.

Quite Grecian your nose is
And your cheeks are like roses,
So delicious—O Moses!
Surpassingly sweet!

Not the beauty of tulips,
Nor the taste of mint-juleps,
Can compare with your two lips,
Most beautiful Kate!

Not the black eyes of Juno,
Nor Minerva's of blue, no,
Nor Venus's, you know,
Can equal your own!

O, how my heart prances,
And frolics and dances,
When its radiant glances
Upon me are thrown!
And now, dearest Kitty,
It's not very pretty,
Indeed it's a pity,
To keep me in sorrow!

So, if you'll but chime in,
We'll have done with our rhymin',
Swap Cupid for Hymen,
And be married to-morrow.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

THE BURIAL.

WE laid her in the hallowed place
Beside the solemn deep,
Where the old woods by Greenwood's shore
Keep watch o'er those who sleep:

We laid her there—the young and fair,
The guileless, cherished one—
As if a part of life itself
With her we loved were gone.

Like to the flowers she lived and bloomed,
As bright and pure as they;
And like a flower the blight had touched,
She early passed away.

Oh, none might know her but to love,
Nor name her but to praise,
Who only love for others knew
Through life's brief vernal days.

ELIZABETH F. ELLET

HEROISM AND FREEDOM.

AMERICA.



Y country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

PRINCE EUGENE.

PRINCE EUGENE, our noble leader,
Made a vow in death to bleed, or
Win the emperor back Belgrade:
"Launch pontoons, let all be ready
To bear our ordnance safe and steady
Over the Danube"—thus he said.

There was mustering on the border
When our bridge in marching order
Breasted first the roaring stream;
Then at Semlin, vengeance breathing,
We encamped to scourge the heathen
Back to Mahound, and fame redeem.

'Twas on August one-and-twenty,
Scouts and glorious tidings plenty
Galloped in, through storm and rain:
Turks, they swore, three hundred thousand
Marched to give our prince a rouse, and
Dared us forth to battle-plain.

Then at Prince Eugene's head-quarters
Met our fine old fighting Tartars,
Generals and field marshals all;
Every point of war debated,
Each in his turn the signal waited,
Forth to march and on to fall.

For the onslaught all were eager
When the word sped round our leaguer:
"Soon as the clock chimes twelve to-night
Then, bold hearts, sound boot and saddle,
Stand to your arms, and on to battle,
Every one that has hands to fight!"

Our cannoneers, those ough old heroes,
Struck a lusty peal to cheer us,
Firing ordnance great and small;
Right and left our cannon thundered,
Till the pagans quaked, and wondered,
And by platoons began to fall.

On the right, like a lion angered,
Bold Eugene cheered on the bold vanguard;
Ludovic spurred up and down,
Crying "On, boys; every hand to 't;
Brother Germans nobly stand to 't;
Charge them home, for our old renown!"

Gallant prince! he spoke no more; he
Fell in early youth and glory,
Struck from his horse by some curst ball
Great Eugene long sorrowed o'er him,
For a brother's love he bore him;
Every soldier mourned his fall.

In Waradin we laid his ashes;
Cannon peals and musket flashes
O'er his grave due honors paid:
Then, the old black eagle flying,
All the pagan powers defying,
On we marched and stormed Belgrade.

JOHN HUGHES.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

REMEMBER thee? yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

THOMAS MOORE.

WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Where hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection's might?
A reed, upborne
By an o'ermaturing current!

GENTLE and lovely form,
What didst thou here,
When the fierce battle storm
Bore down the spear?

Banner and shivered crest
Beside thee strown,
Tell that amidst the best
Thy work was done!

Low lies the stately head,
Earth bound the free:
How gave those haughty dead
A place to thee?

Slumberer! thine early bier
Friends should have crowned,
Many a flower and tear
Shedding around.

Soft voices, dear and young,
Mingling their swell,
Should o'er thy dust have sung
Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave
Of thy repose,
Should have bid violets wave
With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note
Savage and shrill,
For requiem o'er thee float,
Thou fair and still!

And the swift charger sweep,
In full career,
Trampling thy place of sleep—
Why camest thou here?

Why?—Ask the true heart why
Woman hath been
Ever, where brave men die,
Unshrinking seen?

Unto this harvest ground
Proud reapers came,
Some for that stirring sound,
A warrior's name;

Some for the stormy play,
And joy of strife,
And some to fling away
A weary life.

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,
With the slight frame,
And the rich locks, whose glow
Death cannot tame;

Only one thought, one power,
Thee could have led,
So through the tempest's hour
To lift thy head!

Only the true, the strong,
The love, whose trust
Woman's deep soul too long
Pours on the dust.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

MAD ANTHONY'S CHARGE.

The capture of the fort at Stony Point, on the Hudson forty-two miles above New York, by General Wayne, July 16, 1779, is justly considered one of the most brilliant exploits performed during the Revolutionary War.

CLOSE beside the River Hudson stood a fortress large and strong;
But the foeman, the dread British, held that fort and held it long;
Patriots in vain might storm it, there it stood so grim and tall;
Piled behind the sullen breastwork lay the powder and the ball.

It was in a time of trouble, and our nation was pressed sore;
Clothed in bloodshed, through the country, stalked the cruel tyrant, War,
Leaving many a mark of anguish, leaving many a bitter trace,
In the pain and in the sorrow seen on every anxious face.

Husbands, fathers, sons and brothers; these had perished in the fight,
Battling for their God and country, for our freedom and the right!
But there still were trusty patriots, who were yet within the field.
They had shed their blood already, they would rather die than yield.

There was one among the soldiers who had longed the fort to gain;
He had never yet been vanquished—brave, headstrong Anthony Wayne.

Washington, his chieftain, questioned whether he the fort could take,
And he answered: "General, listen. I'd storm —— for freedom's sake!"

'Twas in summer, and the broiling sun was beating fiercely down
On the tents pitched in the meadow, on the breastwork huge and brown.
By the ramparts of the fortress, with his rifle at his side,
Stood the watchful English picket, and the distant tents he eyed.

With his pistols in the holster and his sword clasped in his hand,
Seated on his veteran charger, General Wayne rang out command.
From the huts and tents surrounding, with the rifle, pistol, sword,
Clustering round their dauntless leader, came the ready, anxious horde.

"Fix your bayonets—empty rifles! Fire not a shot to-day;
By the steel upon our muskets we must conquer in this fray!"
With their bayonets fixed and steady, swords and barrels gleaming bright,
Stood they waiting for the signal—eager to commence the fight.

Some were veterans of the army, they for years had followed war;
Others were but just recruited, they had never fought before.
Looking at the upturned faces, Wayne cried, "Let our motto be:
To the one who fights for freedom, God will give the victory!"

Belched the cannon's fire and thunder, burst the shells to left and right;
Through the smoke and din of battle, charged the heroes in their might;
And the groans of dying comrades heard they, yet they passed them by,
Though their hearts grew faint within them, as they left them there to die!

Suddenly a rifle bullet, whistling from the British hold,
Struck the General in the forehead, headlong fell the leader bold;
From the lips grown pale so quickly issued forth a feeble moan;
On the hill the deadly cannons boomed their answer to his groan.

With their faces stern and anxious, gathered round his trusty men;
He, by sturdy arms supported, staggered to his feet again.

"It is nothing but a flesh wound, 'tis no time to falter now—
Stony Point must yet be taken, or I die to keep my vow."

Forward through the din of battle, on their shoulders bore they him,
Each man grasping tight his musket, charging still with glorious vim!
Though the cannons roared the louder, and the bullets rattled fast,
Not one ever stopped or faltered while their life and strength might last.

Ah! what scenes of death and suffering, and of agonizing pain;
Ah! what lives to freedom given! for they died that she might reign.
Patriots, falling from the bullets, left their life-blood, warm and red,
On the soil which they had fought for, while their comrades onward sped.

British cheeks grew pale with terror, as their foemen nearer came;
They had raised a demon in them, those were wild who once were tame.
Right before the fearful cannon, in their fury charged our men;
Sprung they bravely on the ramparts—backward fell the tyrants then.

Over all the fallen corpses brave old Anthony was borne,
With his blood still downward trickling, and his clothing pierced and torn,
High upon the trampled breastwork were the mangled bodies piled;
Now our men were on the red coats, for despair had made them wild.

A few moments' fiercest fighting, and the bloody deed was done;
Many patriots were dying, but the victory was won.
Though their wounds were gaping, bleeding, yet they showed they could be free—
"To the one who fights for freedom, God will give the victory!"

Yes, beside the River Hudson, stands that fortress there to-day,
And its walls are as defiant as when captured in that fray.
Since the day that it was taken, we have held it as our own,
Though old Anthony, who took it, lies beneath the sod alone.

Honor be to those brave soldiers who gave up their lives so true,
That the blessèd light of freedom might shine all our country through.

Honor be to that brave General who through valor won the fray,
At the capture of the fortress which I tell you of to-day.

ALEXANDER N. EASTON.

A PAIR OF GLOVES.

"THESE gloves? I bought them for my wedding day—
But she was false—I thought her white as snow;
She wasn't worth it, though for mem'ry's sake
I've kept them since—I couldn't let them go."

Young, yet old—a colonel of the line—
He told the story just at break of day,
When in the distance scattered roar and boom
Told of the dread commencement of the fray.

"I'll wear them at my marriage yet," he laughed,
And soldier-like, with hat off, to his lips—
God knew his heart—he lifted them with grace,
And kissed them as fair lady's finger-tips.

'Twas on the field of Weissembourg. He fell
With "Vive la France" yet trembling on his breath;
Smiling he lay, the white gloves on his hands;
He'd wed with honor, but his bride was death.

AN ODE IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, discretion, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this Heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

RECITATIVE.

O'ER Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppressed,
Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years
Whose leaves are watered by a nation's tears.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay;
Each heart was bounding then.
We scorned the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.

Our Nelson marked them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home and beauty.
Along the line this signal ran:
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore;
Brave Nelson led the way:
His ship the Victory named;
Long be that Victory famed!
For victory crowned the day.

But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home, and beauty.
He cried, as midst the fire he ran,
"England shall find that every man
This day will do his duty!"

At last the fatal wound
Which shed dismay around,
The hero's breast received:
"Heav'n fights upon our side;
The day's our own!" he cried:
"Now long enough I've lived.

"In honor's cause my life was passed,
In honor's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty!"
Thus ending life as he began;
England confessed that every man
That day had done his duty.

S. J. ARNOLD.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

POINT to the summits where the brave have bled,
Where every village claims its glorious dead;
Say, when their bosoms met the bayonet's shock,
Their only corselet was the rustic frock;
Say, when they mustered to the gathering horn,
The titled chieftain curled his lip in scorn,
Yet, when their leader bade his lines advance,
No musket wavered in the lion's glance;
Say, when they fainted in the forced retreat,
They tracked the snow-drifts with their bleeding feet,
Yet still their banners, tossing in the blast,
Bore *Ever Ready*, faithful to the last,
Through storm and battle, till they waved again
On Yorktown's hills and Saratoga's plain!

Then, if so fierce the insatiate patriot's flame,
Truth looks too pale, and history seems too tame,
Bid him await some new Columbiad's page,
To gild the tablets of an iron age,
And save his tears, which yet may fall upon
Some fabled field, some fancied Washington!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE SILENT BRAVE.

NOW sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

BACK FROM THE WAR.

THE spring day was all of a flutter with flags;
The mad chimes were beating like surf in the air;
The beggars had slunk out of sight with their rags;
And the balconies teemed with the rich and the fair.

And below, on each side, the long vistas were set
In the framework of faces, patient and white—
Wives, mothers, sweethearts, with full eyes wet,
And sick hearts longing to see the sight.

Till at length, when the evening was waning, there ran
A stir through the crowd, and far-off, like a flame,
The setting sun burned on the helms of the van,
And with trampling of hoofs the proud conquerors came.

And with every step they advanced, you might hear
Women's voices, half-maddened with long-deferred joy;
"Thank God! he is safe. See, my love, we are here!
See! here am I, darling; and this is our boy!"

Or, "Here am I, dearest, still faithful and true;
Your own love as of old!" Or an agonized cry,
As the loved face comes not with the comrades she knew,
And the rough soldiers find not a word to reply.

And pitiful hands lead her softly away,
With a loving heart rent and broken in twain;
And the triumph sweeps onward, in gallant array—
The life and the hope, the despair and the pain.

Where was it? In Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome?
Ages since, or to-day; in the old world, or new?
Who shall tell? From all times these strange histories come;
And to-day, as of old, the same story is true.

And the long line sweeps past, and the dull world rolls on,
Though the rapture is dead and the sad tears are dry;
And careless of all, till the progress be done,
Life rides like a conqueror triumphing by.

LEWIS MORRIS.

THE BANNER OF MURAT

FOREMOST among the first,
And bravest of the brave!
Where'er the battle's fury burst,
Or rolled its purple wave—
There flashed his glance, like a meteor,
As he charged the foe afar;
And the snowy plume his helmet bore
Was the banner of Murat!

Mingler on many a field
Where rung wild victory's peal!
That fearless spirit was like a shield—
A panoply of steel;
For very joy in a glorious name
He rushed where danger stood:
And that banner-plume, like a winged flame,
Streamed o'er the field of blood!

His followers loved to gaze
On his form with a fierce delight,
As it towered above the battle's blaze,
A pillar midst the fight;
And eyes looked up, ere they closed in death,
Through the thick and sulphury air—

And lips shrieked out, with their parting breath,
"The lily plume is there!"

A cloud is o'er him now—
For the peril-hour hath come—
And he stands with his high, unshaded brow,
On the fearful spot of doom!
Away! no screen for a soldier's eye—
No fear his soul appalls:
A rattling peal, and a shuddering cry,
And bannerless he falls!

PROSPER M. WETMORE.

ELIZA AT THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

NOW stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of honor dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.

Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, "They run!—they run!"
"He's safe!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"

A ball now hisses through the airy tides
(Some fury wings it, and some demon guides),
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck:
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
"Ah me!" she cried; and, sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound:
"Oh cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn,
Wait, gushing life, oh wait my love's return!"

Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,
The angel pity shuns the walks of war!—
"Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes:
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
"Eliza" echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood—
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!

Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds.
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand;
"Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand."

Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers pressed,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast.
"Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake:
Why do you weep? Mamma will soon awake."
—"She'll wake no more!" the hapless mourner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands, and sighed;
Stretched on the ground, a while entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild, convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart;
"Oh heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms,
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE SPARTAN'S MARCH.

The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle, says Thucydides, because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging-step was made to the "Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders." The valor of the Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steed too proud for the spur.

'TWAS morn upon the Grecian hills,
Where the peasants dressed the vines,
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,
Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly, through the reeds and flowers,
Eurotas wandered by,
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunters' choral strain
To the woodland-goddess poured?
Did virgin hands in Pallas' fane
Strike the full-sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the stream,
Spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious beam
To the morn of a fearful day!

And the mountain-echoes of the land
Swelled through the deep-blue sky,
While to soft strains moved forth a band
Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's blast,
Nor bade the horn peal out,
And the laurel-groves, as on they passed,
Rung with no battle-shout!

They asked no clarion's voice to fire
Their souls with an impulse high;
But the Dorian reed and Spartan lyre
For the sons of liberty!

And still sweet flutes, their path around,
Sent forth Æolian breath;
They needed not a sterner sound
To marshal them for death!

So moved they calmly to their field,
Thence never to return,
Save bearing back the Spartan shield,
Or on it proudly borne!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

These admirable stanzas are supposed to be spoken by the young Prince Charles Edward, when wandering in the Highlands of Scotland, after his fatal defeat at Culloden.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear through the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are numbered by care?
No flowers gaily springing, no birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king or a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn;
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn:
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

ROBERT BURNS.

CONCORD HYMN.

Sung at the completion of the Concord Monument, April 19, 1836

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;

That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"MOVE my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey—
Massa won't be with you long:
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I've loved so long and well,
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and stripes on sloop and shallop
Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old massa's waiting
For death's last despatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer;
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shout and point to union colors
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey,
But ole darkey's happy here,
Where he's tended corn and cotton
For dese many a long-gone year.
Over yonder missis' sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me:
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

"'Pears like she was watching massa;
If Pompey should beside him stay,
Mebbe she'd remember better
How for him she used to pray—
Telling him that 'way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
Ransomed by the Lord of heaven,
Out of life in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.

Then a silence fell around them
As they gazed on rock and tree,
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee.

Master, dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
Where he bid the haughty Tarleton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride;
Man, remembering how yon sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervain of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silver hair;
Still the bondman, close beside him,
Stands behind the old arm-chair;
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland, boldly jutting,
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches; cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain-crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever,
To the river's yielding breast.
Ha! above the foliage yonder,
Something flutters wild and free!
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin-door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you,—
Give a freeman's shout with me!
'God and Union!' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee!"

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
Glided to that better land.
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ring-dove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

YE sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights which unstained from your sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has brought,
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended.

'Mid the reign of mild peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of commerce should never be hurled,
To increase the legitimate powers of the ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade;
For ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And bartered their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution,
May peace, like the dove who returned from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild Constitution.
But though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms:
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms—
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a provision.
While with patriot pride,
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide:
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;
But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend
From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let our patriots destroy anarch's pestilent worm,
Lest our liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us: we heed not the storm;
Our realm feels no shock but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main;
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever:
Her pride are her statesmen—their laws are her choice,
And shall flourish till liberty slumbers forever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR.

REVEILLE.

THE morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.
Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.
Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and your friends all night;
You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright:

Come, part with them all for a while again—
Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
You have dreamed full long I know,
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
The east is all aglow.
Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;
And out on the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Every man in his place.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Each with a cheerful face.
Fall in! fall in!

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FURL that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:
Furl it, fold it—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high;
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that banner—furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foemen's swords could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
And that flag should wave forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it!—for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe;
For though conquered, they adore it—
Love the cold dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And oh, wildly they deplore it
Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must!

Furl that banner, softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever—
For its people's hopes are fled.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

GRECIAN LIBERTY.

The following were the last lines of their gifted author and were devoted to Grecian independence, the cause which inspired some of his most spirited stanzas.

'TIS time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
Is like to some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze,
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here,
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece about us see;
The Spartan borne upon the shield
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece—she is awake!
Awake, my spirit! think through whom
My life-blood tastes its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! unto thee,
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth—why live?
The land of honorable death
Is here—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest!

LORD BYRON.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

SCION of a mighty stock!
Hands of iron—hearts of oak—
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led.

Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth! are not for thee;
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the God within thee leads!

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts—
These shall be thy only arts:

Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle-plain,
Ready at the country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed!

Where the dews of night distil
Upon Vernon's holy hill;
Where above it, gleaming far,
Freedom lights her guiding star:

Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high;
Thither, with devotion meet,
Often turn the pilgrim feet!

Let the noble motto be,
God—the country—liberty!
Planted on religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger far or near!
Spurn at baseness—spurn at fear!
Still, with persevering might,
Speak the truth, and do the right.

So shall peace, a charming guest,
Dove-like in thy bosom rest;
So shall honor's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days.

Happy if celestial favor
Smile upon the high endeavor;
Happy if it be thy call
In the holy cause to fall.

ALEXANDER HILL EVERETT.

FOR COUNTRY'S SAKE.

FAR dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame.

THOMAS MOORE.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The English National Anthem (which, as a merely literary production, is hardly entitled to notice) is generally attributed to Dr. John Bull (1591), professor of music, Oxford, and chamber musician to James I. Henry Carey's son claimed it as the production of his father, whose granddaughter, Alice Carey, was the mother of Edmund Kean, the actor. The germ of the song is to be found in one which Sir Peter Carew used to sing before Henry VIII.—Chorus:

"And I said, Good Lord, defend
England with thy most holy hand,
And save noble Henry our King."

GOD save our gracious King!
Long live our noble King!
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us!
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise!
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks:
On him our hopes we fix—
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

HENRY CAREY.

TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

FROM "WILLIAM TELL."

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free! Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
How do you look, for all your baréd brows,
More gorgeously majestical than kings
Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mine!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear

Of awe divine; whose subject never kneels
In mockery, because it is your boast
To keep him free! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free! I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

"GIVE me but two brigades," said Hooker,
frowning at fortified Lookout,
"And I'll engage to sweep yon mountain
clear of that mocking rebel rout!"
At early morning came an order that set the general's
face aglow;
"Now," said he to his staff, "draw out my soldiers.
Grant says that I may go!"
Hither and thither dashed each eager colonel to join
his regiment,
While a low rumor of the daring purpose ran on from
tent to tent;
For the long-roll was sounded in the valley, and the
keen trumpet's bray,
And the wild laughter of the swarthy veterans, who
cried, "We fight to-day!"

The solid tramp of infantry, the rumble of the great
jolting gun,
The sharp, clear order, and the fierce steeds neighing,
"Why's not the fight begun?"—
All these plain harbingers of sudden conflict broke on
the startled ear;
And, last, arose a sound that made your blood leap—
the ringing battle-cheer.

The lower works were carried at one onset. Like a
vast roaring sea
Of lead and fire, our soldiers from the trenches swept
out the enemy;
And we could see the gray coats swarming up from
the mountain's leafy base,
To join their comrades in the higher fastness—for life
or death the race!

Then our long line went winding round the mountain,
in a huge serpent track,
And the slant sun upon it flashed and glimmered, as
on a dragon's back.
Higher and higher the column's head pushed onward,
ere the rear moved a man;
And soon the skirmish-lines their straggling volleys
and single shots began.

Then the bald head of Lookout flamed and bellowed,
and all its batteries woke,
And down the mountain poured the bomb-shells,
puffing into our eyes their smoke;
And balls and grape-shot rained upon our column,
that bore the angry shower
As if it were no more than that soft dropping which
scarcely stirs the flower.

Oh, glorious courage that inspires the hero, and runs
through all his men!
The heart that failed beside the Rappahannock, it was
itself again!
The star that circumstance and jealous faction shrouded
in envious night,
Here shone with all the splendor of its nature, and
with a freer flight!

Hark! hark! there go the well-known crashing volleys,
the long-continued roar,
That swells and falls, but never ceases wholly, until
the fight is o'er.
Up towards the crystal gates of heaven ascending, the
mortal tempests beat,
As if they sought to try their cause together before
God's very feet!

We saw our troops had gained a footing almost be-
neath the topmost ledge,
And back and forth the rival lines went surging upon
the dizzy edge.
Sometimes we saw our men fall backward slowly, and
groaned in our despair;
Or cheered when now and then a stricken rebel
plunged out in open air,
Down, down, a thousand empty fathoms dropping, his
God alone knows where!

At eve, thick haze upon the mountain gathered, with
rising smoke stained black,
And not a glimpse of the contending armies shone
through the swirling rack.
Night fell o'er all; but still they flashed their lightnings
and rolled their thunders loud,
Though no man knew upon what side was going that
battle in the cloud.

Night! what a night!—of anxious thought and
wonder: but still no tidings came
From the bare summit of the trembling mountain, still
wrapped in mist and flame.
But towards the sleepless dawn, stillness, more dread-
ful than the fierce sound of war,
Settled o'er nature, as if she stood breathless before
the morning star.

As the sun rose, dense clouds of smoky vapor boiled
from the valley's deeps,
Dragging their torn and ragged edges slowly up
through the tree-clad steeps.
And rose and rose, till Lookout, like a vision, above
us grandly stood,
And over his black crags and storm-blanched head
lands burst the warm, golden flood.

Thousands of eyes were fixed upon the mountain, and
thousands held their breath,
And the vast army, in the valley watching, seemed
touched with sudden death.
High o'er us soared great Lookout, robed in purple, a
glory on his face,
A human meaning in his hard, calm features, beneath
that heavenly grace.

Out on a crag walked something—What? an eagle
that treads yon giddy height?
Surely no man! But still he clambered forward into
the full, rich light;
Then up he started, with a sudden motion, and from
the blazing crag
Flung to the morning breeze and sunny radiance the
dear old starry flag!

Ah! then what followed? Scarred and war-worn
soldiers, like girls, flushed through their tan,
And down the thousand wrinkles of the battles a
thousand tear-drops ran;
Men seized each other in returned embraces, and
sobbed for very love;
A spirit which made all that moment brothers seemed
falling from above.

And as we gazed around the mountain's summit our
glittering files appeared;
Into the rebel works we saw them marching; and we
—we cheered, we cheer'd!
And they, above, waved all their flags before us, and
joined our frantic shout,
Standing, like demigods, in light and triumph, upon
their own Lookout!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

THE BANNER OF THE SEA.

BY wind and wave the sailor brave has fared
To shores of every sea;
But never yet have seamen met or dared
Grim death for victory
In braver mood than they who died
On drifting decks, in Apia's tide,
While cheering every sailor's pride,
The banner of the free!

Columbia's men were they who then went down,
Not knights nor kings of old,
But brighter far their laurels are than crown
Or coronet of gold;
Our sailor true, of any crew,
Would give the last long breath he drew
To cheer the old red, white and blue,
The banner of the bold!

With hearts of oak, through storm and smoke and
flame,
Columbia's seamen long
Have bravely fought and nobly wrought, that shame
Might never dull their song;
They sing the country of the free,
The glory of the rolling sea,
The starry flag of liberty,
The banner of the strong!

We ask but this, and not amiss the claim,
A fleet to ride the wave,
A navy great to crown the State with fame,
Though foes or tempests rave;
Then, as our fathers did of yore,
We'll sail our ships to every shore,
On every ocean wind will soar
The banner of the brave!

Oh! this we claim, that never shame may ride
On any wave with thee,
Thou Ship of State, whose timbers great abide
The home of liberty!
For, so, our gallant Yankee tars,
Of daring deeds and honored scars,
Will make the banner of the stars
The banner of the sea.

HOMER GREEN.

A FORCED RECRUIT AT SOLFERINO.

IN the ranks of the Austrian you found him;
He died with his face to you all:
Yet bury him here, where around him
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor!
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see!) never was loaded—
He facing your guns with that smile.

As orphans yearn on their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands—
"Let me die for one Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

"Aim straightly, fire steadily; spare me
A ball in the body, which may
Deliver my heart here, and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away."

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Ay—but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side;

One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down mid triumphant acclaims

Of an Italy rescued to love them,
And brazen the brass with their names.

But he—without witness or honor,
Mixed, shared in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her—
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,
While digging a grave for him here.
The others who died, says our poet,
Have glory: let him have a tear.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

TO the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled,
To the day and the deed, strike the harp-strings of glory!
Let the song of the ransomed remember the dead,
And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story!
O'er the bones of the bold
Be that story long told,
And on fame's golden tablets their triumphs enrolled
Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

They are gone—mighty men!—and they sleep in their fame:
Shall we ever forget them? Oh, never! no, never!
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
And the anthem send down—"Independence forever!"
Wake, wake, heart and tongue!
Keep the theme ever young;
Let their deeds through the long line of ages be sung
Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

COME O'ER THE SEA, MAIDEN.

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art not.

Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
Made for the free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden with me.
Mine through sunshine, storm and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's inauguration as President of the United States took place in New York city, April 30, 1889. The following poem, by the "Quaker Poet," was read on that occasion.

THE sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O city sitting by the sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke;
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to union, liberty and law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,

Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretense that turns her holy truths to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars!

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond;
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here, and now,
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both our powers
Equal in service as in rights: the claim
Of duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

HAIL! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic waves to our shore;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er.

The genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the Milky Way, shall shine,
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their homes
Their pilot in the blast
O'er untravelled seas to roam—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sang,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rang
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts
That mould a nation's soul
Still cling around our hearts—
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One!"

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eyes of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE GLADIATOR.

THEY led a lion from his den,
The lord of Afric's sun-scorched plain;
And there he stood, stern foe of men,
And shook his flowing mane.
There's not of all Rome's heroes, ten
That dare abide this game.
His bright eye naught of lightning lacked;
His voice was like the cataract.

They brought a dark-haired man along,
Whose limbs with gyves of brass were bound;
Youthful he seemed, and bold, and strong,
And yet unscathed of wound.
Blithely he stepped among the throng,
And careless threw around
A dark eye, such as courts the path
Of him who braves a Dacian's wrath.

Then shouted the plebeian crowd—
Rung the glad galleries with the sound;
And from the throne there spake aloud
A voice—"Be the bold man unbound!
And, by Rome's sceptre, yet unbowed,
By Rome, earth's monarch crowned,
Who dares the bold, the unequal strife,
Though doomed to death, shall save his life."

Joy was upon that dark man's face:
And thus, with laughing eye, spake he:
"Loose ye the lord of Zaara's waste,
And let my arms be free:
'He has a martial heart,' thou sayest;
But oh! who will not be
A hero, when he fights for life,
For home and country, babes and wife?

"And thus I for the strife prepare:
The Thracian falchion to me bring,
But ask th' imperial leave to spare
The shield—a useless thing,
Were I a Samnite's rage to dare,
Then o'er me would I fling
The broad orb; but to lion's wrath
The shield were but a sword of lath."

And he has bared his shining blade,
And springs he on the shaggy foe,
Dreadful the strife, but briefly played:—
The desert-king lies low:
His long and loud death-howl is made;
And there must end the show.
And when the multitude were calm,
The favorite freedman took the palm.

"Kneel down, Rome's emperor beside!"
He knelt, that dark man;—o'er his brow
Was thrown a wreath in crimson dyed;
And fair words gild it now:
"Thou art the bravest youth that ever tried
To lay a lion low;
And from our presence forth thou go'st
To lead the Dacians of our host."

Then flushed his cheek, but not with pride,
And grieved and gloomily spake he:
"My cabin stands where blithely glide
Proud Danube's waters to the sea:
I have a young and blooming bride,
And I have children three:—
No Roman wealth or rank can give
Such joy as in their arms to live.

"My wife sits at the cabin door,
With throbbing heart and swollen eyes;—
While tears her cheek are coursing o'er,
She speaks of sundered ties;
She bids my tender babes deplore
The death their father dies;
She tells these jewels of my home,
I bleed to please the rout of Rome.

"I cannot let those cherubs stray
Without their sire's protecting
And I would chase the griefs away
Which cloud my wedded fair."
The monarch spoke; the guards obey;
The gates unclosed are:
He's gone! No golden bribes divide
The Dacian from his babes and bride.

J. A. JONES.

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT'S hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free.
Unscourged by superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground—where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed;—
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon church-yard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven.

Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould,
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome war to brace
Her drums! and rend heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love.

Peace, love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine—
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!
But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is heaven!

Its roof star-pictured nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

IN their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers;

And the "villanous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horseguards' clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREY M'MASTER.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free!
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale, dying crescent is daunted;
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah, what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid? be the combat our own!
And we'll perish, or conquer more proudly alone;
For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves ingulf, fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us;
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us.
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day—shall ye blush for its story?
Or brighten your lives with its glory?
Our women—oh say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken,
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for the godlike of earth.
Strike home! and the world shall revere us,
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion:
Her islands, her isles of the ocean,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon spring:
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness
That were cold, and extinguished in sadness;
While our maidens shall dance, with their white-waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

THOMAS CAMPBEL

JOE.

WE don't take vagrants in, sir,
And I am alone to-day,
Leastwise, I could call the good man—
He's not so far away.

You are welcome to a breakfast—
I'll bring you some bread and tea;
You might sit on the old stone yonder,
Under the chestnut tree.

You're traveling, stranger? Mebbe
You've got some notions to sell?
We hev a sight of peddlers,
But we allers treat them well.

For they, poor souls, are trying
Like the rest of us to live:
And it's not like tramping the country
And calling on folks to give.

Not that I meant a word, sir—
No offence in the world to you:
I think, now I look at it closer,
Your coat is an army blue.

Don't say? Under Sherman, were you?
That was—how many years ago?

I had a boy at Shiloh,
  Kearney—a sergeant—Joe!

Joe Kearney, you might a' met him?
  But in course you were miles apart.
He was a tall, straight boy, sir,
  The pride of his mother's heart.

We were off to Kittery, then, sir,
  Small farmers in dear old Maine;
It's a long stretch from there to Kansas,
  But I couldn't go back again.

He was all we had, was Joseph;
  He and my old man and me
Had sort o' growed together,
  And were happy as we could be.

I wasn't a lookin' for trouble
  When the terrible war begun,
And I wrestled for grace to be able
  To give up our only son.

Well, well, 'taint no use o' talking,
  My old man said, said he;
"The Lord loves a willing giver;"
  And that's what I tried to be.

Well the heart and the flesh are rebels,
  And hev to be fought with grace;
But I'd give my life—yes, willin'—
  To look on my dead boy's face.

Take care, you are spillin' your tea, sir,
  Poor soul! don't cry: I'm sure
You've had a good mother some time—
  Your wounds, were they hard to cure?

Andersonville! God help you!
  Hunted by dogs, did you say!
Hospital! crazy, seven years, sir?
  I wonder you're living to-day.

I'm thankful my Joe was shot, sir,
  "How do you know that he died?"
'Twas certified, sir, by the surgeon.
  Here's the letter, and—"mebbe he lied!"

Well, I never! you shake like the ager.
  My Joe? there's his name and the date;
"Joe Kearney, 7th Maine, sir, a sergeant—
  Lies here in a critical state—

"Just died—will be buried to-morrow—
  Can't wait for his parents to come."
Well, I thought God had left us that hour,
  As for John, my poor man, he was dumb.

Didn't speak for a month to the neighbors,
  Scarce spoke in a week, sir, to me;
Never been the same man since that Monday
  They brought us this letter you see.

And you were from Maine! from old Kittery?
  What time in the year did you go?
I just disremember the fellows
  That marched out of town with our Joe.

Lord love ye! come into the house, sir;
  It's gettin' too warm out o' door.
If I'd known you'd been gone for a sojer,
  I'd taken you in here afore.

Now make yourself easy. We're humbler,
  We Kansas folks don't go for show—
Set here—it's Joe's chair—take your hat off—
  "Call father!" My God! *you* are Joe!

ALICE ROBBINS.

SAXON GRIT.

WORN with the battle, by Stamford town,
  Fighting the Norman, by Hastings Bay,
Harold the Saxon's sun went down,
  While the acorns were falling one autumn day.
Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land:
  By tenor of conquest here I sit;
I will rule you now with the iron hand;"
  But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,
  And burnt the homesteads from Trent to Tyne,
Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of the pen,
  Eat up the corn and drank the wine,
And said to the maiden, pure and fair,
  "Ye shall be my leman, as is most fit,
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair;"
  But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To the merry green-wood went bold Robin Hood,
  With his strong-hearted yeomanry ripe for the fray,
Driving the arrow into the marrow
  Of all the proud Normans who came in his way;
Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,
  Winning by valor, or foiling by wit,
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,
  This merry old rogue with the Saxon grit.

And Kett the tanner whipped out his knife,
  And Watt the smith his hammer brought down,
For ruth of the maid he loved better than life,
  And by breaking a head, made a hole in the Crown.
From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,
  "Our life shall not be by the king's permit;
We will fight for the right we want no more;"
  Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had grown
  From the acorns falling that autumn day,
So the Saxon manhood in thorpe and town
  To a nobler stature grew alway;
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
  Standing by law and the human right,

Many times failing, never once quailing,
So the new day came out of the night.

Then rising afar in the western sea,
A new world stood in the morn of the day,
Ready to welcome the brave and free
Who could wrench out the heart and march away
From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,
Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,
To ampler spaces for heart and hand,
And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,
Trusting in God your fathers came,
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,
Cool-headed Saxons, with hearts aflame.
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,
And hiding their freedom in Holy Writ,
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,
And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

They whittled and waded through forest and fen,
Fearless as ever of what might befall;
Pouring out life for the nurture of men;
In faith that by manhood the world wins all.
Inventing baked beans and no end of machines;
Great with the rifle and great with the axe—
Sending their notions over the oceans,
To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the dollar,
Yet open of hand when the dollar is made,
Maintaining the meetin', exalting the scholar,
But a little too anxious about a good trade;
This is young Jonathan, son of old John,
Positive, peaceable, firm in the right,
Saxon men all of us, may we be one,
Steady for freedom, and strong in her might.

Then, slow and sure, as the oaks have grown
From the acorns that fell on that autumn day,
So this new manhood in city and town,
To a nobler stature will grow alway;
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Slow to contention, and slower to quit,
Now and then failing, never once quailing,
Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

ROBERT COLLYER.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

OUR NATAL DAY.

OH, the Fourth of July!
When fire-crackers fly,
And urchins in petticoats tyrants defy!
When all the still air
Creeps away in despair,
And clamor is king, be the day dark or fair!
When freedom's red flowers
Fall in star-spangled showers,
And liberty capers for twenty-four hours;
When the morn's ushered in
By a sleep-crushing din,
That tempts us to use philological sin;
When the forenoon advances
With large circumstances,
Subjecting our lives to debatable chances;
When the soldiers of peace
Their attractions increase,
By marching, protected with clubs of police;
When the little toy gun
Has its share of the fun,
By teaching short-hand to the favorite son.

Oh, the Fourth of July!
When grand souls hover nigh!
When Washington bends from the honest blue sky!
When Jefferson stands—
Famous scribe of all lands—
The charter of heaven in his glorified hands!
When his comrade—strong, high,
John Adams—comes nigh,
(For both went to their rest the same Fourth of July!)
When Franklin—grand, droll—
That could lightnings control,
Comes here with his sturdy, progressive old soul;
When freedom's strong staff—
Hancock—with a laugh,
Writes in memory's album his huge autograph!

But let thought have its way,
And give memory sway;
Do we think of the cost of this glorified day?
While the harvest-field waves,
Do we think of those braves
In the farms thickly planted with thousands of graves?
How the great flag up there,
Clean and pure as the air,
Has been drabbled with blood-drops, and trailed in despair?

Do we know what a land
God hath placed in our hand,
To be made into star-gems, or crushed into sand?
Let us feel that our race,
Doomed to no second place,
Must glitter with triumph, or die in disgrace!
That millions unborn,
At night, noon, and morn,
Will thank us with blessings, or curse us with scorn,
For raising more high
Freedom's flag to the sky,
Or losing forever the Fourth of July!

WILL CARLETON.

YOU PUT NO FLOWERS ON MY PAPA'S GRAVE.

WITH sable-draped banners, and slow measured tread,
The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead;
And seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests,
Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.

Ended at last is the labor of love;
Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move—
A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,
Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief;
Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child
Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild:

"Oh! sir, he was good, and they say he died brave—
Why! why! did you pass by my dear papa's grave?
I know he was poor, but as kind and as true
As ever marched into the battle with you—
His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,
You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not!
For my poor heart will break if you knew he was there,
And thought him too lowly your offerings to share.
He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood,
In rich crimson streams, from the top-crowning sod
Of the breastworks which stood in front of the fight—
And died shouting, 'Onward! for God and the right!'
O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands wave,
But you haven't put one on my papa's grave.
If mamma were here—but she lies by his side,
Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa died."

"Battalion! file left! countermarch!" cried the chief,
"This young orphaned maid hath full cause for her grief."
Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street,
He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate
The long line repasses, and many an eye
Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.

"This way, it is—here, sir—right under this tree;
They lie close together, with just room for me."

"Halt! Cover with roses each lowly green mound—
A love pure as this makes these graves hallowed ground."

"Oh! thank you, kind sir! I ne'er can repay
The kindness you've shown little Daisy to-day;
But I'll pray for you here, each day while I live,
'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give.

"I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma too—
I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill come true;
And they will both bless you, I know, when I say
How you folded your arms round their dear one to-day—
How you cheered her sad heart, and soothed it to rest,
And hushed its wild throbs on your strong noble breast;
And when the kind angels shall call you to come,
We'll welcome you there to our beautiful home,
Where death never comes, his black banners to wave,
And the beautiful flowers never weep o'er a grave."

C. E. L. HOLMES.

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly," shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!

Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE TAXED TEA.

On the tenth day of May, 1773, the East India Company were authorised, by act of Parliament, to export their tea, free of duty, to England, but with a tax of threepence a pound to all ports in the American Colonies. This was considered by the colonists as a scheme of the [illegible] to prepare them for an unlimited taxation. Advice having [illegible], that the company had resolved to send out large [illegible] of tea on their own account, to be sold in the various [illegible], the people immediately resolved to send it back to England, in the same ships in which it should come. The pilots were directed how to proceed with the ships on their arrival, and were required to bring them no farther than within the entrance of the harbor. The consignees were summoned to appear at Liberty Tree and resign their office; but to this they replied in letters "daringly affrontive to the town," declining to resign. On the morning of the twenty-eighth of November, the ship "Dartmouth," with one hundred and fourteen chests of the long-expected tea, came to anchor near the Castle in Boston harbor, and on the following morning came up and anchored off Griffin's [illegible].

At the same time, near seven thousand persons, from the several towns around Boston, "respectable for their ranks and abilities, and venerable for their age and character," assembled and unanimously adhered to their former resolution, that the tea should not be landed. "During the session of this meeting, a number of persons, disguised as Indians, approached near to the door of the Assembly, and gave the war whoop, which was answered by a few in the galleries of the house. The savages then repaired to the ships (now numbering three), which harbored the pestilential teas, and began their ravage. They applied themselves in earnest, and in about two hours broke up three hundred and forty-two chests of tea and discharged their contents into the sea." This song appeared a short time after the occurrence, in the Pennsylvania *Packet*, under the name of "A new Song, to the plaintive tune of 'Hozier's Ghost.'"

AS near beauteous Boston lying,
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying,
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode;

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf, a numerous crew,
Sons of freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axe and chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Towards the herbage-freighted vessels.
They approached with dreadful speed.

O'er their heads aloft in mid-sky
Three bright angel forms were seen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you'll banish,
Soon the triumph shall be won;
Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish,
Ere the deathless deed be done."

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests displayed;
Axes, hammers help afforded;
What a glorious crash they made!

Squash into the deep descended
Cursed weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended:
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains! once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails, and plough the wave;
Tell your masters they were dreamers,
When they thought to cheat the brave.

THE BLASTED HERB.

A REVOLUTIONARY APPEAL TO AMERICAN PATRIOTS

ROUSE every generous thoughtful mind,
The rising danger flee.
If you would lasting freedom find,
Now then abandon tea.

Scorn to be bound with golden chains,
Though they allure the sight;
Bid them defiance, if they claim
Our freedom and birthright.

Shall we our freedom give away,
And all our comfort place
In drinking of outlandish tea,
Only to please our taste?

Forbid it, Heaven, let us be wise,
And seek our country's good;
Nor ever let a thought arise
That tea should be our food.

Since we so great a plenty have
Of all that's for our health,
Shall we that blasted herb receive,
Impoverishing our wealth?

When we survey the breathless corpse,
With putrid matter filled,
For crawling worms a sweet resort,
By us reputed ill;

Noxious effluvia sending out
From its pernicious [illegible] mouth,
Not only from the foul [illegible] mouth,
But every lifeless pore.

To view the same enrolled in tea,
Besmeared with such perfumes,
And then the herb sent o'er the sea,
To us it tinted comes;

Some of it tinctured with a filth
Of carcasses embalmed—
Taste of this herb, then, if thou wilt!
Sure me it cannot charm.

Adieu! away, oh tea! beg[illegible]!
Salute our tastes no more
Though thou art coveted by some
Who're destined to be poor.

LIBERTY'S CALL.

1775.

HIGH on the banks of Delaware,
Fair Liberty she stood;
And waving with her lovely hand,
Cried, "Still, thou roaring flood!

"Be still ye winds, be still ye seas,
Let only zephyrs play!"
Just as she spoke, they all obeyed;
And thus the maid did say:

"Welcome, my friends, from every land
Where freedom doth not reign;
Oh! hither fly from every clime,
Sweet liberty to gain.

"Mark Londonderry's brave defence
'Gainst tyranny that swayed;
Americans, the example's great!
Like them, be not dismayed.

"Expect not that on downy beds
This boon you can secure.
At perils smile, rouse up your souls
War's dangers to endure!

"'Gainst your affronted land behold
Oppression rear its head;
In hydra-form and battle's din,
Each trembling slave to dread.

"But ye, its sons, will ne'er give up
Your parent fires till death;
Behold! yon beauteous virgins seek
Laurel your brows to wreathe.

"Bear on your minds the noble deeds
Your ancestors achieved;
How many worthy Britons bled
To have their children freed!

"See on the meteors of the night
Their spirits wanly fly!
Roused from their graves by your distress;
Hark! thus I heard them cry:

"'Was it for this, ye mothers dear!
Ye nursed your tender babes?
Was it for this, our yet loved sons!
We sheathed our trusty blades?

"'O! ghosts of our ancient times!
Be thou our children's guide
To arms! to arms! —They call to arms.
And stalk in martial pride.

"I will them guide, ye reverend sires!
Go to your tombs in peace;
The rage of proud usurping men
Your sons shall yet repress.

"Hold up your heads, ye weeping fair!
Their swords are on their thighs;
Smile yet again, ye lovely babes!
Their banner's in the skies.

"I come, I come, to join your train;
Heaven's ministers I see;
Farewell, my friends, be not afraid!
Be virtuous and be free!"

Heaven's portals opened as she soared,
And angels thence did come;
With heavenly songs and golden harps,
The Goddess welcomed home.

TO THE LADIES.

In the year 1768, the people of Boston resolved that they would no import any tea, glass, paper, or other commodities commonly brought from Great Britain, until the act imposing duties upon all such articles should be repealed. This poetical appeal to the ladies of the country, to lend a "helping hand" for the furtherance of that resolution, appeared in the Boston *News Letter*, anonymously.

YOUNG ladies in town, and those that live round.
Let a friend at this season advise you;
Since money's so scarce, and times growing worse,
Strange things may soon hap and surprise you.

First, then, throw aside your topknots of pride;
Wear none but your own country linen;
Of economy boast, let your pride be the most
To show clothes of your own make and spinning.

What if homespun they say is not quite so gay
As brocades, yet be not in a passion,
For when once it is known this is much worn in town,
One and all will cry out—'Tis the fashion!

And, as one, all agree, that you'll not married be
To such as will wear London factory,
But at first sight refuse, tell 'em such you will choose
As encourage our own manufactory.

No more ribbons wear, nor in rich silks appear;
Love your country much better than fine things;
Begin without passion, 'twill soon be the fashion
To grace your smooth locks with a twine string.

Throw aside your Bohea, and your Green Hyson tea,
And all things with a new-fashion duty;
Procure a good store of the choice Labrador,
For there'll soon be enough here to suit you.

These do without fear, and to all you'll appear
Fair, charming, true, lovely and clever;

Though the times remain darkish, young men may be sparkish,
And love you much stronger than ever.

Then make yourselves easy, for no one will teaze ye,
Nor tax you, if chancing to sneer
At the sense-ridden tools, who think us all fools;
But they'll find the reverse far and near.

COLLINET AND PHEBE.

This song of 1770 was long popular among the colonists. It was first printed in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, and occasionally reprinted in the newspapers, as the war progressed.

AS Collinet and Phebe sat
Beneath a poplar grove,
The gentle youth, with fondest truth,
Was telling tales of love.

"Dear blooming maid," the shepherd said,
"My tender vows believe,
These downcast eyes, and artless sighs,
Can ne'er thy faith deceive.

"Though some there are, from fair to fair,
Delighting wild to rove,
Such change thou ne'er from me canst fear;
Thy charms secure my love.

"Then Phebe now, approve my vow,
By truth, by fondness pressed;
A smile assume to grace thy bloom,
And make thy shepherd blest."

A blush o'erspread her cheek with red,
Which half she turned aside;
With pleasing woes her bosom rose,
And thus the maid replied—

"Dear gentle youth, I know thy truth,
And all thy arts to please;
But ah! is this a time for bliss,
Or themes as soft as these?

"While all around, we hear no sound
But war's terrific strains!
The drum commands our arming bands,
And chides each tardy swain.

"Our country's call arouses all,
Who dare be brave and free!
My love shall crown the youth alone,
Who saves himself and me."

"'Tis done!" he cried, "from thy dear side
Now quickly I'll be gone;
From love will I to freedom fly,
A slave to thee alone.

"And when I come with laurels home,
And all that freemen crave,
To crown my love, your smiles shall prove,
The fair reward the brave."

INDEPENDENCE—1776.

This bold song appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*, about one month previous to the Declaration of Independence, as a "Parody on an Ode published in the *Town and Country Magazine*," in 1774. The Tory papers of the time speak of it as a specimen of "high-born rebel melody."

FREEMEN! if you pant for glory,
If you sigh to live in story,
If you burn with patriot zeal;
Seize this bright auspicious hour,
Chase those venal tools of power,
Who subvert the public weal.

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!
See Freedom her banner display!
Whilst glory and virtue your bosoms inspire,
Corruption's proud slaves shall with anguish retire.

Would traitors base with bribes beguile you,
Or with idiot scoffs revile you,
Ne'er your sacred trusts betray;
Hancock, Adams, nobly pleading,
Never from the truth receding,
Them, North's vengeance can't dismay.

See, their glorious path pursuing,
All Britannia's troops subduing,
Patriots whom no threats restrain.
Lawless tyrants all confounding,
Future times, their praise resounding,
Shall their triumphs long maintain.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

ON Christmas day, in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fixed,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumbed with frost.
Greene, on the left, at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan,
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare;
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns, and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen,
In centre, front, and rear, was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

SIR HENRY CLINTON'S INVITATION TO THE REFUGEES.

1779.

COME, gentlemen tories, firm, loyal, and true,
Here are axes and shovels, and something to do!
For the sake of our king,
Come labor and sing.
You left all you had for his honor and glory,
And he will remember the suffering tory.
We have, it is true,
Some small work to do;
But here's for your pay, twelve coppers a day,
And never regard what the rebels may say,
But throw off your jerkins and labor away.

To raise up the rampart, and pile up the wall
To pull down old houses, and dig the canal,
To build and destroy,
Be this your employ;
In the day-time to work at our fortifications,
And steal in the night from the rebels your rations.
The king wants your aid,
Not empty parade;
'Advance to your places, ye men of long faces,
Nor ponder too much on your former disgraces;
This year, I presume, will quite alter your cases.

Attend at the call of the fifer and drummer,
The French and the rebels are coming next summer,
And the forts we must build
Though tories are killed.
Take courage, my jockies, and work for your king,
For if you are taken, no doubt you will swing.
If York we can hold,
I'll have you enrolled;
And after you're dead, your names shall be read,
As who for their monarch both labored and bled,
And ventured their necks for their beef and their bread.

'Tis an honor to serve the bravest of nations,
And be left to be hanged in their capitulations.
Then scour up your mortars
And stand to your quarters
'Tis nonsense for tories in battle to run,
They never need fear sword, halberd, or gun;
Their hearts should not fail 'em,
No balls will assail 'em;
Forget your disgraces, and shorten your faces,
For 'tis true as the gospel, believe it or not,
Who are born to be hanged will never be shot.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

OUR WOMEN.

1780.

These lines were addressed to the females of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, "who illustrated the nobility of their sentiment and virtue of their patriotism by generous subscriptions to the suffering soldiers of the American army." The author is unknown.

ALL hail! superior sex, exalted fair,
Mirrors of virtue, Heaven's peculiar care;
Formed to enspirit and ennoble man,
The immortal finish of creation's plan!

Accept the tribute of our warmest praise,
The soldier's blessing and the patriot's bays!
For fame's first plaudit we no more contest—
Constrained to own it decks the female breast.

While partial prejudice is quite disarmed,
And e'en pale envy with encomiums charmed,
Freedom no more shall droop her languid head,
Nor dream supine on sloth's lethargic bed.

No more sit weeping o'er the veteran band,
Those virtuous, brave protectors of her land;
Who, nobly daring, stem despotic sway,
And live the patriot wonders of the day.

For lo! these sons her glorious work renew,
Cheered by such gifts, and smiles, and prayers from you!
More precious treasure in the soldier's eye
Than all the wealth Potosi's mines supply.

And now ye sister angels of each state,
Their honest bosoms glow with joy elate,
Their gallant hearts with gratitude expand
And trebly feel the bounties of your hand.

And winged for you their benedictions rise,
Warm from the soul and grateful, to the skies!
Nor theirs alone; th' historian patriots fired,
Shall bless the generous virtue you've inspired,

Invent new epithets to warm their page,
And bid you live admired from age to age;
With sweet applauses dwell on every name,
Endear your memories and embalm your fame,

And thus the future bards shall soar sublime,
And waft you glorious down the stream of time;
The breeze of panegyric fill each sail,
And plaudits pure perfume the increasing gale.

Then freedom's ensign thus inscribed shall wave,
"The patriot females who their country save;"
Till time's abyss, absorbed in heavenly lays,
Shall flow in your eternity of praise.

THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

CLANG, clang! the massive anvils ring;
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing:
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply—
Clang, clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang!—our coulter's course shall be
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tide;
Amid the song of morning birds,
Amid the low of sauntering herds,
Amid soft breezes, which do stray
Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,
Along the green hill's side.

When regal autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land—
When to the valleys, from the brow
Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
A ruddy sea of living gold—
We bless, we bless the plough.

Clang, clang!—again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?
Clink, clank!—we forge the giant chain
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain
'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides:
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead, and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests—though far away,
In boisterous climes, his vessel lay—
Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?
By Afric's pestilential shore?
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar—
By many a palmy western isle,
Basking in spring's perpetual smile?
By stormy Labrador?

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crashing broadside makes reply;
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
For death or victory?

Hurrah!—cling, clang!—once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang!—a burning torrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the sword.

The sword!—a name of dread; yet, when
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound—
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound—
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight—
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
As that where fell Leonidas;
Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn;
Or amid crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
Or as, when sank the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide—
Still, still, whene'er the battle word
Is liberty, when men do stand
For justice and their native land,
Then Heaven bless the sword!

WOUNDED.

LET me lie down
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer:
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;
The tempest—its fury and thunder were there:
On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,
With the foe under foot, and our flag overhead;
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest,
With this shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced breast?
Comrades, at roll-call when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell,
Through without faltering—clear through with a yell!

Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dashed, at the mandate of doom!
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!
Some things are worthless, and some others so good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood.
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part;
And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart:
It is duty.

Dying at last!
My mother, dear mother! with meek tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!
Oh that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first pressed!
Dying at last!

I am no saint;
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins
"Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us our sins:"
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say "Amen!"
Ah! I'm no saint.

Hark! there's a shout.
Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I know!—
Up, on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah! there flies the flag, with its star-spangles bright,
The promise of glory, the symbol of right!
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out.
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong!
O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened sod,
I die for the nation, the Union, and God!
I'm mustered out.

WILLIAM E. MILLER.

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
Oh, liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh, be the shamrock of Erin forgot
While you add to your garland the olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same!
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
For the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resigned
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sighed for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then, how sainted by sorrow, its martyrs will die!
The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath shamrocks of Erin and olives of Spain!

THOMAS MOORE.

GIVE US MEN.

GOD give us men, a time like this demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and ready hands:

Men whom the lust of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and will;
Men who love honor; men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And brave his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sunburnt, who live above the fog,
In public duty, and in private thinking;

For while the rabble, with its thumb-worn creeds,
Its large professions, and its little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps.

THE HOME OF FREEDOM.

AN angel, floating o'er the waste of snow
That clad our western desert, long ago,
(The same fair spirit, who, unseen by day,
Shone as a star along the Mayflower's way,)
Sent, the first herald of the heavenly plan,
To choose on earth a resting-place for man—
Tired with his flight along the unvaried field,
Turned to soar upwards, when his glance revealed
A calm, bright bay, enclosed in rocky bounds,
And at its entrance stood three sister mounds.

The angel spake: "This threefold hill shall be
The home of arts, the nurse of liberty!

One stately summit from its shaft shall pour
Its deep-red blaze along the darkened shore;
Emblem of thoughts, that, kindling far and wide,
In danger's night shall be a nation's guide.
One swelling crest the citadel shall crown,
Its slanted bastions black with battle's frown,
And bid the sons that tread its scowling heights
Bare their strong arms for man and all his rights!
One silent steep along the northern wave
Shall hold the patriarch's and the hero's grave;
When fades the torch, when o'er the peaceful scene
The embattled fortress smiles in living green,
The cross of faith, the anchor staff of hope,
Shall stand eternal on its grassy slope;
There through all time shall faithful memory tell,
'Here virtue toiled, and patriot valor fell;
Thy free, proud fathers slumber at thy side;
Live as they lived, or perish as they died!'"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ENSIGN EPPS.

ENSIGN Epps at the battle of Flanders
Sowed a seed of glory and duty
That flowers and flames in height and beauty,
Like a crimson lily with a heart of gold,
To-day when the wars of Ghent are old
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.
Ensign Epps was the color bearer—
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
Their cause was the spell—his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad he had been a sharer
That day in the wildest work of the field,
He was wounded and spent and the fight was lost,
His comrades were slain or a scattered host,
But stainless and scathless out of the strife
He had carried his colors safer than life.

By the river's brink, without a weapon or shield,
He faced the victors. The thick heart mist
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won.
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield;
Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from his gilded staff,
Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made,
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.
Then round his breast, like the scarf of love,
He tied the colors of his heart above,
And plunged in his armor into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, he died.

What are the lessons your kinglings teach?
And what is the text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

THRICE, at the heights of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.
Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And, on the open plain above, they rose, and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force.

Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks!
More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush around,
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired—
Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.

"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo—
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true!

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who are wont to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown—
Each looks as if revenge for all was staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.
O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands.
"Fix bayonets! Charge!" Like mountain storm rush on these fiery bands.
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks the men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassanach!"
Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel—'tis bloody now; their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain, and far away, passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

THOMAS DAVIS.

16

THE SEA FIGHT.

AS TOLD BY AN ANCIENT MARINER.

AH, yes—the fight! Well, messmates, well!
I served on board that Ninety-eight;
Yet what I saw I loathe to tell.
To-night, be sure a crushing weight
Upon my sleeping breast—a hell
Of dread will sit. At any rate,
Though land-locked here, a watch I'll keep—
Grog cheers us still. Who cares for sleep?

That Ninety-eight I sailed on board;
Along the Frenchman's coast we flew;
Right aft the rising tempest roared;
A noble first-rate hove in view;
And soon high in the gale there soared
Her streamed-out bunting—red, white, blue!
We cleared for fight, and landward bore,
To get between the chase and shore.

Masters, I cannot spin a yarn
Twice laid with words of silken stuff.
A fact's a fact; and ye may larn
The rights o' this, though wild and rough
My words may loom. 'Tis your consarn,
Not mine, to understand. Enough;—
We neared the Frenchman where he lay,
And as we neared, he blazed away.

We tacked, hove to; we filled, we wore,
Did all that seamanship could do
To rake him aft, or by the fore—
Now rounded off, and now broached to;
And now our starboard broadside bore,
And showers of iron through and through
His vast hull hissed: our larboard then
Swept from his three-fold decks his men.

As we like a huge serpent, toiled,
And wound about, through that wild sea,
The Frenchman each manœuvre foiled—
'Vantage to neither there could be.
Whilst thus the waves between us boiled,
We both resolved right manfully
To fight it side by side;—began
Then the fierce strife of man to man.

Gun bellows forth to gun, and pain
Rings out her wild, delirious scream!
Redoubling thunders shake the main;
Loud crashing, falls the shot-rent beam.
The timber with the broadsides strain;
The slippery decks send up a steam
From hot and living blood—and high
And shrill is heard the death-pang cry.

The shredded limb, the splintered bone,
Th' unstiffened corpse, now block the way:
Who now can hear the dying groan?
The trumpet of the judgment day,

Had it pealed forth its mighty tone,
We should not then have heard—to say
Would be rank sin; but this I tell,
That could alone our madness quell.

Upon the fore-castle I fought
As captain of the for'ad gun.
A scattering shot the carriage caught!
What mother then had known her son
Of those who stood around?—distraught,
And smeared with gore, about they run,
Then fall, and writhe, and howling die!
But one escaped—that one was I!

Night darkened round, and the storm pealed,
To windward of us lay the foe.
As he to leeward over keeled,
He could not fight his guns below;
So just was going to strike—when reeled
Our vessel, as if some vast blow
From an Almighty hand had rent
The huge ship from her element.

Then howled the thunder. Tumult then
Had stunned herself to silence. Round
Were scattered lightning-blasted men!
Our mainmast went. All stifled, drowned,
Arose the Frenchman's shout. Again
The bolt burst on us, and we found
Our masts all gone—our decks all riven:
—Man's war mocks faintly that of heaven!

Just then—nay, messmates, laugh not now—
As I, amazed, one minute stood
Amidst that rout; I know not how,—
'Twas silence all—the raving flood,
The guns that pealed from stem to bow,
And God's own thunder—nothing could
I then of all that tumult hear,
Or see aught of that scene of fear.

My aged mother at her door
Sat mildly o'er her humming wheel;
The cottage, orchard, and the moor—
I saw them plainly all. I'll kneel,
And swear I saw them! Oh, they wore
A look all peace. Could I but feel
Again that bliss that then I felt,
That made my heart, like childhood's, melt!

The blessed tear was on my cheek,
She smiles with that old smile I know:
"Turn to me, mother, turn and speak,"
Was on my quivering lips—when lo!
All vanished, and a dar[illegible]ed streak
Glared wild and vivid from the foe,
That flashed upon the blood-stained water—
For fore and aft the flames had caught her.

She struck and hailed us. On us fast
All burning, helplessly, she came—
Near, and more near; and not a mast
Had we to help us from that flame.
'Twas then the bravest stood aghast—
'Twas then the wicked, on the name
(With danger and with guilt appalled)
Of God, too long neglected, called.

Th' eddying flames with ravening tongue
Now on our ship's dark bulwarks dash—
We almost touched—when ocean rung
Down to its depths with one loud crash!
In heaven's top vault one instant hung
The vast, intense, and blinding flash!
Then all was darkness, stillness, dread—
The wave moaned o'er the valiant dead.

She's gone! blown up! that gallant foe!
And though she left us in a plight,
We floated still; long were, I know,
And hard, the labors of that night
To clear the wreck. At length in tow
A frigate took us, when 'twas light;
And soon an English port we gained—
A hulk all battered and blood-stained.

So many slain—so many drowned!
I like not of that fight to tell.
Come let the cheerful grog go round!
Messmates, I've done. A spell, ho, spell—
Though a pressed man, I'll still be found
To do a seaman's duty well.
I wish our brother landsmen knew
One-half we jolly tars go through.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea:
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror, deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodlands ring with laugh and shout
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away!
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

INDIAN HEROISM.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day;
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, you tormentors! your threats are in vain,
For the sons of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low!
Why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain,
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorned to complain.

ANNE HUNTER.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

ON the mat he's sitting there—
See! he sits upright—
With the same look that he ware
When he saw the light.

But where now the hand's clenched weight?
Where the breath he drew,
That to the Great Spirit late
Forth the pipe-smoke blew?

Where the eyes that, falcon-keen,
Marked the reindeer pass,
By the dew upon the green,
By the waving grass?

These the limbs that, unconfined,
Bounded through the snow,
Like the stag that's twenty-tyned,
Like the mountain roe!

These the arms that, stout and tense,
Did the bow-string twang!
See, the life is parted hence!
See, how loose they hang!

Well for him! he's gone his ways,
Where are no more snows;
Where the fields are decked with maze
That unplanted grows;—

Where with beasts of chase each wood,
Where with birds each tree,
Where with fish in every flood
Stocked full pleasantly.

He above with spirits feeds;—
We, alone and dim,
Left to celebrate his deeds,
And to bury him.

Bring the last sad offerings hither;
Chant the death-lament:
All inter, with him together,
That can him content.

'Neath his head the hatchet hide
That he swung so strong;
And the bear's ham set beside,
For the way is long;

Then the knife—sharp let it be—
That from foeman's crown,
Quick, with dexterous cuts but three,
Skin and tuft brought down;

Paints, to smear his frame about,
Set within his hand,
That he redly may shine out
In the spirits' land.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But nark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led—
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling. Oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat
With the smoke of his ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

——Down, sootless insulter! I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

IN a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirland of mist, where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glistened there 'mong the heath bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness—
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delight of July's sweet morning.

But oh! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings;
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl was crying;
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding—
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye—
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

JAMES HYSLOP.

THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE-CHANT.

TO battle! to battle!
To slaughter and strife!
For a sad, broken covenant
We barter poor life.
The great God of Judah
Shall smite with our hand,
And break down the idols
That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice
In prayer, and in song;
Remember the battle
Is not to the strong—
Lo, the Ammonites thicken!
And onward they come,
To the vain noise of trumpet,
Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,
With hagbut and spear;
They lust for a banquet
That's deathful and dear.

Now horseman and footman
Sweep down the hill-side;
They come, like fierce Pharaohs,
To die in their pride!

See, long plume and pennon
Stream gay in the air!
They are given us for slaughter,
Shall God's people spare?
Nay, nay, lop them off—
Friend, father, and son;
All earth is athirst till
The good work be done.

Brace tight every buckler,
And lift high the sword!
For biting must blades be
That fight for the Lord.
Remember, remember,
How saints' blood was shed,
As free as the rain, and
Homes desolate made!

Among them!—among them!
Unburied bones cry:
Avenge us—or, like us,
Faith's true martyrs die!
Hew, hew down the spoilers!
Slay on, and spare none;
Then shout forth in gladness,
Heaven's battle is won!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring—
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band—
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys—
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

SONGS OF SENTIMENT.

CLEAR THE WAY.



MEN of thought, be up and stirring
night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them, as ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray.
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say
What the unimagined glories of the day?
What the evil that shall perish in its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men,
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play.
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish from the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquer; clear the way!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door:
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us for their prey.
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!

CHARLES MACKAY.

AN ARAB SAYING.

REMEMBER, three things come not back
The arrow sent upon its track,
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; yet it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee;
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will never more return.

ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

DON'T crowd and push on the march of life,
Or tread on each other's toes,
For the world at best, in its great unrest,
Is hard enough as it goes.
Oh, why should the strong oppress the weak
Till the latter go to the wall?
On this earth of ours, with its thorns and flowers,
There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother falls behind
And drops from the toiling band,
If fear and doubt put his soul to rout,
Then lend him a helping hand.
Cheer up his heart with words of hope,
Nor season the speech with gall:
In the great highway, on the busiest day,
There's room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer
Steps out on your track ahead,
Don't grudge his start with an envious heart,
For the mightiest once were led.
But gird your loins for the coming day—
Let nothing your heart appall;
Catch up if you can with the forward man,
There is room enough for all.

And if, by doing your duty well,
You should get to lead the van,
Brand not your name with a deed of shame,
But come out an honest man.
Keep a bright look-out on every side,
Till, heeding the master's call,
Your soul should go, from the world below,
Where there's room enough for all.

THE MESSENGER-BIRD.

Some of the Brazilians pay veneration to a bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger which their friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.

THOU art come from the spirits' land, thou bird;
Thou art come from the spirits' land!
Through the dark pine-groves let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that summer shore;

And we know that the friends we have lost are there,
They are there—and they weep no more!

And we know they have quenched their fever's thirst
From the fountain of youth ere now,
For there must the stream in its freshness burst
Which none may find below!

And we know that they will not be lured to earth
From the land of deathless flowers,
By the feast, or the dance, or the song of mirth,
Though their hearts were once with ours;

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,
And bent with us the bow,
And heard the tales of our fathers' day
Which are told to others now!

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain,
Can those who have loved forget?
We call, and they answer not again:
Do they love—do they love us yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother there,
And the father of his child?
And the chief of those that were wont to share
His wandering through the wild?

We call them far through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave or hill;
We know, thou bird, that their land is bright;
But say, do they love there still?

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE IS THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

BLESSINGS on the hand of women!
Angels guard its strength and grace.
In the palace, cottage, hovel,
Oh, no matter where the place;
Would that never storms assailed it,
Rainbows ever gently curled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain,
Power may with beauty flow,
Mothers first to guide the streamlets,
From them souls unresting grow—
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or evil hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission,
Here upon our natal sod;
Keep—oh, keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love impearled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of women!
Fathers, sons and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

CHEERFUL VIEWS OF LIFE.

DO not tell us life is dreary,
That our life's a yoke, a thrall;
For there's loveliness around us
And there's sunshine for us all.

This world is not so bad a world
As some would try to make it;
Though whether good or whether ill
Depends on how we take it.

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

WOULDST thou a neighbor be where'er thou art?
Then to the needy show a feeling heart,
And though a stranger, helpless, discover
No less in him a man and a brother.

But not alone material wants supply;
Give kindness, hope and gentle sympathy,
For many for the lack of these have died,
When other wants have amply been supplied.

Thus life will not be dreary, meagre, sad,
But filled with deeds, that other hearts make glad;
For greater good, one need not vainly try;
This is its own reward and luxury.

C. E. BRIGGS.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

IS there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that
Their tinsel show, and a' that;

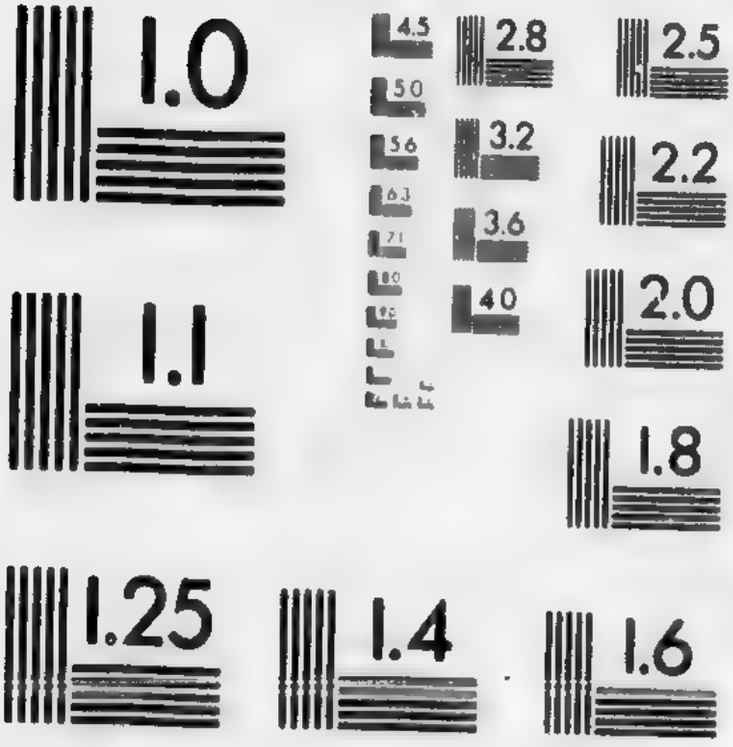


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The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
What struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His rib and star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that;
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE WORLD.

THE world is a queer old fellow;
As you journey along by his side
You had better conceal any trouble you feel,
If you want to tickle his pride.
No matter how heavy your burden—
Don't tell about it, pray;
He will only grow colder and shrug his shoulder
And hurriedly walk away.

But carefully cover your sorrow,
And the world will be your friend,
If only you'll bury your woes and be merry
He'll cling to you close to the end.
Don't ask him to lift one finger
To lighten your burden, because
He never will share it; but silently bear it
And he will be loud with applause.

The world is a vain old fellow;
You must laugh at his sallies of wit.
No matter how brutal, remonstrance is futile,
And frowns will not change him one whit.
And since you must journey together
Down paths where all mortal feet go,
Why, life holds more savor to keep in his favor,
For he's an unmerciful foe.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE REAPER.

BEHOLD her single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands;
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
From old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And over the sickle bending;
I listened till I had my fill;
And as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes over me,
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ONLY A WORD.

ONLY a word his lips let fall,
A careless word in wanton play;
He did not think of it at all,
And idly went upon his way.

But in a heart with sorrow sore,
The cruel gibe produced its smart,
And what he never thought of more
Convulsed a crushed and bleeding heart.

Only a word another spoke—
A simple word lit by a smile—
And mental clouds their darkness broke
Which shadowed all the sky erewhile.

A life which hope had seemed to leave
Grew stronger from its generous might;
A heart bowed down with utter grief
Felt the rare radiance of its light.

The future rose serene and fair,
And sorrow lost its bitter sting;
A single word, though light as air,
May seem a very little thing;

But hope, joy, sorrow and despair
By it in human hearts are stirred;
There is nothing more foul or fair
Than one slight utterance of a word.

THE SPHINX.

THE Sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled,
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world.
"Who'll tell me my secret
The ages have kept?
I awaited the seer
While they slumbered and slept.

"The fate of the manchild—
The meaning of man—
Known fruit of the unknown,
Dædalian plan.
Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep,
Life death overtaking,
Deep underneath deep.

"Erect as a sunbeam
Upspringeth the palm;
The elephant browses
Undaunted and calm;
In beautiful motion
The thrush plies his wings,
Kind leaves of his covert!
Your silence he sings.

"The waves unashamed
In difference sweet,
Play glad with the breezes,
Old playfellows meet.
The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes
Firmly draw, firmly drive,
By their animate poles.

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One Deity stirred,
Each the other adorning,
Accompany still,
Night veileth the noon
The vapor the hill.

"The babe by its mother
Lies bathed in joy,
Glide its hours uncounted,
The sun is its toy;
Shines the peace of all being
Without cloud in its eyes,
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies.

"But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground.

"Outspoke the great mother
Beholding his fear;—
At the sound of her accents
Cold shuddered the sphere;—
"'Who has drugged my boy's cup,
Who has mixed my boy's bread?
Who, with sadness and madness,
Has turned the manchild's head?'"

I heard a poet answer
Aloud and cheerfully,
"Say on, sweet Sphinx!—thy dirges
Are pleasant songs to me.
Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time,
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime.

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the best,
Yawns the pit of the dragon
Lit by rays from the blest;
The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"Profounder, profounder
Man's spirit must dive:
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive.
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found—for new heavens
He spurneth the old.

"Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores:
And the joy that is sweetest
Lurks in stings of remorse.
Have I a lover
Who is noble and free—
I would he were nobler
Than to love me.

"Eterne alternation
Now follows, now flies,
And under pain, pleasure—
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the centre
Heart heaving alway,
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

"Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits!
Thy sight is growing blear;
Hemlock and vitriol for the Sphinx
Her muddy eyes to clear."
The old Sphinx bit her thick lip—
Said, "Who taught thee me to name?
Manchild! I am thy spirit;
Of thine eye I am eyebeam.

"Thou art the unanswered question:—
Couldst see thy proper eye,
Alway it asketh, asketh,
And each answer is a lie.
So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply,
Ask on, thou clothed eternity,
Time is the false reply."

Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone,
She hopped into the baby's eyes,
She hopped into the moon,
She spired into a yellow flame,
She flowered in blossoms red,
She flowed into a foaming wave,
She stood Monadnoc's head.

Thorough a thousand voices
Spoke the universal dame,
"Who telleth one of my meanings
Is master of all I am."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of truth;
From the flashing surf whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of youth;

From the strong will, and the endeavor
That for ever
Wrestles with the tides of fate;
From the wreck of hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE

Written on returning a blank book.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still,
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come, as pure as light,
Pure as even you require;
But, oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright,
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rds you and home;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray—
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way.

THOMAS MOORE.

CLEON AND I.

CLEON hath a million acres—ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—in a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—not a penny, I;
But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres—but the landscape, I;
Half the charms to *me* it yieldeth, money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness—freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian; richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—need of none have I.
Wealth surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come—he'll find me ready—happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature—in a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthem ringing in the sea and sky.
Nature sings to me forever—earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would change? Not I.

CHARLES MACKAY.

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

These stanzas are said to have "chilled the heart" of Oliver Cromwell.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

UNRECOGNIZED.

A SEED came floating near me,
A brown and paltry thing,
It seemed an idle pastime
To stay its hasty wing.

But lo! my neighbor grasped it,
And 'neath her watchful care,
It grew and gave her freely
A wreath of blossoms rare.

And then the plant beholding,
My tears fell freely down,
The seed was O, so paltry,
And light as thistle down.

Why was there none to whisper,
"'Tis opportunity!"
The bloom and fragrance yonder
Would then have been for me.

CLARA J. DENTON.

LIFE.

WE are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah, wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly;
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
"Endure and—die?"

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

OLD FARMER GRUDGE.

OLD Farmer Grudge was determined to trudge
In the same old way that his father went:
To toil and to slave, to pinch and to save,
Nor spend on a pleasure a single cent.
His tools were few, and so rusty, too,
For want of the needful drop of oil,
That, creaky and slow, they were forced to go,
And added much to his daily toil.

His crops were scant, for he would not plant
Enough to cover his scanty field;
But grumbled and growled, and always scowled
At harvest over the meagre yield.
And from the paltry store on the threshing floor
From gaping mow and neglected bin,
Would voices cry as he passed them by,
"You can't take out what you don't put in!"

Old Farmer Grudge was a doleful drudge,
And in his dwelling and on his land,
'Twas plain to be seen, he was shrewd and keen,
And managed all with a miserly hand.
There was little wool, there was little food;
Oh, bare, indeed, was the pantry shelf!
Since he took no heed to another's need,
So he was warm and well fed himself.

The wife, it is true, would skimp and screw,
Piece and patch, and some way plan,
As woman will, with amazing skill,
Who is tied for life to a stingy man;
But, oh, how she sighed for the things denied!
The books and comfort, and larger life
For which she dreamed and for which she schemed
When consenting to be Farmer Grudge's wife.

But Farmer Grudge not an inch would budge
From the path his penurious father trod;
But though very rich would work in a ditch
All day, and at dusk in a corner nod.
And his girls and boys, bereft of the joys
That others had, were disposed to roam,
And to spend profuse, nor put to use
The lessons they had been taught at home.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

NOT in the solitude
Alone may man commune with heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity;
Or only hear His voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud,
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies
And lights their inner homes;
For them thou fill'st the air with unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mild sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast,
The quiet of that moment, too, is Thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SOLACE TOWARD THE SEA.

ALL Afric, winged with death and fire,
Pants in our pleasant English air.
Each blade of grass is tense as wire,
And all the wood's loose trembling hair
Stark in the broad and breathless glare
Of hours whose touch wastes herb and tree.
This bright, sharp death shines everywhere;
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

Earth seems a corpse upon the pyre;
The sun, a scourge for slaves to bear.
All power to fear, all keen desire,
Lies dead as dreams of days that were
Before the new-born world lay bare
In heaven's wide eye, whereunder we
Lie breathless till the season spare:
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

Fierce hours, with ravening fangs that tire
On spirit and sense, divide and share
The throbs of thoughts that scarce respire,
The throes of dreams that scarce forbear
One mute immitigable prayer
For cold, perpetual sleep to be
Shed snow-like on the sense of care.
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

The dust of ways where men suspire
Seems even the dust of death's dim lair.
But, though the feverish days be dire,
The sea wind rears and cheers its fair
Blithe broods of babes that here and there
Make the sands laugh and glow for glee
With gladder flowers than gardens wear.
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

The music dies not off the lyre
That lets no soul alive despair.
Sleep strikes not dumb the breathless choir
Of waves whose note bids sorrow spare.
As glad they sound, as fast they fare,
As when fate's word first set them free
And gave them light and night to wear.
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

For there, though night and day conspire
To compass round with toil and snare
And changeless whirl of change, whose gyre
Draws all things earthwards unaware,
The spirit of life they scourge and scare,
Wild waves that follow on waves that flee
Laugh, knowing that yet, though earth despair,
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

TOGETHER.

HOW happy am I, having you at my side,
Through life's ever changeable weather;
My hopes and my fears unto you to confide,
As we move heart in heart on together.

We have tasted success, we have drank of desire,
With hearts light and gay as a feather;
And the days and the deeds that our spirits inspire—
We have lived and enjoyed them together.

Though care and misfortune and trouble and pain
Made part of life's changeable weather,
And sickness and sorrow came once and again,
We met and endured them together.

So together still sharing what fate has in store,
May we go to the end of our tether;
When the good and the evil things all are shared o'er,
May we share the last sleep still together.

HUNTER MACCULLOCH.

LIMITS OF HUMANITY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

WHEN the Creator,
The Great, the Eternal,
Sows with indifferent
Hand, from the rolling
Clouds, o'er the earth, His
Lightnings in blessing,
I kiss the nethermost
Hem of His garment,
Lowly inclining
In infantine awe.

For never against
The immortals, a mortal
May measure himself.
Upwards aspiring, if ever
He toucheth the stars with his forehead,
Then do his insecure feet
Stumble and totter and reel;
Then do the cloud and the tempest
Make him their pastime and sport.

Let him with sturdy
Sinewy limbs,
Tread the enduring
Firm-seated earth;
Aiming no further, than with
The oak or the vine to compare!

What doth distinguish
Gods from mankind?
This! Multitudinous

Billows roll ever
Before the immortals,
An infinite stream.
We by a billow
Are lifted—a billow
Engulfs us—we sink,
And are heard of no more!

A little round
Encircles our life,
And races unnumbered
Extend through the ages,
Linked by existence's
Infinite chain.

THEODORE MARTIN.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew," said I, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch,
That suits a summer's noon;

"Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade—
That half-mad thing of whitty rhymes
Which you last April made."

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee:

"Down to the vale this water steers;
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird in the summer trees,
The lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

"With nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

"But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my friend, are almost gone.
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains;

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide,
And through the wood we went:

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE WEAVER.

BESIDE the loom of life I stand
And watch the busy shuttle go;
The threads I hold within my hand
Make up the filling; strand on strand
They slip my fingers through, and so
This web of mine fills out apace
While I stand ever in my place.

One time the woof is smooth and fine
And colored with a sunny dye;
Again the threads so roughly twine
And weave so darkly line on line,

My heart misgives me. Then would I
Fain lose this web—begin anew—
But that, alas! I cannot do.

Some day the web will all be done,
The shuttle quiet in its place,
From out my hold the threads be run;
And friends at setting of the sun,
Will come to look upon my face,
And say: "Mistakes she made not few,
Yet wove perchance as best she knew."

MARY CLARK HUNTINGTON.

THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face—
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—
To hall in which the feast is spread—
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleam again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

O NO, no—let me lie
Not on the field of battle, when I die.
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed-head;
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand when death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory felloes of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,
Though over it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings.
To sparkle in my sight,
O, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance;
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted till the welkin rung,
In honor of the brave
Who on the battle-field have found a grave.

I know that o'er their bones
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.
Some of those piles I've seen;
The one at Lexington upon the green
Where the first blood was shed,
And to my country's independence led;
And others on our shore,
The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore,

And that on Bunker's Hill.
Ay, and abroad a few more famous still;
Thy "tomb" Themistocles,
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
And which the waters kiss
That issue from the gulf of Salamis;
And thine too have I seen—
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,

That like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb and nibble over as they stroll,
Watched by some turbaned boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout,
But, as his eye grows dim,
What is a column or a mound to him?
What to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No, let me die
Where the blue heaven bends over me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin, white hair,
And from my forehead dries
The death damp as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive
My soul to their clear depths. Or let me leave
The world, when round my bed
Wife, children, weeping friends, are gathered,
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare,
To go and be at rest
With kindred spirits, spirits who have blessed
The human brotherhood
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

In my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor, have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste in heaven.
And though no grassy mound
Or granite pile says 'tis heroic ground
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps—that those
Whom I have striven to bless—
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless—
May stand around my grave,
With the poor prisoner and the lowest slave,
And breathe an humble prayer,
That they may die like him whose bones are moldering there.

JOHN PIERPONT.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy:
Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon!
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house:
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations:
The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,

And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

LITTLE AND GREAT.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.

Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe his early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.

The dormouse loved its dangling twigs
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.

He walled it up and hung with care
A ladle at the brink:
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought
'Twas old—and yet 'twas new,
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.

The thought was small—its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

CHARLES MACKAY.

I WONDER.

I WONDER when that day will be
When death shall come to tell to me
The story that we all must hear?
When, with the silence drawing near,
I feel my hold on earth so weak
My pale lips have no power to speak
Of anguish or of ecstacy.
Ah, lowly house the grasses under,
When will ye ope to welcome me
Your silent guest to be, I wonder?

I wonder if it will be spring,
When o'er my head the birds will sing
Their first sweet song not set to words?
And which of all the many birds
Will be the first to carol there,
When I, forever done with care,
Just like a child tired out at play,
Sleep all the night and all the day
So peacefully my green roof under,
Will it be autumn time or May,
Winter or summer time, I wonder?

I wonder if I shall be glad
To leave the pain I long have had?
Or, if from friends who love me so,
But with reluctance I shall go?
Go out upon that journey long
So voiceless I shall sing no song:
Ah, chain of life's fair warp and woof,
When will your bright links drop asunder?
When will I sleep beneath the roof
Thatched with the violets, I wonder?

HELEN A. MANVILLE.

WEEP NO MORE.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see;
Joys as wingéd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair one, mourn no mo.

JOHN FLETCHER.

AFTER THE BALL.

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long, bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,
Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done--

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done—

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk;

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice, sweeter than others are,
Breaking into silvery speech—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And all unheard in the lovers' talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb
Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace—
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun,
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
The revel of life is done!

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
O beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won.

NORA PERRY.

HOW EASY IT IS.

HOW easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless words of cherished friends,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish its golden glow
And take the grace from its airy wings.

By the force of a thought we did not check
Little by little we mould the clay,
And little flaws may the vessel wreck.
The careless waste of a white-winged hour,
That held the blessing we long had sought,
The sudden loss of wealth or power—
And lo the day is with ill inwrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—
And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In some life darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one,
By toil that robs the form of its grace
And undermines till health gives way:
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain.
Some good should come as the hours go by,
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high,
And life is too short to spoil like this.
If only a prelude, it may be sweet;
Let us bind together its thread of bliss
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

WE MOVE ON.

'TIS weary, watching wave on wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We build, like corals—grave on grave,
But pave a pathway sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
Yet ever strength we borrow;
And where the vanguard rests to-day,
The rear shall camp to-morrow.

MY SHIP.

DOWN to the wharves, as the sun goes down,
And the daylight's tumult and dust and din
Are dying away in the busy town,
I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the quiet sea,
Rosy with sunset, like mellow wine,
Where ships, like lilies, lie tranquilly,
Many and fair, but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night
Who over the bulwarks idly lean,
Noting the sails as they come in sight:
"Have you seen my beautiful ship come in?"

"Whence does she come?" they ask of me;
"Who is her master, and what her name?"
And they smile upon me pityingly
When my answer is ever and ever the same.

Oh mine was a vessel of strength and truth,
Her sails were white as a young lamb's fleece,
She sailed long since from the port of Youth—
Her master was Love, and her name was Peace.

And like all beloved and beauteous things,
She faded in distance and doubt away—
With only a tremble of snowy wings
She floated, swan-like, adown the bay,

Carrying with her a precious freight—
All I had gathered by years of pain;
A tempting prize to the pirate Fate—
And still I watch for her back again.

Watch from the earliest morning light,
Till the pale stars grieve o'er the dying day,
To catch the gleam of her canvas white
Among the islands which gem the bay.

But she comes not yet—she will never come
To gladden my eyes and my spirit more,
And my heart grows hopeless and faint and dumb,
As I wait and wait on the lonesome shore.

Knowing that tempest and time and storm
Have wrecked and shattered my beauteous bark;
Rank sea-weeds cover her wasting form,
And her sails are tattered and stained and dark.

But the tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And the daylight follows the night's eclipse—
And still with the sailors, tanned and brown,
I wait on the wharves and watch the ships.

And still with a patience that is not hope,
For vain and empty it long hath been,
I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,
And watch to see if my ship comes in.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

THE DREAM.

OUR life is twofold: sleep hath its own world—
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality;
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;
They take a weight from off our waking toils;
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past—they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will;
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows—are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind?—the mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision, which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,

Green and of mild declivity; the last,
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array—so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man.
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful;
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers; but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had looked
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects;—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all; upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share;
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas much;
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honored race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another. Even now she loved another;
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
There was an ancient mansion; and before
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake; he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro. Anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he leaned
His bowed head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion—then arose again;
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written; but he shed no tears,
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet. As he paused
The lady of his love re-entered there;
She was serene and smiling then; and yet
She knew she was by him beloved: she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched; but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced; and then it faded as it came.
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired; but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles. He passed
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And, mounting on his steed, he went his way;
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The boy was sprung to manhood. In the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around;
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better. In her home,
A thousand leagues from his—her native home—
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty. But behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lids were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—She had all she loved;
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affection, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The wanderer was returned—I saw him stand
Before an altar, with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair; but not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood. As he stood,
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came;
And he stood calm and quiet; and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words;
And all things reeled around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The lady of his love—oh! she was changed,
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling; and her eyes,
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness
Making the cold reality too real!

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The wanderer was alone, as heretofore;
The beings which surrounded him were gone
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation—compassed round
With hatred and contention; pain was mixed
In all which was served up to him; until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment. He lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains. With the stars,
And the quick Spirit of the Universe,
He held his dialogues, and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of night was opened wide
And voices from the deep abyss revealed
A marvel and a secret.—Be it so.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

LORD BYRON.

WHAT?

OH, what is the love or the hate of men?
What is their praise or their blame?
Their blame is a breath, but an echo of death,
And a star that glows bright and is gone from the sight—
Ah! such is the vanishing guerdon of fame.

Oh, what is the grief or the joy of life?
What is its pleasure or pain?
The joys we pursue pass away like the dew;
And though bitter the grief, time brings relief
To the heart that is wounded again and again.

Oh, what is the loss or the gain of time?
And what is success's fair crown?
The gain that we prize—lo! it fades and it flies;
And the loss we deplore as quickly is o'er,
There is little to choose 'twixt life's smile and life's frown.

Oh, men they may love and men they may hate,
It matters little to me,
For life is a breath, and hastens death
To gather in all, from the hut and wall,
To the home that is narrow—the house that is free.

THE RIVER TO THE NIGHT.

Composed while the writer was residing in the valley of one of those hard-worked New England rivers, of which so much is exacted on the way to the ocean.

O WELCOME, yes welcome, thou blessed night!
Thrice welcome art thou to me;
In thee I may go with a peaceable flow
Far on to the measureless sea—
The sea that is waiting for me.

O cruel and galling the yoke I wear;
Dark night I murmur to thee;
In bondage I go with laborious flow
To rest in the welcoming sea—
The sea that is calling to me.

O freedom, dear freedom, no longer mine,
My thoughts are ever of thee:
Ne'er again shall I know the rapturous flow
That once marked my way to the sea—
The sea that was asking for me.

O music, sweet music, merciful night,
Is thy deep silence to me;
A story of woe is my turbulent flow
Down, down to the sheltering sea—
The sea that is refuge for me.

The story is long of my bondage to wrong;
I cannot portray the half in my song.
Far, far to the north into light I leaped forth
As free as the bird to sing through the earth;
To the hills with my voice I shouted, "Rejoice!"
And echo caught up the jubilant noise,
And the hail of the rill to each answering hill
Repeated, in shouts that never were still.
The trees, as in love, waved their banners above,
And laughed as I kissed the feet of the grove;
Over me in my [illegible] their branches they spread,
A shield from the sun that blazed overhead.
I gathered the brooks from inviolate nooks
Of mountain recess and sentinel rocks,
To journey with me as, unbridled and free,
A child of delight, I rolled to the sea.
The grasses that grew on my either bank drew
Their life from my depths, their delicate hue.
The birds dipped the bill, quickly drinking their fill,
And rendered their thanks with warble and trill.
I bore the lilies sweet-scented flotillas,
Wafting afar to hamlets and villas
Breath sweetly laden for lover and maiden—
Incense like that of morning in Eden.
I mirrored the grace and the sportive embrace
Of children, down looking into my face.
My will I obeyed as I loitered in shade,
Still lying and dark in thicket and glade,
Creeping through sedges, mad darting down ledges:
Swirling I dashed midst boulders and wedges
Of rough, riven rock, as, with laughter and mock
I burst away aught my progress would block.
No hard master ruled me—glad, triumphing, free,
I joyfully journeyed on to the sea.

But alas for the days, alas for the ways
I sadly recall—regretfully praise.
My freedom is gone—now a master I own,
And wearing his yoke I murmur and moan.
I grind in the mill; I am broke on the wheel;
I beat out my life on copper and steel;
The oak, mountain giant, gnarled and defiant,
I cut and shape to all uses pliant.
The spindles I drive and the looms, in that hive
Where man and machine seem both all alive.
From dawn's early gray till the light fades away,
Like Samson, I in the prison-house play.
Afar I am led from my own chosen bed;
Am beaten to foam—to tatters am shred.
Once all the day long the bright birds blent their song
In chorus above as I stole along;
Now I scarcely can hear their melodies clear,
So loud whir the wheels and rattle their gear;
And I painfully go, bruised, broken and slow,
To rest after toil in the ocean below.

Then welcome, yes, welcome, thou blessed night,
The rest thou bringest to me;
In darkness I know brief repose as I go
On, on to my home in the sea—
The sea that is thirsting for me.

A vision, stern vision, thou tyrant man,
Of fate that hangs over thee:
Time's river doth go, with hurrying flow,
On, on to the infinite sea—
The sea that is waiting for thee.

ALVAH LILLIE FRISBIE.

FIDELITY.

IF a prince should come and cast him down
(Believe me, my dear, for I cannot change)
And call me his queen and give me his crown
For the love of me, would you think it strange
That I'd still be true, my love to you,
Tho' a thousand princes should come to woo?

If an angel should come and clasp my hand
(You may trust me, dear, thro' all coming time),
And make me the queen of some far-off land,
I would not be queen of his sunlit clime
For a single year, for I sadly fear
The queen's heart would break for you, my dear!

Should I cross the river of death to-night
(Have faith, my dear, for my love cannot die),
My heart would thrill with a strange delight,
Though the waves were cold and the billows high,
And I would not shrink could I only think
You were waiting for me by the river's brink.

While our souls are still in the scale of fate
(Ah! pray, my dear, pray with all your heart),
Though eternity's night may come soon or late,
Through the ages that come, we may not part,
And I would not moan tho' life were gone
If you clasped through the darkness my hand in your own.

LOLA MARSHALL DEAN.

RETROSPECTION.

OLD Chronos strikes the lingering blow,
Another year's white milestone stands
Where old paths end and new roads stretch
Far into mystic future lands.
Ere crossing to that unknown realm,
Like Cæsar, pause we, looking back,
And dimly trace on shifting sands
Of olden days our pilgrim track.

Bright days when gayly sings the world
And cloudless skies so blue ne'er gleamed
Joy's summer land above, beneath,
While life one bright Elysium seems.
But mars the song a discord sad;
Strands glistening brightest in life's web
Are spun by buoyant hands of hope,
Then cuts some Atropos the thread.

O'ershadowed are the beauteous skies:
Life's joys now emphasize its shades;
Dull eyes with questioning faith would fain
See glimpses of hope's sunlit rays.
But "serving as we stand and wait,"
Adown dark skies a soft wind blows;
And dying sunset's glory bright
Opes western gates and floods the gray
With crimson, amethystine light.

AMY SEVILLE WOLFF.

NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE.

MY good man is a clever man,
Which no one will gainsay;
He lies awake to plot and plan
'Gainst lions in the way,
While I, without a thought of ill,
Sleep sound enough for three;
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

A holiday we never fix
But he is sure 'twill rain,
And when the sky is clear at six
He knows it won't remain.
He's always prophesying ill,
To which I won't agree,
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

The wheat will never show a top—
But soon how green the field!
We will not harvest half a crop—
Yet have a famous yield!
It will not sell, it never will!
But I will wait and see,
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

He has a sort of second sight,
And when the fit is strong,
He sees beyond the good and right
The evil and the wrong,
Heaven's cup of joy he'll surely spill
Unless I with him be,
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
And love to hear 'em told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one—
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
The choir of wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king—
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot,
When one pert lady said,
"O Walter! I am quite
Bewildered with affright!
I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head."

Another, more benign,
Snipt it away from mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended it was found.
She leaped, and twirled it round.
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blonde is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I beheld,
I wish that I were dead.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LAVA FLOW

IT found a valley young and fair
And virgin of regret;
That laughed away the amorous air,
Nor dreamed of love as yet.

It left a valley wan and old
And outcast of desire,
When through her maiden heart had rolled
Its passion-flood of fire.

Her springs are dry; and dry between
In all her flowery pass,
Save one wee strip of faithful green—
The friendship of the grass.

And black across her beauty's wreck—
Poor wreck, that may not die!—
Lies dead the flame she could not check,
Nor can revivify.

So, wan and writhen in despair,
So, frozen black in stone,
They lie—the awful semblance there
Of lives that I have known.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing
The cathedral door above;
Yet I saw but one among them,
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle—wound about him,
As their robes the sowers wind—
Bore the swallows and their fledgelings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and child-like,
High in wind and tempest wild;
O, were I like him exalted,
I would be like him, a child!

And my songs—green leaves and blossoms—
Up to heaven's door would bear,
Calling, even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE spirit of beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight;
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there—
She leaves the top of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight,
Then she mounts again, and around her flings
A shower of light from her purple wings,
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,
That silently fills it with ecstacy!

At noon she hies to a cool retreat
Where bowering elms over waters meet;
She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip,
That smiles as it curls, like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide in vain
From her lover the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky,
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy;
And around the skirts of each sweeping fold
She paints a border of crimson gold;
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power,
She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream,
Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,
The spirit of beauty is everywhere.

RUFUS DAVIES.

ONLY.

ONLY a seed—but it chanced to fall
In a little cleft of a city wall,
And taking root, grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower—but it chonced that day
That a burdened heart passed by that way;
And the message that through the flower was sent
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spake of the lilies so wondrously clad;
And the heart that was tired grew strangely glad
At the thought of a tender care over all,
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold;
And the life bore fruit a hundred-fold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above;
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more;
For a new-born soul "entered in by the door."

JESSIE GORDON.

TO A PAIR OF SLIPPERS IN THE EGYPTIAN EXHIBITION, LONDON.

TINY slippers of gold and green
Tied with a mouldering cord!
What pretty feet they must have been
When Cæsar Augustus was Egypt's lord!
Somebody graceful and fair you were:
Not many girls could dance in these!
When did the shoemaker make you, dear,
Such a nice pair of Egyptian threes!

Where were you measured? In Sais, or on,
Memphis, or Thebes, or Pelusium?
Fitting them featly your brown toes upon,
Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb,
I seem to see you! So long ago!
Twenty centuries—less or more!
And here are the sandals; yet none of us know
What name or fortune or face you bore!

Your lips would have laughed with a rosy scorn
If the merchant or slave had mockingly said:
The feet will pass, but the shoes they have worn
Two thousand years onward time's road shall tread,
And still be foot-gear as good as new!
To think that calf skin, gilded and stitched,
Should Rome and her Cæsar outlive; and you
Be gone like a dream from the world you bewitched.

Not that we mourn you; 'twere too absurd;
You have been such a very long while away!
Your dry, spiced dust would not value a word
Of the soft regrets that a verse could say
Sorrow and joy, and love and hate,
If you ever felt them, are vaporized hence
To this odor—subtle and delicate—
Of cassia and myrrh and frankincense.

Of course they embalmed you? But not so sweet
Were aloes and nard as your youthful glow
Which Amenti took, when the small, dark feet
Wearied of treading our earth below.
Look! It was flood-time in Valley of Nile,
Or a very wet day in the Delta, dear!
When your gilded shoes tripped their latest mile;
The mud on the soles renders that fact clear.

You knew Cleopatra, no doubt? You saw
Antony's galleys from Actium come!
But, there! if questions could answers draw
From lips so many a long age dumb,
I would not tease you for history,
Nor vex your heart with the men which were;
The one point to know which will fascinate me,
Is, where and wha are you to-day, my dear!

You died believing in Horus and Pasht,
Isis, Osiris and priestly lore;
And found, of course, such theories smashed
By actual fact, on the heavenly shore?
What next did you do? Did you transmigrate?
Have we seen you since, all modern and fresh?
Your charming soul—as I calculate—
Mislaid its mummy and sought new flesh.

Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,
With eyes and hair of the Ptolemy black,
Who still of this "find" in the Fayoum would speak,
And to scarabs and Pharaohs would carry us back!
A scent of lotus around her hung,
She had such a far-away, wistful air,
As of somebody born when the earth was young,
And wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair!

Perchance you were married? These might have been
Part of your *trousseau*—the wedding-shoes;
And you laid them aside with the lote-leaves green,
And painted clay gods which a bride did use;
And maybe to-day, by Nile's bright waters,
Damsels of Egypt, in gowns of blue—
Great—great—great—very great granddaughters—
Owe their shapely insteps to you!

But vainly I knock at the bars of the past,
Little green slippers with golden strings!
For all you can tell is that leather will last
When loves and delights and beautiful things
Have vanished, forgotten! Nay! Not quite that!
I catch some light of the grace you wore
When you finished with life's daily pit-a-pat,
And left your shoes at time's bedroom-door.

You were born in the Old World, which did not doubt;
You were never sad with our new-fashioned sorrow;
You were sure, when your gladsome days ran out,
Of day-times to come, as we of to-morrow!
Oh, dear little Maid of the Delta! I lay
Your shoes on your mummy-chest back again,
And wish that one game we might merrily play
At "hunt-the-slipper"—to see it all plain!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill,
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call,
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain,
The dread to take our daily way and walk in it again.
We know not to what sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know, our loved and lost, if they should come this day,
Should come and ask us, What is life? not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as death can ever be;
Yet, oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say, those vanished ones, and blessed is the thought,
So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you naught;

We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death;
Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mystery of breath.

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known, but I believe that God is overhead,
And as life is to the living so death is to the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

PREFERENCES AND TREASURES.

I'D rather drink cold water from the brook,
Than quaff excitement from a golden chalice;
I'd rather sleep on straw in shepherd's hut,
Than lie awake and restless in a palace.

I'd rather earn dry bread in lusty health,
And eat it with a sense of wholesome pleasure,
Than feed without the zest of appetite
Of gorgeous plate and unavailing treasure.

I'd rather have one true, unfailing friend,
Than fifty parasites to crave my bounty;
And one poor lass who loved me for myself,
Than one without a heart who owned a county.

Nature is kind if our desires are pure,
And strews rich blessings everywhere around us;
While fortune, if we pant in her pursuit,
Too often grants her favors to confound us.

Fresh air and sunshine, flowers, and health and love—
These are endowments if we learn to prize them;
The wise man's treasures better worth than gold,
And none but fools and wicked men despise them.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past
There lived a man; and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name hath perished from the earth;
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall,
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
Oh! she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be!

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shade and glory threw,
Have left, in yonder silent sky,
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE.

Written by England's Laureate in 1889.

DEMETER—Faint as a climate changing bird that flies
All night across the darkness, and at dawn
Falls on the threshold of her native land,
And can no more, thou camest, O my child,
Led upward by the god of ghosts and dreams,
Who laid thee at Eleusis, dazed and dumb
With passing through at once from state to state,
Until I brought thee hither; that the day
When here thy hands let fall the gathered flowers
Might break through crowded memories once again
On thy lost self. A sudden nightingale
Saw thee and flushed into a frolic of song
And welcome. And a gleam, as of the moon
When first she peers along the tremulous deep,
Fled wavering o'er thy face, and chased away
That shadow of a likeness to the King
Of Shadows, thy dark mate, Persephone,
Queen of the dead no more, my child, thine eyes
Again were human, godlike; and the sun
Burst from a swimming fleece of winter gray,
And robed thee in his day from head to feet.

PERSEPHONE—Mother, and I was folded in thine arms.

DEMETER—Child, when thou wert gone
I envied human wives and nested birds;
Yea the cubbed lioness; went in search of thee
Through many a palace, many a cot, and gave

My breast to ailing infants in the night,
And set the mother waking in amaze to find
Her sick one whole; and forth again I went
Among the wail of midnight winds, and cried:—
"Where is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?"
And out from all the night an answer shrilled,
"We know not, and we know not why we wail."
I climbed on all the cliffs of all the seas
And asked the waves that moan about the world,
"Where do ye make your moaning for my child?"
And round from all the world the voices came,
"We know not, and we know not why we moan."

Trace of thee
I saw not; and, far on, and, following out
A league of labyrinthine darkness, came
On three gray heads beneath a gleaming rift,
Where and I heard one voice from all the three,
"We know not, for we spin the lives of men,
And not of gods, and know not why we spin.
There is a fate beyond us."

Those gray heads,
What meant they by their fate beyond the fates,
But younger, kindlier gods to bear us down,
As we bore down the gods before us; gods
To quench, nor hurl the thunderbolt; to stay,
Nor spread the plague, the famine; gods, indeed,
To send the noon into the night, and break
The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven,
Till thy dark lord accept and love the sun,
And all the shadow die into the light;
When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year with me
And souls of men who grew beyond their race
And made themselves as gods against the fear
Of death and hell. And thou, that hast from men,
As Queen of Death, that worship which is fear,
Henceforth as having risen from out the dead,
Shall ever send thy life along with mine.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SOME DAY.

SOME day—so many tearful eyes
Are watching for the dawning light!
So many faces toward the skies
Are weary of the night!

So many falling prayers that reel
And stagger upward through the storm;
And yearning hands that reach and feel
No pressure true and warm!

So many hearts whose crimson wine
Is wasted to a purple stain;
And blurred and streaked with drops of brine
Upon the lips of pain!

O come to them—those weary ones!
Or, if thou still must bide a while,
Make stronger yet the hope that runs
Before thy coming smile.

And haste and find them where they wait,
Let summer winds blow down that way,
And all they long for, soon or late,
Bring round to them—some day.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear!
When our voices commingling breathed, like one, on the ear;
And, as echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

THOMAS MOORE.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

THE surging sea of human life forever onward rolls,
And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight of souls,
Though bravely sails our bark to-day, pale death sits at the prow,
And few shall know we ever lived a hundred years from now.

O mighty human brotherhood! why fiercely war and strive,
While God's great world has ample space for everything alive?
Broad fields uncultured and unclaimed are waiting for the plow
Of progress that shall make them bloom a hundred years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly in life's short, narrow span,
On golden stairs to climb so high above our brother man?
Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish homage bow?
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause? Why dread so much its blame?
A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;

The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes with shame the brow,
Will be as long-forgotten dreams a hundred years from now.

O patient hearts, that meekly bear your weary load of wrong!
O earnest hearts, that bravely dare, and, striving, grow more strong!
Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll never dream of how
You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred years from now.

Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that freedom, right and truth
Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless youth!
When 'mid the blest with God you rest, the grateful land shall bow
Above your clay in reverent love a hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall. Time! like breakers on thy shore
They rush upon thy rocks of doom, go down, and are no more.
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's radiant brow
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eye the past and future stand
An open page, like babes we cling to thy protecting hand;
Change, sorrow, death are naught to us if we may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of thy throne a hundred years from now.

MARY A. FORD.

A WIFE.

THE wife sat thoughtfully turning over
A book inscribed with the school-girl's name;
A tear, one tear, fell hot on the cover
So quickly closed when her husband came.

He came and he went away, it was nothing;
With commonplace words upon either side;
But, just with the sound of the room-door shutting,
A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love she had read of in sweet romances,
Love that could sorrow, but never fail;
Built her own palace of noble fancies,
All the wide world like a fairy-tale.

Bleak and bitter and utterly doleful
Spread to this woman her map of life:
Hour after hour she looked in her soul, full
Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in hands, she knelt on the carpet;
The cloud was loosened, the storm-rain fell.
Oh! life has so much to wilder and warp it,
One poor heart's day what poet could tell?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

ASHES.

Written in the Shakespeare Church at Stratford-upon-Avon.

MAN longs to view his destiny completed;
He cannot see it—but his Maker can.
As shapes of cloud in mountains are repeated,
So thoughts of God accomplished are in man.

Here the divinest of all thoughts descended;
Here the "sweet heavens" their sweetest noon let fall;
Upon this hallowed ground begun and ended
The life that knew and felt and uttered all.

There is not anything of human trial
That ever love deplored or sorrow knew,
No glad fulfillment and no sad denial,
Beyond the pictured truth that Shakespeare drew.

All things are said and done, and though forever
The streams dash onward and the great winds blow,
There comes no new thing in the world, and never
A voice, like his, that seems to make it so.

Take then thy fate, or opulent or sordid;
Take it, bear it, and esteem it blest!
For of all crowns that ever were awarded
The crown of simple patience is the best.

WILLIAM WINTER.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

ONE day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.
One day at a time;
It's a wholesome rhyme;
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches,
Knowing only too well how long they can seem,
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks—
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time! but a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That according to each shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein,
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife
The one only countersign sure to win!

One day at a time;
It's a wholesome rhyme:
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (H. H.).

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As spring revives the year,
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,
To show that she is here;
So long as May of April takes
In smiles and tears farewell,
And windflowers dapple all the brakes,
And primroses the dell;
And children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps
With ladysmock and violet,
And daisy-chain their caps;
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud-shadows float and fleet,
And ouzel pipes and laverock trills,
And young lambs buck and bleat;
So long as that which bursts the bud,
And swells and tunes the rill,
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,
Life is worth living still.

Life not worth living! Come with me,
Now that, through vanishing veil,
Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea,
And milk foams in the pail;
Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes
With sweat the striplings lithe,
As fall the long, straight, scented swathes
Over the rhythmic scythe;
Now that the throstle never stops
His self-sufficing strain,
And woodbine-trails festoon the copse,
And eglantine the lane;
Now rustic labor seems as sweet
As leisure, and blithe herds
Wend homeward with unweary feet,
Carolling like the birds;
Now all, except the lover's vow,
And nightingale, is still;
Here, in the starlit hour, allow,
Life is worth living still.

When summer, lingering half-forlorn,
On autumn loves to lean,
And fields of slowly yellowing corn
Are girt by woods still green;
When hazelnuts wax brown and plump,
And apples rosy-red,
And the owlet hoots from hollow stump,
And the dormouse makes its bed;
When crammed are all the granary floors,
And the hunter's moon is bright,
And life again is sweet indoors,
And logs again alight;
Aye, even when the houseless wind
Waileth through cleft and chink,
And in the twilight maids grow kind,
And jugs are filled and clink;
When children clasp their hands and pray,
"Be done Thy heavenly will!"
Who doth not lift his voice and say,
"Life is worth living still?"

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as a tale of anguish swells
The heart and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;
So long as faith with freedom reigns,
And loyal hope survives,
And gracious charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For intellect or will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

"THE stars that we saw in the quiet blue
Of the beautiful sky last night,
Have all tumbled down while we were sleeping:
You never saw lovelier sight.

"Come, see them, mamma, it is not far off,
This place where they thickly lay
In a mass of bright gold; for do not you see,
There are none in the sky to-day?"

I followed the eager voice of the child,
Scarce keeping pace with her tread,
To a distant field where numbers untold
Of golden daisies were spread.

"Say, is it not strange?"—with a puzzled gaze—
"Can you the mystery tell?"
I waited a space; the beautiful thought
Of the child I would not dispel.

Then reading the anxious look in her eyes,
I answered without delay,
"The stars are God's speech in the silent night;
The flowers His smile in the day."

HANNAH MORE KOHAUS.

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"THE rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play;
And everything that can sing and fly,
Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band?"—
"I greet thee, little bird! To the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all."—

"I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are still, at last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life long,
Neither poet nor printer may know."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BEST WE CAN.

WHEN things don't go to suit us,
Why should we fold our hands
And say, "No use in trying,
Fate baffles all our plans."
Let not your courage falter,
Keep faith in God and man,
And to this thought be steadfast—
"I'll do the best I can."

If clouds blot out the sunshine
Along the way you tread,
Don't grieve in hopeless fashion
And sigh for brightness fled.
Beyond the clouds the sunlight
Shines in the eternal plan;
Trust that the way will brighten,
And do the best you can.

Away with vain repinings;
Sing songs of hope and cheer,
Till many a weary comrade
Grows strong of heart to hear.
He who sings over trouble
Is aye the wisest man.
He can't help what has happened,
But—does the best he can.

So if things won't go to suit us,
Let's never fume and fret,
For finding fault with fortune
Ne'er mended matters yet.
Make the best of whate'er happens,
Bear failure like a man;
And in good or evil fortune
Do just the best you can.

EBEN E. REWFORD.

THE SILVER LINING.

THERE'S never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But it has its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With a rose in every plot:
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the print of feet;
But we have a Helper promised
For the trials we must meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

SAILOR'S SONG.

HA! the bird has fled my arrow—
Though the sunshine of its plumes,
Like the summer dew is dropping,
On its native valley blooms;
In the shadow of its parting wing
Shall I sit down and pine,
That it pours its song of beauty
On another heart than mine!

From thy neck, my trusty charger,
I will strip away the rein,
But to crop the flowery prairie
May it never bend again!
With thy hoof of flinty silver,
And thy blue eye shining bright,
Through the red mists of the morning
Speed like a beam of light.

I'm sick of the dull landsmen—
'Tis time, my lads, that we
Were crowding on the canvas,
And standing out to sea!
Ever making from the headlands
Where the wrecker's beacons ride,
Red and deadly, like the shadow
Of the lion's brinded hide;

And hugging close the islands,
That are belted with the blue,
Where a thousand birds are singing
In the dells of light and dew;
Time unto our songs the billows
With their dimpled hands shall keep,
As we're ploughing the white furrows
In the bosom of the deep!

In watching the light flashing
Like live sparks from our prow,
With but the bitter kisses
Of the cold surf on my brow,
May my voyage at last be ended,
And my sleep be in the tide,
With the sea-waves clasped around me,
Like the white arms of a bride!

ALICE CARY.

THE SAILOR BOY'S SISTER.

THE chimney thunders, the weather-boards crack,
And we lie in our beds afraid.
O Lord! have mercy on my brother Jack,
Afloat in the coasting trade.

I can't say where his ship may be,
And I hope he's well away;
But such a night to be out on the sea!
Oh! keep her safe, I pray.

When moon and stars show never a speck,
To be seen through the rolling clouds,
And the waves rush over the good ship's deck
And mount into the shrouds;

And the boatswain's voice is all blown back,
And the water gains in the hold;
O God! have mercy on my brother Jack,
For he's so young and bold.

As long as the pumps can keep her afloat,
He'll be working stripped to the skin;
And if they're obliged to lower a boat,
He'll be the last to get in.

And my father went tired to bed, I know,
And I hope he's fast asleep;
But my mother, she stays at her work below,
That he may not hear her weep.

And we all of us pray to Thee, good Lord,
Who once did walk the wave
And still the tempest by Thy word,
That ship and her hands to save.

And so when she rounds the lighthouse buoy,
Safe on the homeward tack,
How all our hearts will leap with joy,
At the sight of my brother Jack.

FRANCIS LUCAS.

GENIUS.

FAR out at sea—the sun was high,
While veered the wind, and flapped the sail—
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale,
Far out at sea.

The little stranger, who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew;
Settled a while upon the mast,
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue;
Far out at sea.

Above, there gleamed the boundless sky;
Beneath, the boundless ocean sheen;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit-life in this vast scene;
F[illegible]

Away he sped with shimmering glee!
Dim, indistinct—now seen—now gone;
Night comes, with wind and rain—and he
No more will dance before the morn,
Far out at sea.

He dies unlike his mates, I ween;
Perhaps not sooner, nor worse crossed;
And he hath felt, and known, and seen,
A larger life and hope—though lost,
Far out at sea.

THOSE WE'VE LEFT BEHIND US.

AS slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As trav'llers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

THOMAS MOORE.

AN ACT OF KINDNESS.

THE blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a thrill of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned 'twill fall
Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again,
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

NEVER PUT OFF.

WHATEVER duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it;
And never idly wish it done;
Begin at once and do it.

For sloth says falsely, "By-and-by
Is just as well to do it;
But present strength is surest strength;
Begin at once and do it.

THE SLEEPER.

AT midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain-top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the mist about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see, the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not for the world awake.
All beauty sleeps!—and, lo! where lies,
With casement open to the skies,
Irene and her destinies!

O, lady bright, can it be right,
This lattice open to the night?
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber, in and out,
And wave the curtain-canopy
So fitfully, so fearfully,
Above the closed and fringéd lid
'Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid,
That o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts, the shadows rise and fall.
O, lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to our garden-trees!
Strange is thy pallor—strange thy dress—
Stranger thy glorious length of tress,
And this all-solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps. O, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
This bed, being changed for one more holy,

This room for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever with unclosèd eye!
My love she sleeps. O, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall tomb unfold—
Some tomb that oft hath flung its black
And wing-like panels, fluttering back,
Triumphant o'er the crested palls
Of her grand family funerals—
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone—
Some vault from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Nor thrill to think, poor child of sin,
It was the dead who groaned within.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of time,
O'er east and west its beam impended;
And day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While, opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth unto the fixed stars.
And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see, but hear,
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,
Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The kindling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast!

His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint,
Yet beautiful as some fair saint
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharmed with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
She reached the station of Orion.
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!
And suddenly from his outstretched arm
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Œnopion,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.
Then, through the silence overhead,
An angel with a trumpet said,
"For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"
And, like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Reëchoed down the burning chords—
"For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE OLD WIFE.

BY the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil sad and tender,
Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight shadows brown
Slowly from the wall and window chased the sunset's golden splendor
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking (for her spirit seemed to hover,
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the bedtime cares of this),
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling as he bent above her,
Answered: "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could he tell her? All the treasures
Of their household lay in silence many years beneath the snow;
But her heart was with them living, back among her toils and pleasures
Long ago.

And again she called at dew-fall, in the sweet old summer weather,
"Where is little Charlie, father? Frank and Robert—have they come?"
"They are safe," the old man faltered; "all the children are together—safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothings, but his grief grew strong and stronger,
Till it choked and stilled him as he held and kissed her wrinkled hand,
For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fondest words no longer
Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies and broken verses,
Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's loving heeds,
While the midnight found the mourner, left to sorrow's bitter mercies,
Wrapped in weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old man listened lonely—
Till they led him from the chamber, with the burden on his breast,
For the wife of seventy years, his manhood's early love and only,
Lay at rest.

"Fare-you-well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you will meet the babes before me;
'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting long abide,
And you'll come and call me soon, I know—and Heaven will restore me
To your side."

It was even so. The spring-time in the steps of winter treading,
Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the old man closed his eyes,
And they buried him by Sarah—and they had their "diamond wedding"
In the skies.

THERON BROWN.

THE WORLD'S AGE.

WHO will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
Flash, and will flash till the last
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of hell.

Still the race of hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherits—
"Wife, and child, and Fatherland."
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the age's gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

UNCARING.

ONLY a rose, you say,
And carelessly throw me away;
Yet my petals so white
On her bosom last night
Rose and fell o'er a heart young and gay.

Only a woman, you say,
And laughingly turn away;
Yet that dead heart so true
Broke in silence for you,
Till the beauteous mold turned to clay.

Only a lifetime, you say,
With your spirits as lithesome and gay;
Yet thy laugh, now so light,
Will be tears by to-night,
For a voice that is silent for aye.

CORA IRENE SHAW.

THE JOY OF INCOMPLETENESS.

IF all our life were one broad glare
Of sunlight, clear, unclouded;
If all our path were smooth and fair,
By no deep gloom enshrouded;—

If all life's flowers were fully blown
Without the slow unfolding,
And happiness mayhap were thrown
On hands too weak for holding;—

Then we should miss the twilight hours,
The intermingling sadness,
And pray, perhaps, for storms and showers
To break the constant gladness.

If none were sick, and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad,
We hardly could be tender.

Did our belovéd never need
Our loving ministration,
Life would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its finest consolation.

If sorrow never smote the heart,
And every wish were granted—
Then faith would die, and hope depart,
And life be disenchanted.

And if in heaven is no more night,
In heaven is no more sorrow—
Such unimagined, pure delight
Fresh grace from pain will borrow.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

WALK with the beautiful and with the grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her:
Walk with the beautiful.

I hear thee say, "The beautiful! what is it?"
Oh, thou art darkly ignorant: be sure
'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door;
Then love the beautiful.

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only;
Then love the beautiful.

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face,
Some, in a favorite warbler of the skies;
But be not fooled! whate'er thine eye may trace,
Seeking the beautiful, it will arise;
Then seek it everywhere.

Thy bosom is its mint; the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee believing
The beautiful exists in every star,
Thou mak'st it so, and art thyself deceiving
If otherwise thy faith.

Dost thou see beauty in the violet's cup?
I'll teach thee miracles: walk on this heath,
And say to the neglected flowers, "Look up,
And be ye beautiful!"—if thou hast faith,
They will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue;
It turns the feelings prematurely old,
And they who keep their best affections young,
Best love the beautiful!

E. H. BURRINGTON.

THE STOVE IN THE VILLAGE STORE.

WHEN the twilight had deepened to darkness
They gathered from far and from near,
Old farmers who plodded the distance
As pilgrims their shrines to revere;
At the shabby old store at the "corners"
They met and they entered the door,
For the Mecca of all these old cronies
Was the stove in the old village store.

It was guiltless of beauty or polish,
And its door was unskilfully hung,
But they made a glad circle around it,
And the genial warmth loosened each tongue;
And they talked of the crops and the weather,
Twin subjects to gossip most dear,
And the smoke from their pipes, as it blended,
Gave a tinge to the whole atmosphere.

Full many the tales they related,
And wondrous the yarns that they spun,
And doubtful the facts that they stated,
And harmless the wit and the fun;
But if ever the discussion grew heated
It was all without tumult or din,
And they gave their respectful attention
When a customer chanced to come in.

When the evening was spent and the hour
For the time of their parting had come,
They rapped from their pipes the warm ashes,
And reluctantly started for home;
Agreeing to meet on the morrow
When the day with its labors was o'er,
For the Mecca of all the old cronies
Was the stove in the old village store.

UNCROWNED KINGS.

O YE uncrowned but kingly kings!
Made royal by the brain and heart;
Of all earth's wealth the noblest part,
Yet reckoned nothing in the mart
Where men know naught but sordid things—
All hail to you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose breath and words of living flame
Have waked slaved nations from their shame,
And bid them rise in manhood's name—
Swift as the curved bow backward springs—
To follow you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose strong right arm hath oft been bared

Where fires of righteous battle glared,
And where all odds of wrong ye dared!—
To think on you the heart upsprings,
O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose burning songs, like lava poured,
Have smitten like a two-edged sword
Sent forth by heaven's avenging Lord
To purge the earth were serfdom clings
To all but you, O kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
To whose ecstatic gaze alone
The beautiful by heaven is shown,
And who have made it all your own;
Your lavish hand around us flings
Earth's richest wreaths, O noble kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
The heart leaps wildly at your thought,
And the brain fires as if it caught
Shreds of your mantle; ye have fought
Not vainly, if your glory brings
A lingering light to earth, O kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose souls on Marah's fruit did sup,
And went in fiery chariots up
When each had drained his hemlock cup.—
Ye friends of God, but tyrants' stings,
Uncrowned, but still the kingliest kings!

BERKELEY AIKEN.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

SURE, to the mansions of the blessed
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel, brighter than the rest,
The spotless spirit's flight attends.
On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll,
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.
That inextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam
The more it lingers upon earth.

But when the Lord of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death
Which speeds an infant to the tomb,
No passion fierce, nor low desire
Has quenched the radiance of the flame;
Back to its God the living fire
Reverts, unclouded as it came.
Fond mourner, be that solace thine!
Let hope her healing charm impart,
And soothe, with melodies divine,
The anguish of a mother's heart.

Oh, think! the darlings of thy love,
Divested of this earthly clod,
Amid unnumbered saints, above,
Bask in the bosom of their God.
O'er thee, with looks of love, they bend;
For thee the Lord of life implore;
And oft from sainted bliss descend
Thy wounded spirit to restore.
Then dry, henceforth, the bitter tear;
Their part and thine inverted see;
Thou wert their guardian angel here,
Thy guardian angels now to thee!

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

HOW!

"HOW shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make;
As you gathered you must loose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strand we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THINGS THAT DO NOT DIE.

BRIGHT things can never die,
Even though they fade;
Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made.
What though the summer day
Passes at eve away?
Doth not the moon's soft ray
Solace the night?
Bright things can never die,
Saith my philosophy:
Phœbus, while passing by,
Leaves us the light.

Kind words can never die:
Cherished and blessed,
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast!
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Ay, in all years and climes,
Distant and near.
Kind words can never die,
Saith my philosophy;
Deep in the soul they lie,
God knows how dear.

Childhood can never die;
Wrecks of the past
Float o'er the memory,
E'en to the last.

Many a happy thing,
Many a daisied spring
Float, on time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.
Childhood can never die,
Saith my philosophy;
Wrecks of our infancy
Live on for aye.

Sweet fancies never die;
They leave behind
Some fairy legacy
Stored in the mind—
Some happy thought or dream,
Pure as day's earliest beam
Kissing the gentle stream
In the lone glade.
Yea, though these things pass by,
Saith my philosophy,
Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade.

EPICURUS AND THE SPHINX.

O MELANCHOLY Sphinx! the haunting glare
Of thy stone eyes
Vexes my soul, and goads me to despair
With mysteries
Too deeply hidden in the vast unknown
For narrow reason, on her doubtful throne,
To probe and scan;
Why ask me to declare what nature is,
And why God fashioned for their bale or bliss
The earth and man?

And why the evil which we feel and see
In nature's scheme
Should be a fact in cruel destiny,
And not a dream?
And why it should since time's perplexing birth,
Over our lovely and prolific earth
Its shadow cast,
And track the populous planets on their way,
Lord of the present and the future day,
As of the past?

Why should I strive to see the reason why,
Through narrow chinks?
Dark are thy riddles, and beyond reply—
Oh torturing Sphinx!
If good for ever is at war with ill,
And good is God's unconquerable will,
I'll seek no more
To solve the mystery of His design,
Beyond the scope of reason to define,
On time's dark shore.

I am; I think; I love; and while I live
And it is day,
I will enjoy the blessings it can give
While yet I may.
Joy skips around me in the wholesome air,
All nature smiles, the universe is fair
With heavenly light;
For me, the sun downpours its rays of gold,
The rivers roll, and all the flowers unfold
Their blossoms bright.

For me the stars the eloquent sky illume,
For me the spring
Inspires with love and joy and fruitful bloom
Each living thing.
For me, the grapes grow mellow on the stalk—
For me wit sparkles and old sages talk
Of noble deeds:
The blithe lark carols in the light of morn;
And reapers mow the golden-beaded corn,
To serve my needs.

For me, the vintage sparkles in the bowl,
And woman's wiles
Sweet as herself, invade my heart and soul
That love her smiles.
Oh, Sphinx! thy riddles shut the daylight out!
Faith is the anchor of the true devout,
And hope their guide;
And when my last hour comes, may every friend
Say I lived bravely till the destined end—
And bravely died!

CHARLES MACKAY.

EULALIE.

I DWELT alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride—
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.
Ah, less—less bright
The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl;
And never a flake
That the vapor can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded curl—
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble and careless curl.

Now doubt—now pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long
Shines bright and strong,
Astarté within the sky,
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye—
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

WHY SHOULD WE QUARREL FOR RICHES?

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main!
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honor and honesty true;
And would not commit a bad action
For power or profit in view.
Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Will go through the world, my brave boys!

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enriched with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But industry ever steers right.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the State,
Than we that to politics strangers
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.

SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BELL! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bed-time draweth nigh!
Bell, thou soundest mournfully;
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

THERE never was a day so long
It did not have an end;
There never was a man so poor
He did not have a friend;
And when the long day finds an end
It brings the time of rest,
And he who has one steadfast friend
Should count himself as blest.

There never was a cloud that hid
The sunlight all from sight;
There never was a life so sad
It had not some delight.
Perchance for us the sun at last
May break the dark cloud through,
And life may hold a happiness
That never yet it knew.

So let's not be discouraged, friend,
When shadows cross our way.
Of trust and hope I've some to lend;
So borrow from me, pray.
Good friends are we, therefore not poor,
Though worldly wealth we lack.
Behold the sun shines forth at last,
And drives the dark clouds back!

EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE TIRED WIFE.

ALL day the wife had been toiling,
From an early hour in the morn,
And her hands and her feet were weary
With the burdens that she had borne;
But she said to herself: "The trouble
That weighs on my mind is this—
That Tom never thinks to give me
A comforting hug or a kiss.

"I'm willing to do my duty,
To use all my strength and skill
In making the home attractive,
In striving my place to fill;
But though the approval of conscience
Is sweet, I'm free to say,
That if Tom would give me a hug and a kiss,
'Twould take all the tired away."

Then she counted over and over
The years she had been Tom's wife,
And thought of the joys and sorrows
She had known in her married life;

To be sure, there was money plenty,
And never a lack of food,
But a kiss now and then and a word of praise
Would have done her a world of good.

Ah, many a one is longing
For words that are never said;
And many a heart goes hungry
For something better than bread;
But Tom had an inspiration,
And when he went home that day
He petted his wife and kissed her
In the old-time lover-like way.

And she!—such enigmas are women!—
Who had held herself up with pride,
At her husband's display of fondness
Just hung on his neck and cried.
And he, by her grief reminded
Of troubles he might have shared,
Said: "Bless my heart! What a fool I've been!
And I didn't suppose you cared!"

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

PERFECTION.

FRET not for fame, but in perfection rest;
Seek not the first, but the most excellent;
For thus it proves when toils and care have spent,
The first is often second to the best.
With patient spirit and unyielding zest
Toil to complete each daily task, Heaven-sent,
Rather with little ably done content,
Than lost in barren fields of fruitless quest.
For as in every grass and leaf and flower
God's work surpasses man's, so man is next
To God, when, spurning gold and fame and praise,
He takes a daisy as his daily text,
Strives simply, unassumingly each hour,
To inform with beauty life's uncomeliest ways.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

ONE came with light and laughing air,
And cheek like opening blossom—
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
And glittered on her bosom,
And pearls and costly diamonds deck
Her round, white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the noontide light
The radiant zone that bound her—
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came; o'er her sweet face
A pensive shade was stealing;
Yet there no grief of earth we trace—
But the Heaven-hallowed feeling
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, as snowdrop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre;
And faith and hope beamed in her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

TAKE this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow—
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep—while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

A WOMAN'S SONG.

SHE took her song to beauty's side,
Where riches are, and pomp, and pride.
There in the world, amidst the crowd,
She found out hearts by sorrow bowed;
And midst a dream of lights and dress
She saw the pain of loneliness.
Her voice's magic held a tear.
She made the weary ones draw near;
And all the passions of the throng
Were melted into peace by song.

She took her song along the street,
And hushed the beat of passing feet
And tired toilers stopped to fill
Their hearts with music at her will.



PSYCHE FIRST HEARS THE FLUTE.

She sang of rest for weary feet,
Of sea moan and of meadow sweet;
Her voice's pleading stilled the air,
And little children wept with her:
So all their sorrow, grief and pain
She softened into love again.

She took her song to those who rest
Safe in the clasp of nature's breast,
Amid the waves along the shore,
Washed with salt tears forevermore:
And then she sang, "How long! How long!
Before we hear that perfect song—
That angel hymn, that mystic strain,
When those who loved shall love again,
When life's long struggle shall be blest
With music of eternal rest!"

CLEMENT SCOTT.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

IN THE SHADOWS.

This beautiful poem was written by the daughter of a chief of the Mohawk Indians of Brantford—that splendid race, to whose unswerving loyalty during two centuries, not only Canada, but the entire British nation, owes a debt that can never be repaid. The descent of this gifted child of the wilderness renders her the most interesting of English poetesses.

I AM sailing to the leeward,
Where the current runs to seaward
Soft and slow,
Where the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle, as it is passes
To and fro.

On the shore the heat is shaking,
All the golden sands awaking
In the cove;
And the quaint sandpiper, winging
O'er the shallows, ceases singing
When I move.

On the water's idle pillow
Sleeps the overhanging willow,
Green and cool;
Where the rushes lift their burnished
Oval heads from out the tarnished
Emerald pool.

Where the very water slumbers,
Water lilies grow in numbers,
Pure and pale;
All the morning they have rested,
Amber crowned, and pearly crested—
Fair and frail.

Here, impossible romances,
Indefinable sweet fancies,
Cluster round;
But they do not mar the sweetness
Of this still September fleetness
With a sound.

I can scarce discern the meeting
Of the shore and stream retreating,
So remote;
For the laggard river, dozing,
Only wakes from its reposing
Where I float.

Where the river mists are rising,
All the foliage baptizing
With their spray;
There the sun gleams far and faintly,
With a shadow soft and saintly
In its ray.

And the perfume of some burning
Far-off brushwood, ever turning
To exhale;
All its smoky fragrance, dying,
In the arms of evening lying,
Where I sail.

My canoe is growing lazy,
In the atmosphere so hazy,
While I dream;
Half in slumber I am guiding
Eastward, indistinctly gliding
Down the stream.

PAULINE JOHNSON.

ONLY A SMILE.

ONLY a smile that was given me
On the crowded street one day,
But pierced the gloom of my saddened heart
Like a sudden sunbeam's ray.
The shadow of doubt hung over me,
And the burden of pain I bore,
And the voice of hope I could not hear,
Though I listened o'er and o'er.

But there came a rift in the crowd about,
And a face that I knew passed by,
And the smile I caught was brighter to me
Than the blue of a summer sky;

For it gave me back the sunshine,
And it scattered each sombre thought,
And my heart rejoiced in the kindling warmth
Which that kindly smile had wrought.

Only a smile from a kindly face
On the busy street that day!
Forgotten as soon as given perhaps,
As the donor went her way,
But straight to my heart it went speeding,
To gild the clouds that were there,
And I found that of sunshine and life's blue skies,
I also might take my share.

OH, GENTLY TOUCH THE CHORDS.

IF thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy harp, or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still, he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its cluster yet may grow
Through the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown,
With a bright draught filled—oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lips' fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute,
Whence the sweet sound is scattered—
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,
So soon forever shattered!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

LIFE.

LIFE, believe, is not a dream,
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day:
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
Oh, why lament its fall?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by,
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly.

What though death at times steps in,
And calls our best away?
What though sorrow seems to win
O'er hope a heavy sway?
Yet hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.
Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage quell despair!

CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

DO you know you have asked for the costliest thing
E'er made by the hand above—
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,—
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me—
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king:—

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day—
Will you love then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BREAST FORWARD.

ONE who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.
No, at noonday in the bustle of man's worktime,
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry, "Speed—fight on, fare ever
There, as here!"

ROBERT BROWNING.

WATCHING.

SLEEP, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep,
Wild over groves of balm,
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lowly bed,
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, wavering to and fro,
Fan the sick air,
And pityingly the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun;
While prayerful watch I keep.
Sleep, love, sleep!
Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now;
Or, with a soft caress,
The tremulous lip its own nepenthe press
Upon the weary lid and aching brow.
While prayerful watch I keep—
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circles in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are singing
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near,—
Sounds these of deepest silence born
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbings of my heart,
And watch with shivering sense of pain
To see thy pale lids lift again.
The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise
At such strange quiet of the day's harsh din;
Then ventures boldly out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey
In such a tricksy, winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.
And still the curtains swing,
But noiselessly;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky;
More heavily the shadows fall
Like the black foldings of a pall,
Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air;
The beetle's drone
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan;
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerful doubt, alone.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

WATCHWORDS.

WE are living—we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age, on ages telling,
To be living—is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth, is creation's
Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then! will ye dally,
With your music, with your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock!
Up, oh up, thou drowsy soldier!
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding!
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right!

What! still hug thy dreamy slumbers?
'Tis no time for idling play,
Wreaths, and dance, and poet-numbers,
Flout them! we must work to-day!

Fear not! spurn the worldling's laughter!
Thine ambition—trample thou!
Thou shalt find a long hereafter,
To be more than tempts thee now.

On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COX.

THE LABORER.

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God!—who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan,
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No: uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus checked;

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot:
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind!

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then, that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

ALABAMA.

There is a tradition that a tribe of Indians, defeated and hard pressed by a powerful foe, reached in their flight a river where their chief set up a staff, and exclaimed, "Alabama!" a word meaning, "Here we rest!" which from that time became the river's name.

BRUISED and bleeding, pale and weary,
Onward to the south and west.
Through dark woods and deserts dreary,
By relentless foemen pressed—
Came a tribe where evening, darkling,
Flushed a mighty river's breast;
And they cried, their faint eyes sparkling,
"Alabama! Here we rest!"

Aye the stern steam-demon hurried.
Far from home and scenes so blessed;
By the gloomy care-dogs worried,
Sleepless, houseless, and distressed—
Days and nights beheld me hieing
Like a bird without a nest.
Till I hailed thy waters, crying,
"Alabama! Here I rest!"

Oh! when life's last sun is blinking
In the pale and darksome west,
And my weary frame is sinking,
With its cares and woes oppressed—
May I, as I drop the burden
From my sick and fainting breast,
Cry, beside the swelling Jordan,
"Alabama! Here I rest!"

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

CRABBÉD age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
Oh, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee
O sweet shepherd! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A FAREWELL.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you,
For every day.

I'll teach you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark's, who hails the dawn o'er breezy down,
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

DYING IN HARNESS.

ONLY a fallen horse stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load;
Only a fallen horse and a circle of wandering eyes
Watching the frightened teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold! for his toil is over; no more labor for him;
See the poor neck outstretched and the patient eyes grow dim;
See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests his head;
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;
After the burdened journey how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness, died in the shafts and straps,
Fell, and the great load killed him; one of the day's mishaps;
One of the passing wonders marking the city road;
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps a while,
Was it the symbol? Only death: why should we cease to smile
At death for a beast of burden? On through the busy street
That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet!

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will,
Does he who taught in parables speak in parables still?
The seed on the rock is wasted on heedless hearts of men,
That gather and sow and grasp and lose, labor and sleep, and then—
Then for the prize! A crowd in the street of ever echoing tread,
The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness, dead!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A BIRD LESSON.

IF you cannot give aid to another,
Do not boast you are stronger than he.
It is said of the birds on their passage
O'er the Mediterranean Sea,

That the storks, who are larger and stronger,
When they start on their wearisome flight,
Take the wrens on their backs, and the birdlings,
Who would else be in sorrowful plight.

AMANDA SHAW ELSEFFER.

THE VIKINGS' GRAVES.

VERY quietly they sleep,
Where the cliffs stand, grim and steep;
Where the shadows, long and cool,
From the side of great Berule,
Sweeping from the changing sky,
As the silent days go by,
Touch at last the ceaseless waves,
Thundering 'neath the Vikings' graves.

Fitting requiem do they make,
As they gather, roll and break,
For the warrior kings of man,
Who, as only Islesmen can,
Loved the glory and the glee
Of the ever-changing sea;
Drew from her their stormy breath,
Sought her for the calm of death.

Very quietly they rest,
With the green turf on their breast;
Mace, and blade, and mighty shield,
Arms that they alone could wield,

Notched and browned by blow and rust,
Lying silent by their dust,
Who in the sweet sunny Isle
Held their own by them erewhile.

Chance and change have swept away
Relics of the elder day.
Like the tiny "Church of Treen,"
Ruins tell of what has been;
Times of prayer and praise devout,
Times of furious fray and rout,
Times of royal pageantry,
Passed away—and here they lie.

Solemnly, to quiet graves,
Rowed across the subject waves
To their last homes Vikings came,
With songs of triumph and acclaim;
Then Berule looks grimly down
On hero dead, on forfeit crown,
On chanting monk, and sail, and prow,
Even as he watches now.

"Peace," says the stranger as he stands,
Gazing o'er the golden sands,
Where, with endless crash and shock,
Breakers surge round Niarbyl Rock;
Where the sea-mews sweep and cry;
Where Fleshwick towers to the sky;
Where Bradda rears his giant head;
"Peace be with the mighty dead."

GOLD.

GOLD! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold;
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! gold! gold! gold!

WHAT IS GOOD.

"WHAT is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer—

Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

HASTE NOT, REST NOT.

WITHOUT haste, without rest:
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell,
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom—
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not: let no reckless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well, and know the right—
Forward then with all thy might!
Haste not: years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not: time is sweeping by—
Do and dare before thou die:
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time:
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not, rest not: calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not, rest not: conflicts past,
Good shall crown thy work at last!

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIAN COX.

THE WATER-DRINKER.

OH, water for me! Bright water for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity.
Oh, water, bright water, for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim!
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink naught but dew.
Oh, water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health.
So water, pure water, for me, for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb!

To the days of the agéd it addeth length,
To the might of the strong it addeth strength.
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light:—
So, water! I will drink naught but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing hours,
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers,—
Oh, cheerily then my voice is heard,
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying, and weaving anew
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea—
How gently, O sleep! fall thy poppies on me;
For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,
And my dreams are of heaven the livelong night;
So, hurrah for thee, water! hurrah, hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art ribbon and star!
Hurrah for bright water! hurrah, hurrah!

EDWARD JOHNSON.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depths of his cell with his stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic or alchemy's powers
We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is secure, unless energy fails;
And at length he produced the philosopher's scales.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.
Oh no; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant but in it must go:
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there.
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief,
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garments that Dorcas had made for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was pressed
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest:
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough;
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh—'twas the pearl of great price.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof!
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

JANE TAYLOR.

IN THE DOWN-HILL OF LIFE.

IN the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;

And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honors await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighboring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this old worn-out stuff, which is thread-bare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

JOHN COLLINS.

DRINK AND AWAY.

There is a beautiful rill in Barbary, received into a large basin, which bears a name signifying "Drink and away," from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins.

UP! pilgrim and rover, redouble thy haste!
Nor rest thee till over life's wearisome waste.
Ere the wild forest ranger thy footsteps betray
To trouble and danger—oh, drink and away!

Here lurks the dark savage, by night and by day,
To rob and to ravage, nor scruples to slay:
He waits for the slaughter: the blood of his prey
Shall stain the still water—then up and away!

With toil though thou languish, the mandate obey,
Spur on, though in anguish, there's death in delay!
No blood-hound, want-wasted, is fiercer than they—
Pass by it untasted—or drink and away!

Though sore be the trial, thy God is thy stay;
Though deep the denial, yield not in dismay;
But, wrapped in high vision, look on to the day
When the fountains elysian thy thirst shall allay.

There shalt thou forever enjoy thy repose,
Where life's gentle river eternally flows;
Yea, there shalt thou rest thee forever and aye,
With none to molest thee—then, drink and away.

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

TOMMY'S DEAD.

YOU may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead,
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know, boys,
There's not a blade will grow, boys,
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,
He's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed;
The cow's dry and spare, boys,
She's neither here nor there, boys,
I doubt she's badly bred;
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,
There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red;
There's no sign of grass, boys,
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,
The land's not what it was, boys,
And the beasts must be fed;
You may turn Peg away, boys,
You may pay off old Ned,
We've had a dull day, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
Let me turn my head;
She's standing there in the door, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head,
Take her away from me, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed,
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed!
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head;
Out of the big oak tree, boys,
Out of the garden bed,
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,
But I think it's not in my head,
I've kept my precious sight, boys—
The Lord be hallowéd!
Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shrivelled and shred,
The hedges down by the lone
I can count them bone by bone,

The leaves are open and spread,
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.
There's nothing but cinders and sand,
The rat and the mouse have fed,
And the summer's empty and cold;
Over valley and wold
Wherever I turn my head
There's a mildew and a mould,
The sun's going out overhead,
And I'm very old,
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys?
You're all born and bred,
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed,
And she's gone before, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head,
She knew she'd never see't, boys,
And she stole off to bed;
I've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he'd come home, he said,
But it's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,
Bring out the beer and bread,
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead;
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There's something ill wi' the bread,
I don't care to sup, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I've such a sleepy head,
I shall nevermore be stout, boys,
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys?
The prayers are all said,
The fire's raked out, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head,
The night's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother's long in bed,
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys,
You may lay me where she is, boys,
And I'll rest my old head:
'Tis a poor world, this, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

FROM THE COTTAGE TO THE CASTLE.

YOU remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she blessed her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toiled through winds and rains,
Till William, at length, in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"—
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
"The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bowed, as they passed the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady," exclaimed the youth—
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger wooed and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

THOMAS MOORE.

ELDORADO.

GAYLY bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a Pilgrim shadow—
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied—
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

BEAUTIFUL world! though bigots condemn thee,
My tongue finds no words for the graces that gem thee!
Beaming with sunny light, bountiful ever,
Streaming with gay delight, full as a river!
Bright world! brave world! let cavillers blame thee!
I bless thee, and bend to the God who did frame thee!

Beautiful world! bursting around me,
Manifold, million-hued wonders confound me!
From earth, sea, and starry sky, meadow and mountain,
Eagerly gushes life's magical fountain.
Bright world! brave world! though witlings may blame thee,
Wonderful excellence only could frame thee!

The bird in the greenwood his sweet hymn is trolling,
The fish in blue ocean is spouting and rolling!
Light things on airy wing wild dances weaving,
Clods with new life in spring swelling and heaving!
Thou quick-teeming world! though scoffers may blame thee,
I wonder, and worship the God who could frame thee!

Beautiful world! what poesy measures
Thy strong-flooding passions, thy light-trooping pleasures?
Mustering, marshalling, striving and straining,
Conquering, triumphing, ruling and reigning!
Thou bright-armied world, so strong, who can tame thee?
Wonderful power of God only could frame thee!

Beautiful world! while godlike I deem thee,
No cold wit shall move me with bile to blaspheme thee!
I have lived in thy light, and when fate ends my story,
May I leave on death's cloud the trail of life's glory!
Wondrous old world! no ages shall shame thee!
Ever bright with new light from the God who did frame thee!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
"Caw! caw!" the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of wo,
A sound of wo!

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing: "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray—pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith—
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath—
"Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from his breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,
O soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleyson!
Christe, eleyson!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BALLADS AND LEGENDS.

THE DRUM.



YONDER is a little drum, hanging on the wall;
Dusty wreaths and tattered flags round about it fall.
A shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills watched the sheep whose skin
A cunning workman wrought, and gave the little drum its din;
And happy was the shepherd-boy while tending of his fold,
Nor thought he there was in the world a spot like Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day; but change with time will come,
And he (alas for him the day!)—he heard the little drum.
"Follow," said the drummer-boy, "would you live in story!
For he who strikes a foeman down wins a wreath of glory."
"*Rub-a-dub!*" *and* "*rub-a-dub!*" the drummer beats away—
The shepherd lets his bleating flock on Cheviot wildly stray.

On Egypt's arid wastes of sand the shepherd now is lying;
Around him many a parching tongue for "water" faintly crying.
Oh that he were on Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure spread,
Or lying 'mid the blooming heath where oft he made his bed;
Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to its vales,
Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot's mountain gales!

At length upon his wearied eyes the mists of slumber come,
And he is in his home again, till awakened by the drum.
"To arms! to arms!" his leader cries; "the foe—the foe is nigh!"
Guns loudly roar, steel clanks on steel, and thousands fall to die,
The shepherd's blood makes red the sand: "Oh water—give me some!
My voice might meet a friendly ear but for that little drum!"

'Mid moaning men and dying men, the drummer kept his way,
And many a one by "glory" lured abhorred the drum that day.
"*Rub-a-dub!*" *and* "*rub-a-dub!*" the drummer beat aloud—
The shepherd died; and, ere the morn, the hot sand was his shroud.
And this is "glory?" Yes; and still will man the tempter follow,
Nor learn that glory, like its drum, is but a sound, and hollow.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarméd air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside life's rushing stream,
In fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the river of life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad vale of tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE CAPTAIN'S WELL.

The story of the shipwreck of Captain Valentine Bagley, on the coast of Arabia, and his sufferings in the desert, has been familiar from my childhood. It has been partially told in the singularly beautiful lines of my friend, Harriet Prescott Spofford, on the occasion of a public celebration at the Newburyport Library. To the charm and felicity of her verse, so far as it goes, nothing can be added, but in the following ballad I have endeavored to give a fuller detail of the touching incident upon which it is founded.

FROM pain and peril, by land and main,
The shipwrecked sailor came back again;

Back to his home, where wife and child,
Who had mourned him lost, with joy were wild,

Where he sat once more with his kith and kin,
And welcomed his neighbors thronging in.

But when morning came he called for his spade.
"I must pay my debt to the Lord," he said.

"Why dig you here?" asked the passer-by;
"Is there gold or silver the road so nigh?"

"No, friend," he answered; "but under this sod
Is the blessed water, the wine of God."

"Water! the Powow is at your back,
And right before you the Merrimack,

"And look you up, or look you down,
There's a well-sweep at every door in town."

"True," he said, "we have wells of our own;
But this I dig for the Lord alone."

Said the other: "This soil is dry, you know,
I doubt if a spring can be found below;

"You had better consult, before you dig,
Some water-witch, with a hazel twig."

"No, wet or dry, I will dig it here,
Shallow or deep, if it takes a year.

"In the Arab desert, where shade is none,
The waterless land of sand and sun,

"Under the pitiless, brazen sky
My burning throat as the sand was dry;

"My crazed brain listened in fever-dreams
For plash of buckets, and ripple of streams;

"And opening my eyes to the blinding glare,
And my lips to the breath of the blistering air,

"Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,
I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.

"Then something tender, and sad, and mild
As a mother's voice to her wandering child,

"Rebuked my frenzy; and, bowing my head
I prayed as I never before had prayed:

"*Pity me, God! for I die of thirst;*
Take me out of this land accurst;

"*And if ever I reach my home again,*
Where earth has springs, and the sky has rain,

"*I will dig a well for the passers-by,*
And none shall suffer with thirst as I.

"I saw, as I passed my home once more,
The house, the barn, the elms by the door,

"The grass-lined road, that riverward wound,
The tall slate stones of the burying-ground,

"The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill
The brook with its dam, and gray grist-mill,

"And I knew in that vision beyond the sea,
The very place where my well must be.

"God heard my prayer in that evil day;
He led my feet in their homeward way,

"From false mirage and dried-up well,
And the hot sand-storms of a land of hell,

"Till I saw at last, through a coast-hill's gap,
The city held in its stony lap,

"The mosques and the domes of scorched Muscat,
And my heart leaped up with joy thereat.

"For there was a ship at anchor lying,
A Christian flag at its mast-head flying,

"And sweetest of sounds to my home-sick ear
Was my native tongue in the sailors' cheer.

"Now the Lord be thanked, I am back again,
Where earth has springs, and the skies have rain.

"And the well I promised, by Oman's Sea,
I am digging for him in Amesbury."

His good wife wept, and his neighbors said:
"The poor old captain is out of his head."

But from morn to noon, and from noon to night,
He toiled at his task with main and might;

And when at last, from the loosened earth,
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,

And fast as he climbed to his deep well's brim,
The water he dug for followed him,

He shouted for joy: "I have kept my word,
And here is the well I promised the Lord!"

The long years came, and the long years went,
And he sat by his road-side well content;

He watched the travellers, heat-oppressed,
Pause by the way to drink and rest,

And the sweltering horses dip, as they drank,
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank;

And grateful at heart, his memory went
Back to that waterless Orient,

And the blessed answer of prayer, which came
To the earth of iron and sky of flame.

And when a wayfarer, weary and hot,
Kept to the mid-road, pausing not

For the well's refreshing, he shook his head;
"He don't know the value of water," he said;

"Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,
In the desert circle of sand and sun,

"He would drink and rest, and go home to tell
That God's best gift is the wayside well!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ONE WORD.

"WRITE me an epic," the warrior said—
"Victory, valor and glory wed."

"Prithee, a ballad," exclaimed the knight—
"Prowess, adventure and faith unite."

"An ode to freedom," the patriot cried—
"Liberty won and wrong defied."

"Give me a drama," the scholar asked—
"The inner world in the outer masked."

"Frame me a sonnet," the artist prayed—
"Power and passion in harmony played."

"Sing me a lyric," the maiden sighed—
"A lark note waking the morning wide."

"Nay, all too long," said the busy age—
'Write me a line instead of a page."

The swift year spoke, the poet heard:
"Your poem write in a single word."

He looked in the maiden's glowing eyes,
A moment glanced at the starlit skies,

From the lights below to the lights above,
And wrote the one word poem—Love.

A MOTHER'S DARING.

DON'T you talk to me about women, as though they were timid and weak;
You've not seen so many as I have, or that's not the way you would speak.
Why, bless you, there's some of the females have twice as much pluck as we men;
You doubt it? Well, listen a moment, I'll tell you an anecdote then.

'Tis twelve months ago, mate, or nearly, since what I shall tell you occurred.
But I've never forgotten the story—'tis true, mate; not just what I heard.
And the subject's a female, a poor one, and not very lovely, I own,
But as noble and plucky a woman as any that I've ever known.

Nell Blake was an artisan's wife, mate, and she'd one little maiden of three,
Whose manner was winning and pretty, and full of sweet innocent glee.
And the mother was proud of her daughter (and her pride was but natural too),
In fact she just cherished the maiden, as good mothers usually do.

One day a menagerie came, mate, and halted quite close to their street,
And Nell thought she'd take little Jessie, and give her a bit of a treat.
So, dressing themselves in their neatest, they went on the opening night,
Together with scores of the neighbors, all bent on enjoying the sight.

They entered, and Jess was delighted, the scene was so new to her eyes,
And now and again she would utter a word to express her surprise;
The tricks of the monkeys amused her, and she couldn't refrain from a laugh,
When she noticed the neck of the creature Nell told her was called the giraffe.

Well, all of a sudden the people came rushing along in a crowd,
With terror writ plain on their faces, while some of them shouted aloud—

"The tiger's broke loose, he is coming!" Nell heard
and was struck with dismay,
Then she turned to clasp hands with her daughter,
and hurry her out of the way.

But Jessie had gone; she had wandered to look at
some curious thing,
Not thinking what trouble and sorrow to a fond
mother's heart it would bring.
Nell sought for her, called her in vain, mate, and her
fears and misgivings were such
That she felt her wee maiden was surely in the blood-
thirsty animal's clutch.

Then her sensitive ear was smitten by the sound of
her daughter's cry,
And frantic and breathless she darted to rescue her
child or to die.
In a moment she saw little Jessie, with staring eyes,
holding her breath,
While the tiger was crouching before her ere springing
to deal swift death.

Nell Blake never halted a moment, but straight to her
child did she go,
Rushed in between her and the tiger, forgetting the
strength of her foe;
She watched him for several seconds, then just as he
sprang at his prey,
She snatched up her child in an instant, and tried to
get out of his way.

She eluded his spring and she dodged him, but he
caught her a blow on the arm
That caused her to reel in a swoon, mate, and made
Jessie shriek with alarm;
Then quickly the mother recovered, and her joy
surely no one can tell,
When she heard the sharp crack of a rifle, and the
animal staggered and fell.

That's the anecdote; how did you like it? D'ye see
you were quite in the wrong,
And some women can beat the men, mate, although
they're not nearly as strong.
Don't you talk against women again, mate, for I think
everybody will own
That if you can't praise 'em a little, you'd far better
leave them alone.

JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN

From the Spanish.

AT the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are
barred,
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a
trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of
woe.

What tower is fallen? what star is set? what chief
come these bewailing?
"A tower is fallen! a star is set!—Alas! alas for
Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry—and
wide the doors they throw:
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the
hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and
flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is
wailing—
For all have heard the misery—"Alas! alas for
Celin!"

Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencerraje's blood—
'Twas at the solemn jousting—around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and
fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight
to share:
But now the nobles all lament—the ladies are be-
wailing—
For he was Granada's darling knight—"Alas! alas
for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to
view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable
veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their
doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brother-
less bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry—"Alas! alas
for Celin!"

Oh, lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of
them all;
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his bur-
nished mail;
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon
their wailing—
Its sound is like no earthly sound—"Alas! alas for
Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands—the Moor
stands at his door;
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weep-
ing sore;
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes
black they strew
Upon their broidered garments, of crimson, green, and
blue;

Before each gate the bier stands still—then bursts
the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low—"Alas! alas for
Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth when she hears the
people cry—
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazéd eye;
'Twas she that nursed him at her breast—that nursed
him long ago:
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she
well shall know!
With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when
her ears receive their wailing—
"Let me kiss my Celin — I die!—Alas! alas for
Celin!"

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

THREE LOVES.

THERE were three maidens who loved a king;
They sat together beside the sea;
One cried, "I love him, and I would die
If but for one day he might love me!"

The second whispered, "And I would die
To gladden his life, or make him great."
The third spake not, but gazed afar
With dreamy eyes that were sad as fate.

The king he loved the first for a day,
The second his life with fond love blest;
And yet the woman who never spoke
Was the one of the three who loved him best.

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

ON the deep is the mariner's danger,
On the deep is the mariner's death;
Who to fear of the tempest a stranger
Sees the last bubble burst of his breath?
'Tis the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair;
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there.

Who watches their course who so mildly
Careen to the kiss of the breeze?
Who lists to their shrieks who so wildly
Are clasped in the arms of the seas?

Who hovers on high o'er the lover,
And her who has clung to his neck?
Whose wing is the wing that can cover
With its shadow the foundering wreck?

My eye in the light of the billow,
My wing on the wake of the wave,
I shall take to my breast for a pillow
The shroud of the fair and the brave.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted,
When hoarse the wild winds veer about;
My eye, when the bark is benighted,
Sees the lamp of the light-house go out.
I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair;
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there.

JOHN GARDINER BRAINARD.

BETH-GÊLERT; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam?
The flow'r of all his race?
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied:
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood:
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise:
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert, too,
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child, no voice replied;
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on ev'ry side;
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child by thee's devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell
Some slumb'rer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe:
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow, which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deckt;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his sword and spear,
And there as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet.
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to the great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returnéd he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm:
"My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be.
"Fly, my lord bishop, fly!" quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way,
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he;
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked—it was only the cat,
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score;
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more;
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour;
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below—
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NATHAN HALE.

1776.

The particulars known, concerning the capture, trial, and execution of this gallant and much lamented young officer, are few. Washington, after the retreat of his army from Long Island, in 1776, wishing to obtain information relative to the true situation, and intended operations, of the royal troops, applied to one of his officers, for a "discreet and enterprising person to penetrate the enemy's camp." This request was communicated to Nathan Hale, a captain in Colonel Knowlton's regiment. "Animated by a sense of his duty," Hale undertook the dangerous service, and passed into the British lines in disguise. He obtained the desired information; but on his return, was apprehended and carried before Sir William Howe, to whom he frankly acknowledged the object of his visit.

Howe immediately gave an order to the provost marshal, and Hale was executed in the early part of the next day. "The execution was carried on in a most unfeeling manner, and by as great a savage as ever disgraced humanity. A clergyman, whose attention he desired, was refused him; a Bible for a moment's devotion was not procured, though he requested it. Letters, which on the morning of his execution he wrote to his mother, and other friends, were destroyed; and this very extraordinary reason given by the provost marshal, 'that the rebels should not know that they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness.'"

THE breezes went steadily through the tall pines,
A saying "oh! hu-ush!" a saying "oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her young,
In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear,
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home,
In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the brook.
With mother and sister and memories dear,
He so gaily forsook; he so gaily forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
The tattoo had beat; the tattoo had beat.
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking place,
To make his retreat; to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he passed through the wood; as he passed through the wood:
And silently gained his rude launch on the shore,
As she played with the flood; as she played with the flood.

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will; had a murderous will.
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill; to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, not a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell; in that little stone cell.
But he trusted in love, from his Father above.
In his heart, all was well; in his heart, all was well.

An ominous owl with his solemn base voice,
Sat moaning hard by; sat moaning hard by.
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
"For he must soon die; for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrained,
The cruel gen'ral; the cruel gen'ral.
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gained,
And said that was all; and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,
Down the hill's grassy side; down the hill's grassy side.
'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,
His cause did deride; his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent; for him to repent;
He prayed for his mother, he asked not another,
To heaven he went; to heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr, the tragedy shewed,
As he trod the last stage; as he trod the last stage,
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you, their allegiance they owe.
No fears for the brave; no fears for the brave."

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger;
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a fair foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood?
Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears like the rain-drop may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"Yet, all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers—Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavourneen—Erin go bragh!"

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'TWAS in the prime of summer-time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—

Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again,
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves,
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves,
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod,
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth,
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme;
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought last night I wrought
A murder in a dream.

"One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill,
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name!

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain:
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price:
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky
From the heavens' topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at sleep:
For sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting, horrid hint,
That racked me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my right red hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

Founded on an existing popular tradition in the County of Cork.

THE evening-star rose beauteous above the fading day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray;
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall,
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters a gallant bark appeared,
And her joyous crew looked from the deck as to the land she neared;
To the calm and sheltered haven she floated like a swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in pride and beauty shone.

The master saw "Our Lady" as she stood upon the prow,
And marked the whiteness of her robe, the radiance of her brow;
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,
And her eyes looked up among the stars to Him her soul loved best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hailed her with a cheer;
And on the kneeling Virgin then they gazed with laugh and jeer,
And madly swore a form so fair they never saw before,
And they cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen;
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more that Lady on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leaped about;
And, rushing with its watery war, the tempest gave a shout:
And that vessel from a mountain-wave came down with thundering shock,
And her timbers flew like scattered spray on Inchidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose
wild and high;
But the angry surge swept over them, and hushed
their gurgling cry;
And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest passed
away,
And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant
waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high
Dunmore,
Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's
shore;
And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers
sank,
And still he calls that hillock green the Virgin Mary's
Bank.

JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN.

ELSIE'S CHILD.

A LEGEND OF SWITZERLAND.

"COME and sit beside me, Elsie—put your little
wheel away—
Have you quite forgotten, darling wife, this
is our wedding day?"

Elsie turned her bright face towards him, fairer now
than when a bride;
But she did not cease her spinning while to Ulric she
replied:

"No, I have not quite forgotten; all day long my
happy brain
Has been living o'er the moments of that blessed day
again.

"I will come and sit beside you when the twilight
shadows fall;
You shall sing me some old love-song, while the darkness
covers all.

"But while the golden sunbeams linger in the vale
and on the hill,
Ask me not to bid the music of my merry wheel be
still."

"If its humdrum notes are sweeter than thy husband's
voice to thee,
Mind thy spinning, Madam Elsie;—do not come to
sit with me!"

"Don't be angry with me, Ulric; see the sun is
almost down,
And its last red rays are gilding the far steeples of the
town.

"I will come to you directly, and will kiss that frown
away;
You must not be angry, Ulric, for this is our wedding
day."

"If it were not, I should care not that you will not
come to me;
But this evening, prithee, Elsie, let that tiresome
spinning be!"

"Why, to-morrow is the fair-day, do you not remember, dear?
I must spin a little longer; 'tis the last skein I have
here.

"On the wall are others hanging, very fine and soft
are they,
And for them old Father Maurice will his money
gladly pay."

"You can buy a silken bodice, and a ribbon for your
hair,
Or a hooded crimson mantle, they will make you very
fair!

"Or a necklace sparkling grandly, or a kerchief bright
and gay;—
Yonder Henri drives the cows home, I will join him
on the way."

"Oh, no, Ulric, do not leave me!" cried she, springing to his side,
"I have done my weary spinning, and the last knot I
have tied.

"Come with me within the cottage, where our Hugo
lies asleep,
Never saw you rest so placid as his slumber soft and
deep.

"How the flaxen ringlets cluster round his forehead
broad and white!
Saw you ever, dearest Ulric, half so beautiful a sight?

"Now if you will smile upon me, just as you were
wont to do,
While we sit here in the moonlight, I'll a secret tell to
you.

"I shall buy no silken bodice, and no necklace grand
and gay;
I'm a wife and mother, darling, and I've put such
things away.

"But a coat for little Hugo—of bright scarlet it shall
be,
Trimmed with braid, and shining buttons, and the
richest broidery.

"Lady Alice, at the castle, soon will give her birthday
fête,
And last night I chanced to meet her as I passed the
western gate.

"She was walking with her maidens, but she bent her
stately head,
Kissed our little Hugo's forehead, as she sweetly
smiled and said:

"'Bring him to the castle, Elsie, lovelier boy was never seen;
Bring him with you, on my fête-day, to the dance upon the green.'

"So to-morrow, dearest Ulric, you must surely go with me,
And I'll buy, for little Hugo, just the prettiest coat I see!"

"There, my Hugo, you are ready; run out now before the door,
And I'll come to join my little one, in just five minutes more.

"How the scarlet coat becomes him! Ulric, do but see him now,
As he shakes his head, and tosses back the light curls from his brow."

"What a vain young mother, Elsie! from the window come away,
You'll have time enough to glory in your pretty pet to-day.

"Bind up now your own bright tresses; here are roses sweet and rare,
With the dew still lingering on them; you must put them in your hair.

"You must wear the scarf I gave you, and the bracelets; and I ween
That my Elsie'll be the fairest one that dances on the green."

"Which is now the vainest, Ulric, tell me, is it you or I?
I'll be ready in a minute; look if you can Hugo spy.

"It may be that he will wander where the purple berries grow;
For the world I would not have him, they will stain his new coat so."

"Elsie! Elsie!" In a moment rose and scarf were dashed aside,
And she stood within the doorway. "Where is Hugo?" then she cried.

"I have traced his little footsteps where the purple berries shine,
But I can see nothing of him; do not tremble, Elsie mine.

"Very likely he has wandered toward the castle; for he knew—
Little wise one!—we were going, and that he was going, too.

"We will find him very quickly,—he cannot have strayed away;
It is not five minutes, darling, since you bade him go and play."

All day long they sought for Hugo, sought him utterly in vain—
Sought him midst the rocks and glaciers, and beneath them on the plain.

From the castle Lady Alice sent her servants far and wide,
Mirth was lost in bitter mourning, and the voice of music died.

Through the day the air resounded with the little lost one's name,
And at night, with myriad torches, hills and woods were all aflame.

But they found not pretty Hugo; where the purple berries grew,
They could see his tiny footsteps, but they nothing further knew.

"Henri! Henri! don't be gazing at the eagle's nest all day;
Long ago you should have started forth, to drive the cows away."

"But come here one moment, mother, just one moment; can you see
Naught that flutters like a banner when the wind is blowing free?"

"Oh, my eyes are dim and aged," was the withered crone's reply;
"You must look yourself, good Henri, for I nothing can espy."

"Then do you come here, Enrica; does my sight deceive me so?
You can see it I am certain, when the wind begins to blow."

But Enrica's cheek grew pallid, and she turned her eyes away,
Crying, "Elsie, my poor Elsie!" It was all that she could say.

For within that lofty eyrie, on the mountain's craggy height,
Hung the coat of little Hugo, gleaming in the morning light,

With its hue of brilliant scarlet, just as bright as bright could be,
With its gayly shining buttons, and its rich embroidery!

Months and years rolled slowly onward; Elsie's sunny hair turned gray,
And the eagles left their eyrie to its desolate decay.

But, alas! whene'er the sun shone, and the wind was blowing free,
Something fluttered like a banner, which no eye could bear to see!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE FATE OF JOHN BURGOYNE.

1777.

WHEN Jack, the King's commander,
Was going to his duty,
Through all the crowd he smiled and bowed,
To every blooming beauty.

The city rung with feats he'd done,
In Portugal and Flanders,
And all the town thought he'd be crowned
The first of Alexanders.

To Hampton Court he first repairs,
To kiss great George's hand, sirs,
Then to harangue on state affairs,
Before he left the land, sirs.

The "lower house" sat mute as mouse,
To hear his grand oration;
And "all the peers" with loudest cheers,
Proclaimed him to the nation.

Then off he went to Canada,
Next to Ticonderoga,
And quitting those, away he goes,
Straightway to Saratoga.

With great parade his march he made,
To gain his wished-for-station,
When far and wide his minions hied,
To spread his "Proclamation."

To such as stayed he offers made,
Of "pardon on submission;
But savage bands should waste the lands
Of all in opposition."

But ah, the cruel fate of war
This boasted son of Britain,
When mounting his triumphal car,
With sudden fear was smitten.

The sons of freedom gathered round,
His hostile bands confounded,
And when they'd fain have turned their back,
They found themselves surrounded!

In vain they fought, in vain they fled,
Their chief, humane and tender,
To save the rest, soon thought it best
His forces to surrender.

Brave St. Clair when he first retired
Knew what the fates portended;
And Arnold and heroic Gates
His conduct have defended.

Thus may America's brave sons
With honor be rewarded,
And be the fate of all her foes
The same as here recorded.

A FABLE.

1788.

Rivington first published this production, in the *Royal Gazette*, as "A fable addressed to the Americans, upon their treaty with France.' It afterwards appeared as "A fable, in the way of a song, for the rebels," over the signature of D. M. The last version differs slightly from the original.

REJOICE, Americans, rejoice!
Praise ye the Lord with heart and voice!
The treaty's signed with faithful France,
And now, like Frenchmen, sing and dance!

But when your joy gives way to reason,
And friendly hints are not deemed treason,
Let me, as well as I am able,
Present your Congress with a fable.

Tired out with happiness, the frogs
Sedition croaked through all their bogs;
And thus to Jove the restless race
Made out their melancholy case.

"Famed, as we are, for faith and prayer,
We merit sure peculiar care;
But can we think great good was meant us,
When logs for Governors were sent us?

"Which numbers crushed they fell upon,
And caused great fear—till one by one,
As courage came, we boldly faced 'em,
Then leaped upon 'em, and disgraced 'em!

"Great Jove," they croaked, "no longer fool us
None but ourselves are fit to rule us;
We are too large, too free a nation,
To be encumbered with taxation!

"We pray for peace, but wish confusion,
Then right or wrong, a—revolution!
Our hearts can never bend t' obey;
Therefore no king—and more we'll pray."

Jove smiled, and to their fate resigned
The restless, thankless, rebel kind;
Left to themselves, they went to work,
First signed a treaty with king Stork.

He swore that they, with his alliance,
To all the world might bid defiance;
Of lawful rule there was an end on't,
And frogs were henceforth—independent.

At which the croakers, one and all,
Proclaimed a feast, and festival!
But joy to-day brings grief to-morrow;
Their feasting o'er, now enter sorrow!

The Stork grew hungry, longed for fish;
The monarch could not have his wish;
In rage he to the marshes flies,
And makes a meal of his allies.

Then grew so fond of well-fed frogs,
He made a larder of the bogs!
Say, Yankees, don't you feel compunction,
At your unnatural, rash conjunction?

Can love for you in him take root,
Who's Catholic, and absolute?
I'll tell these croakers how he'll treat 'em;
Frenchmen, like storks, love frogs—to eat 'em.

AFFAIR OF HONOR.

1778.

The author of this humorous ballad is unknown. It was written at Charleston, South Carolina, a short time after the event it commemorates, and published as "an authentic account of the affair of honor between General Robert Howe and Lieutenant-Governor Christopher Gadsden, and too good a story to be told in simple prose."

'T was on Mr. Peroy's land,
At squire Rugeley's corner,
Great H. and G. met sword in hand,
Upon a point of honor.

G. went before with Colonel E.,
Together in a carriage;
On horseback followed H. and P.,
As if to steal a marriage.

On chosen ground they now alight,
For battle duly harnessed,
A shady place and out of sight,
It showed they were in earnest.

They met, and in the usual way
With hat in hand saluted,
Which was, no doubt, to show how they
Like gentlemen disputed.

And then they both together made
This honest declaration,
That they came there, by honor led,
But not by inclination.

That if they fought 'twas not because
Of rancor, spite or passion,
But only to obey the laws
Of custom and the fashion.

The pistols then, before their eyes,
Were fairly primed and loaded!
H. wished, and so did G. likewise,
The custom was exploded!

But as they now had gone so far
In such a bloody business,
For action straight they both prepare
With—mutual forgiveness.

But lest their courage should exceed
The bounds of moderation,
Between the seconds 'twas agreed
To fix them each a station.

The distance stepped by Colonel P.
Was only eight short paces;
"Now, gentlemen," says Colonel E.,
"Be sure to keep your places."

Quoth H. to G.—"Sir, please to fire!"
Quoth G.—"No, pray begin, sir;"
And truly one must needs admire
The temper they were in, sir.

"We'll fire both at once," said he,
And so they both presented;
No answer was returned by G.,
But silence, sir, consented.

They paused a while, these gallant foes,
By turns politely grinning,
Till after many cons and pros,
H. made a brisk beginning.

He missed his mark, but not his aim,
The shot was well directed;
It saved them both from hurt and shame,
What more could be expected?

Then G., to show he meant no harm,
But hated jars and jangles,
His pistol fired across his arm,
From H. almost at angles.

H. now was called upon by G.,
To fire another shot, sir;
He smiled, and "After this," quoth he,
"No, truly, I cannot, sir."

Such honor did they both display,
They highly were commended;
And thus, in short, this gallant fray
Without mischance was ended.

No fresh dispute, we may suppose,
Will e'er by them be started,
For now the chiefs, no longer foes,
Shook hands, and so they parted.

SIEGE OF SAVANNAH.

1779.

Count D'Estaing, with his fleet of twenty sail, reached the coast of Georgia early in September, 1779. Soon after his arrival, a plan was concerted with General Lincoln, to make a combined attack upon Savannah. Through delay and mismanagement, the Americans and their allies were repulsed. Numerous severe and ironical ballads, commemorating the event, appeared shortly after, from which the one subjoined is selected.

COME let us rejoice,
With heart and with voice,
Her triumphs let loyalty show, sir.
While bumpers go round,
Re-echo the sound,
Huzza for the king and Provost, sir.

With warlike parade,
And his Irish brigade,
His ships and his spruce Gallic host, sir,
As proud as an elf,
D'Estaing came himself,
And landed on Georgia's coast, sir.

There joining a band,
Under Lincoln's command,
Of rebels and traitors and whigs, sir,
'Gainst the town of Savannah
He planted his banner,
And then he felt wondrous big, sir.

With thund'ring of guns,
And bursting of bombs,
He thought to have frightened our boys, sir;
But amidst all their din,
Brave Maitland pushed in,
And Moncrieffe cried, "A fig for your noise," sir.

Chagrined at delay,
As he meant not to stay,
The count formed his troops in the morn, sir.
Van, centre, and rear
Marched up without fear,
Cock sure of success, by a storm. sir.

Though rude was the shock,
Unmoved as a rock,
Stood our firm British bands to their works, sir.
While the brave German corps,
And Americans bore
Their parts as intrepid as Turks, sir.

Then muskets did rattle,
Fierce ragéd the battle,
Grapeshot, it flew thicker than hail, sir.
The ditch filled with slain,
Blood dyed all the plain,
When rebels and French turnéd tail, sir.

See! see! how they run!
Lord! what glorious fun!
How they tumble, by cannon mowed down, sir!
Brains fly all around,
Dying screeches resound,
And mangled limbs cover the ground, sir.

There Pulaski fell,
That imp of old Bell,
Who attempted to murder his king, sir.
But now he is gone,
Whence he'll never return;
But will make hell with treason to ring, sir.

To Charleston with fear,
The rebels repair;
D'Estaing scampers back to his boats, sir,
Each blaming the other,
Each cursing his brother,
And—may they cut each other's throats, sir.

Scarce three thousand men
The town did maintain
'Gainst three times their number of foes, sir,
Who left on the plain,
Of wounded and slain,
Three thousand to fatten the crows, sir.

Three thousand! no less!
For the rebels confess
Some loss, as you very well know, sir.
Then let bumpers go round,
And re-echo the sound.
Huzza for the king and Provost, sir.

THE PRESENT AGE.

1779.

The author of these sprightly verses is not known. In the *New Hampshire Gazette* they appear, with the following note to the printer: "By inserting this in your next paper, you will oblige one of your country subscribers."

OF all the ages ever known,
The present is the oddest;
For all the men are honest grown,
And all the women modest.

Nor lawyers now are fond of fees,
Nor clergy of their dues;
No idle people now one sees,
At church no empty pews.

No couriers now their friends deceive
With promises of favor;
For what they made 'em once believe,
Is done and done forever.

Our nobles—Heaven defend us all!
I'll nothing say about 'em;
For they are great and I'm but small,
So muse, jog on without 'em.

Our gentry are a virtuous race,
Despising earthly treasures;
Fond of true honor's noble chase,
And quite averse to pleasures.

The ladies dress so plain indeed,
You'd think 'em Quakers all.
Witness the wool packs on their heads,
So comely and so small.

No tradesman now forsakes his shop,
For politics or news;
Or takes his dealer at a hop,
Through interested views.

No soaking sot forsakes his spouse,
For mugs of mantling nappy;
Nor taverns tempt him from his house,
Where all are pleased and happy.

Our frugal taste the State secures,
Whence then can woes begin?
For luxury's turned out of doors,
And prudence taken in.

From hence proceeds the abundant flow,
Of plenty through the land;
Where all provisions all men know,
Are cheap on every hand.

No pleasure-chaises fill the streets,
Nor crowd the roads on Sunday;
So horses ambling through the week,
Obtain a respite one day.

All gambling, tricking, swearing, lying,
Is grown quite out of fashion;
For modern youth's so self-denying,
It flies all lawless passion.

Happy the nation thus endowed!
So void of wants and crimes;
Where all are rich and none are proud,
Oh! these are glorious times.

"Your characters" (with wondering stare
Cries Tom) "are mighty high, sir;
But pray forgive me, if I swear,
I think they're all a lie, sir."

Ha! think you so, my honest clown?
Then take another light on't;
Just turn the picture upside down,
I fear you'll see the right on't.

FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea);
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh, fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hushed all its music and withered its !

But long upon Araby's green sunny highlands
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With naught but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! forget thee—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell!—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell!—farewell!—until pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in the wave.

THOMAS MOORE.

ABIGAIL BECKER.

OFF LONG POINT ISLAND, CANADA, NOVEMBER 24, 1854.

The noble heroism of Abigail Becker is in nowise exaggerated, and justly entitles her to rank with Grace Darling and Ida Lewis. In fact, the men saved were accustomed to say that "no one could possibly tell the story as big as it really was."

THE wind, the wind where Erie plunged,
Blew, blew nor'-east from land to land;
The wandering schooner dipped and lunged—
Long Point was close at hand.

Long Point—a swampy island-slant,
Where, busy in their grassy homes,
Woodcock and snipe the hollows haunt,
And musk-rats build their domes;

Where gulls and eagles rest at need,
Where either side, by lake or sound,
Kingfishers, cranes, and divers feed,
And mallard ducks abound.

The lowering night shut out the sight:
Careened the vessel, pitched and veered—
Raved, raved the wind with main and might;
The sunken reef she neared.

She pounded over, lurched and sank:
  Between two sand-bars settling fast,
Her leaky hull the waters drank,
  And she had sailed her last.

Into the rigging, quick as thought,
  Captain and mate and sailors sprung,
Clambered for life, some vantage caught,
  And there all night they swung.

And it was cold—oh, it was cold!
  The pinching cold was like a vise:
Spoondrift flew freezing—fold on fold
  It coated them with ice.

Now when the dawn began to break,
  Light up the sand-path drenched and brown,
To fill her bucket from the lake
  Came Mother Becker down.

From where her cabin crowned the bank
  Came Abigail Becker tall and strong;
She dipped, and lo! a broken plank
  Came rocking close along!

She poised her glass with anxious ken:
  The schooner's top she spied from far,
And there she counted seven men
  That clung to mast and spar.

And oh, the gale! the rout and roar!
  The blinding drift, the mounting wave;
A good half-mile from wreck to shore,
  With seven men to save!

Sped Mother Becker: "Children! wake!
  A ship's gone down! they're needing me!
Your father's off on shore; the lake
  Is just a raging sea!

"Get wood, cook fish, make ready all."
  She snatched her stores, she fled with haste,
In cotton gown and tattered shawl,
  Barefoot across the waste,

Through sinking sands, through quaggy lands,
  And nearer, nearer, full in view,
Went shouting through her hollowed hands:
  "Courage! we'll get you through!"

Ran to and fro, made cheery signs,
  Her bonfire lighted, steeped her tea,
Brought driftwood, watched Canadian lines
  Her husband's boat to see.

Cold, cold it was—oh it was cold!
  The bitter cold made watching vain:
With ice the channel laboring rolled—
  No skiff could stand the strain.

On all that isle, from outer swell
  To strait between the landings shut,
Was never place where man might dwell,
  Save trapper Becker's hut.

And it was twelve and one and two,
  And it was three o'clock and more.
She called: "Come on! there's nought to do,
  But leap and swim ashore!"

Blew, blew the gale; they did not hear:
  She waded in the shallow sea;
She waved her hands, made signals clear,
  "Swim! swim, and trust to me!"

"My men," the captain cried, "I'll try:
  The woman's judgment may be right;
For, swim or sink, seven men must die
  If here we swing to-night."

Far out he marked the gathering surge;
  Across the bar he watched it pour,
Let go, and on its topmost verge
  Came riding in to shore.

It struck the breaker's foamy track—
  Majestic wave on wave up-hurled,
Went grandly toppling, tumbling back,
  As loath to flood the world.

There blindly whirling, shorn of strength,
  The captain drifted, sure to drown;
Dragged seaward half a cable's length,
  Like sinking lead went down.

Ah, well for him that on the strand
  Had Mother Becker waited long!
And well for him her grasping hand
  And grappling arm were strong!

And well for him that wind and sun,
  And daily toil for scanty gains,
Had made such daring blood to run
  Within such generous veins!

For what to do but plunge and swim?
  Out on the sinking billow cast,
She toiled, she dived, she groped for him,
  She found and clutched him fast.

She climbed the reef, she brought him up,
  She laid him gasping on the sands;
Built high the fire and filled the cup—
  Stood up and waved her hands!

Oh, life is dear! The mate leaped in,
  "I know," the captain said, "right well,
Not twice can any woman win
  A soul from yonder hell.

"I'll start and meet him in the wave."
"Keep back!" she bade: "what strength have you?
And I shall have you both to save—
Must work to pull you through!"

But out he went. Up shallow sweeps
Raced the long white-caps, comb on comb:
The wind, the wind that lashed the deeps,
Far, far it blew the foam.

The frozen foam went scudding by—
Before the wind, a seething throng,
The waves, the waves come towering high,
They flung the mate along.

The waves came towering high and white,
They burst in clouds of flying spray:
There mate and captain sank from sight,
And, clinching, rolled away.

Oh, Mother Becker, seas are dread,
Their treacherous paths are deep and blind!
But widows twain shall mourn their dead
If thou art slow to find!

She sought them near, she sought them far,
Three fathoms down she gripped them tight;
With both together up the bar
She staggered into sight.

Beside the fire her burdens fell:
She paused the cheering draught to pour:
Then waved her hands: "All's well! all's well!
Come on! swim! swim ashore!"

Sure, life is dear, and men are brave:
They came—they dropped from mast and spar;
And who but she could breast the wave,
And dive beyond the bar?

Dark grew the sky from east to west,
And darker, darker grew the world:
Each man from off the breaker's crest
To gloomier deeps was hurled.

And still the gale went shrieking on,
And still the wrecking fury grew;
And still the woman, worn and wan,
Those gates of death went through—

As Christ were walking on the waves,
And heavenly radiance shone about—
All fearless trod that gulf of graves,
And bore the sailors out.

Down came the night, but far and bright,
Despite the wind and flying foam,
The bonfire flamed to give them light
To trapper Becker's home.

Oh, safety after wreck is sweet!
And sweet is rest in hut or hall:
One story life and death repeat—
God's mercy over all.

Next day men heard, put out from shore,
Crossed channel-ice, burst in to find
Seven gallant fellows sick and sore
A tender nurse and kind;

Shook hands, wept, laughed, were crazy-glad;
Cried: "Never yet, on land or sea,
Poor dying, drowning sailors had
A better friend than she.

"Billows may tumble, winds may roar,
Strong hands the wrecked from death may snatch:
But never, never, nevermore
This deed shall mortal match!"

Dear Mother Becker dropped her head,
She blushed as girls when lovers woo:
"I have not done a thing," she said,
"More than I ought to do."

AMANDA T. JONES.

OH! THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD.

OH! the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise!
True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days:
Bare floors were strewed with rushes—the walls let in the cold;
Oh! how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old!

Oh! those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were!
They threw down and imprisoned kings—to thwart them who might dare?
They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold—
Above both law and equity were those great lords of old!

Oh! the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned!
With sword and lance, and armor strong, they scoured the country round;
And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wold,
By right of sword they seized the prize—those gallant knights of old!

Oh! those mighty towers of old! with their turrets, moat, and keep,
Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark and deep.
Full many a baron held his court within the castle hold;
And many a captive languished there, in those strong towers of old.

Oh! the troubadours of old! with their gentle minstrelsie
Of hope, and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be—
For years they served their lady-love ere they their passions told—
Oh! wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!

Oh! those blessed times of old! with their chivalry and state;
I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate;
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told—
But, Heaven be thanked: I live not in those blessed times of old!

FRANCES BROWNE.

ROSABELLE.

OH, listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell:
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew,
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted seer did view
A red shroud swathed round lady gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE WATCHER.

THE night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by;
A watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye:
How wistfully she gazes—
No gleam of morn is there!
And then her heart upraises
Its agony of prayer!

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him—
She feels that this must be:
"But oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
They heed not morning there:
Oh! young and lovely creatures,
One lamp from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To her fond gaze once more!

The morning sun is shining—
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead, reclining,
That pale, dead mother lay!
A smile her lip was wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing—
"There's light for us above!"

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.

This admirable specimen of humorous elegy relates to Captain Paton, a well-known character in Glasgow.

TOUCH once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-color,
Of a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking
Round his neat, slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine,
They were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee,
That some inches up did grow;
And behind there was a long queue,
That did o'er his shoulder flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we foregathered,
He took off his wee three-cockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side-pocket;
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he pickéd well
His footsteps with his rattan:
Oh, you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton.
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know
They would see him, with his *Courier*,
In the middle of the row,
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Now and then upon a Sunday
He invited me to dine
On a herring and a mutton-chop,
Which his maid dressed very fine.
There was also a little Malmsey,
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the captain
Passed nimbly to and fro.
Oh! I ne'er shall take potluck with Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or, if a bowl was mentioned,
The captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the Westport,
And a stoup of water bring;
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow.
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of the last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous;
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. So-and-So,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con* but not the *pro!*
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or, when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden-field or Dettingen;
How he fought with a French major,
And despatched him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below!
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like from Captain Paton no mo'e!

But at last the captain sickened
And grew worse from day to day;
And all missed him in the coffee-room,
From which now he stayed away;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And, in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms,
That death was in his view;
So the captain made his test'ment,
And submitted to his foe;

And we laid him by the Ram's-horn kirk—
'Tis the way we all must go!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For this prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows—
And a pretty man also—
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

THE MISER AND THIEF.

A LONG time ago, in the years that have flown,
There was a rich miser who lived all alone;
He toiled all the day and he scarce slept by night,
And to add to his store was his only delight.

There was also a robber, a wily old knave,
Who lived all in solitude, safe in a cave;
This robber was treacherous, vicious, and bold,
And schemed how to steal the old miser's rich gold.

So he dressed himself up in the garments he stole
From a pious old monk and assumed the monk's role;
Then he went to the miser with tears in his eyes
And told him a batch of "tremenduous" lies.

"Thank heaven," said this robber, "I've come here to you
To pray for your soul; and this you must do:
You must give of the gold you have hoarded away
To the halt and the lame and the blind while you may.

"For if you do not, you will go down below,
Where the fires of tormenting are always aglow;
Where the devils are torturing old misers' souls,
And heaping around them the red flaming coals."

The regions of torment this miser didn't dread,
And sooner than do that he'd cut off his head;
He thought the old stranger a thief in disguise,
And planted his fist right betwixt his two eyes.

The thief he jumped up from the floor where he fell,
And came at the miser with a terrible yell;
The miser was tough and the thief was strong,
They battled like wild-cats; the fight lasted long.

They fought till both of them lay dead on the floor;
A wandering Jew found them steeped in their gore.
He took all their money, and wished they had more;
And the earth circled on round the sun as before.

E. T. FAY.

HORATIUS.

LARS Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting-day;
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west, and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west, and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower, and town, and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place;
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena:
Go forth, beloved of heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array,
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting-day.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.

The Fathers of the city,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands:
Nor house, nor fence, nor dove-cote,
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he;
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee!"
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now, while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers, mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice-accursed sail."

But now a sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes:—
A wild and wrathful clamor,
From all the vanguard rose!
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane;
And burst the curb and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"

So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank:
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place.
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands:
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land
That was of public right
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

LORD MACAULAY.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

THEY made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear,
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sank to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid,

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore:
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

THOMAS MOORE.

OH, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE?

"OH, where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone?
Oh, where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone?"
"He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home."

"Oh, where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
Oh, where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?"
"He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing followed him the day he went away.
He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing followed him the day he went away."

"Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?"
"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star;
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star."

"Suppose, ah, suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound?"
"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye;
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly;
And for his king and country dear with pleasure he would die!"

"But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds;
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds.
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds;
Wide, wide, through all our Highland hills, his warlike name resounds:
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds;
Wide, wide, through all our Highland hills, his warlike name resounds."

ANNE GRANT.

"THE UNCLE."

Recited by Henry Irving to an accompaniment of music composed by Sir Julius Benedict.

I HAD an uncle once—a man
Of threescore years and three—
And when my reason's dawn began
He'd take me on his knee;
And often talk, whole winter nights,
Things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood,
And few his converse sought;
But, it was said in solitude
His conscience with him wrought;
And there before his mental eye
Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house
Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little careless child,
Who gamboled up and down,
And often peeped into his room,
And plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone—
My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
Had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung
The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it—
'Twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked
Upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale, expressive smile
Of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well,
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily:—
I sat and read in that old hall;
My uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood
The words upon the book;
For with a sidelong glance I marked
My uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange, unusual dread;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes
Sunk far down in his head;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turned him round,
And drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face;—
Perchance my eyes might fail.
But ne'er before that face to me
Had seemed so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said,
I started at the sound;

'Twas choked and stifled in his throat,
And hardly utterance found;
'Come hither, boy!" then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once,
Thou wert her only child;
O God! I've seen her when she held
Thee in her arms and smiled,
She smiled upon thy father, boy,
'Twas that which drove me wild!

"He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that;—he was the prop
Of our ancestral line;
And manly beauty was of him
A token and a sign.

"Boy! I had loved her too—nay, more,
'Twas I who loved her first;
For months—for years—the golden thought
Within my soul was nursed;
He came—he conquered—they were wed;—
My air-blown bubble burst!

"Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes grew rife;
The damning thought struck in my heart,
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved,
Should be another's wife!

"I left my home—I left the land—
I crossed the raging sea;—
In vain—in vain—where'er I turned,
My memory went with me;—
My whole existence, night and day,
In memory seemed to be.

"I came again—I found them here—
Thou'rt like thy father, boy—
He doted on that pale face there,
I've seen them kiss and toy—
I've seen him locked in her fond arms,
Wrapped in delirious joy!

"By heaven! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm that set
Forever on his brow,
That seemed in bitter scorn to say,
I am more loved than thou!

"He disappeared—draw nearer, child!—
He died—no one knew how;
The murdered body ne'er was found,
The tale is hushed up now;
But there was one who rightly guessed
The hand that struck the blow.

"It drove her mad—yet not his death—
No—not his death alone;
For she had clung to hope, when all
Knew well that there was none—
No, boy! it was a sight she saw
That froze her into stone!

"I am thy uncle, child—why stare
So frightfully aghast?—
The arras waves, but know'st thou not
'Tis nothing but the blast?
I, too, have had my fears like these,
But such vain fears are past.

"I'll show thee what thy mother saw—
I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night
Suits with the purpose best—
Come hither—thou hast often sought
To open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring: the touch
Is known to me alone;"
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—
"What see you, that you groan
So heavily!—that thing is but
A bare-ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—
Three strides he backwards gave—
"Oh God! it is my brother's self
Returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my throat—
Will no one help or save?"

That night they laid him on his bed,
In raving madness tossed;
He gnashed his teeth and with wild oaths
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost;
And, ere the light of morning broke,
A sinner's soul was lost.

H. G. BELL.

THE LAST BUCCANEER.

OH, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high;
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and stout,
All furnished well with small-arms and cannons round about;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from the Indian folk of old;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul them and starve them to the bone.

Oh, the palms grew high in Avès and fruits that shone like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold;
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you while you listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside that never touched the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be,
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down were we.
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at night;
And I fled in a piragua sore wounded from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she died;
But as I lay a-gasping a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here to beg until I die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where;
One comfort is, this world's so hard I can't be worse off there:
If I might but be a sea-dove I'd fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CRIPPLED FOR LIFE.

A POLICEMAN'S STORY.

DO we have any accidents here, sir? Any children run over, you say?
Well, yes, but scarce any to speak of, and only just once in a way.
It's a wonder? You're right, that it is, sir, the crowds that are running about;
Lor' bless you, they don't care a button so long as they only get out.

There's just one case that I witnessed. The story's not often been told,
But I'll never forget it, sir, never, though I live to a hundred years old.
If you care just to listen a minute I'll tell that same story to you;
It's touching and sounds like a novel, but nevertheless it is true.

'Twas a Saturday afternoon, sir, on a beautiful summer's day,
And dozens of bright little youngsters were out in this street at play;
And lor', they looked happy and healthy, 'twas the pleasantest sight to see
The way they were running and jumping and clapping their hands with glee.

They were some of 'em playing at hopscotch—a-hopping and kicking a stone,
Whilst others, more witty and clever, were making up games of their own;
The youngest of all in the gutters were mixing up mortar and pies,
Whilst looks of enjoyment and pleasure shone out from their bright little eyes.

The brightest and prettiest baby it was ever my lot to see—
Just over a twelvemonth her age was, and some distant relation to me—
Had crawled from the side of her sister, who ought to have kept her in sight,
And was sitting out there in the road, sir, a-crowing with all her might.

I wasn't on duty just then, sir, and it never struck me there was harm,
Till, chancing to glance up the roadway, I started and roared with alarm;
For there, dashing swift round the corner, a fire-engine tore up the street,
And the baby was left in the middle, in the track of the horses' feet.

The men saw the child, and endeavored to stop their mad horses' career,
When out in the road dashed a youngster—I couldn't help giving a cheer—
And he caught up the babe in an instant, then swiftly he took to his heels,
But the engine was on him—he stumbled—and fell 'neath the wild whirling wheels.

The baby was safe, Dick had saved her, by pushing her out of the way;
He had risked his own life, little hero, I'll always remember that day.
How they picked him up, just like a dead thing, and took him directly to Guy's,
The thought of that scene makes me foolish, and brings up the tears to my eyes.

But they found that he wasn't quite killed, sir, and after a bit he got round,
Though one of his legs was quite crippled, and couldn't be put to the ground.
'Twas dreadfully hard on the youngster, he wasn't much older than six.
For instead of his running and leaping, he could only just hobble on sticks.

Well, the baby grew up, so did Dick, sir, and just like the people in plays,
They determined to love one another the rest of their natural days;
For Dick, he adored little Mary, and Mary, she worshipped him,
And the least bit of extra devotion made up for the loss of his limb.

The end of this story is strange, sir, you may not believe it is true,
But it is, I can prove it, if need be, and will just to satisfy you;
If you'll just knock at No. 15, sir, you will see this same Dick and his wife,
And he'll tell you he's never regretted the day he was "crippled for life."

JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

THE OUTLAW.

'TIS morn; and on the mountain top the outlaw rested now.
And laid his good sword by his side, his bonnet from his brow.
Upon the lofty towers that rise o'er his ancestral hall,
From far the weary wanderer gazed, while tears like rain-drops fall.

An honest heart that knew not fear—to man that would not bow—
Was seated in his eagle eye, and on his manly brow;
But care, and wrong, and want, and woe leave scars time may not heal,
Wounds that the wicked may revenge, the proud alone can feel.

A traitor's doom forbids him hope these walls to enter more;
And soon the hunted outlaw seeks a home on foreign shore.
He started up: "Methinks I hear the sound of woman's wail.
I hear the sounds of ruffian strife borne upwards on the gale."

Then, gazing down: "Such odds, I ween, were never heard before—
Three sturdy knaves against my arm, my race of life is o'er.

Yet, 'tis a woman's wail! Shall I stand idly looking on,
While strength to strike in her defence lies in my father's son?"

Adown the mountain side he sprang, like a lion in his wrath,
And soon these sturdy villains lay sore mangled in his path.
The lady rose up from her knees, and motionless she stood,
Gazing in silent wonder on the stranger's hardihood.

Ah! why the sudden start—the blush—the deadly paleness then,
As on her face the outlaw turned so eagerly his ken?
"It is Sir Donald Bruce!" she cried, for well his crest she knew,
And well she kenned the Highland plaid, and bonnet of the blue.

"My father's foe!" "True, lady, true," the gallant outlaw said,
"Though I have forced thy foes to yield 'neath my victorious blade.
Thy father's foe—of him who lives scourge of my ruined line,
Nor leaves me aught in earth or air, that I may claim as mine

"Save hatred deep of alien power, of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong, of coward, and of slave
Farewell! farewell! In other years, think on the outlaw lone,
Whose hand is true, though tyrant foes have turned his heart to stone."

"Nay, but thou wilt not leave me thus; thy task is hardly o'er,
Oh! bear me safe from forest wilds within my father's door.
Ascendency of rank and power, a loyal heart and true
Are his; and well my father loves the bonnet of the blue."

"'Tis time, I own," the outlaw said, "this fevered strife were o'er.
Yes, lady, I will bear thee safe within thy father' door.
But sooth to quaff of foeman's cup were sorry cheer for me.
Or see another's yeomen range where mine were wont to be."

"Yet I, thy friend," the lady said, "thy power were easy won."
(Breathes there a man when woman pleads, can feel his heart his own?)

Bright shines the sun upon the banks and braes of bonny Clyde,
But brighter far the love-lit eyes of brave Sir Donald's bride.
The trumpets sound, the bagpipes play, and chargers gallop round,
And high beats now Sir Donald's heart with many an aching bound.

The bonfires gaily gleaming, o'er mountain, hill and dell,
And bridal favors testify he'd done his errand well.
Long, long may good Sir Donald wield the blade he proved so true,
And long may bonny Scotland prize the bonnet of the blue.

M. HENDERSON.

THE LEGEND OF KALOOKA.

YEARS ago when plain and forest stretched unmarred from sea to sea,
When no faint prophetic murmurs told the changes yet to be,
When the red man trod the forests crowned with plumes from eagles' wings,
All as free as beast or birdling that in field or forest sings:
Where the Rocky Mountains' ramparts lift their crags in serried rows,
There an Indian village nestled in its valley's green repose.

There around the gleaming camp-fires clustered oft the youthful braves,
There the ancient village fathers one by one found honored graves,
There the squaws wove beads and wampum, grew the golden-hearted maize,
There the children gamboled freely, playing through the happy days;
While the hunters chased their quarry by familiar paths and rills,
And the maidens wandered gayly, happy hearted, o'er the hills.

Sweetest of them all, Kalooka! Tresses glossy, black, and long,
Form as perfect as a lily, lips carved out for kiss and song,
Hands which kept the neatest wigwam, heart the softest thoughts to keep,
Eyes of wondrous shine and shadow, clear and lovely, dark and deep,
Cheeks like brown rose-tinted berries, feet that lightly trod their way—
Best of all was sweet Kalooka, daughter of Kousookatay.

Warriors laid their plumes and trophies with their homage at her feet;
For her many hunters pleaded, many a young brave's pulses beat;
Yet among them none found favor save Walooska, strong and tall,
He whose voice on hunt or foray rang the foremost in its call,
He whose bound was like the panther's, eyes like eaglet's keen and clear,
Full of courage, love's devotion, manly beauty; void of fear

One bright morn he kissed the maiden, starting out upon the trail,
Watched by one, his sole companion, jealous, envious, and pale.
Moons waned slowly into spring time, autumn trees their gold-fires burned,
But no eye again beheld them, nevermore the braves returned.

Wan and sad Kalooka wandered, through the wood paths sadly strayed,
Offerings made to elves and spirits; Manitou, the mighty, prayed
For the coming of her warrior—but no answer to her came
Save the mournful echoes mocking at the calling of his name.

Day by day her voice grew fainter, till within a valley deep,
Weak and tired of grief and anguish, one soft eve, she fell asleep:
Then came there and kissed her eyelids he whose love had been her pride,
With a mighty spirit walking, tall and sturdy, at his side.
None from that night saw the maiden. Next morn in the valley's bed,
Twin lakes clear, as were her glances, upward looked to heaven instead,

Round and bright as eyes of angels. Green fringed blossoms frame the place,
Water lilies smiling, nodding to their own reflected grace;
Wild birds float upon the waters, swift fish dart on airy fin,
All things glorious find their beauty mirrored faithfully within;
Sheltered by the watching mountains, smiling even at the skies,
Lie these twin lakes of remembrance, called by all "Kalooka's Eyes."

Once when winds had stripped the branches came to them one winter's night—
Standing in the moonlight's splendor on yon rock's embattled height—

Grim and bronzed, a painted warrior; on his brow the evil sign,
Gazing with strange fascination in the water's depths benign.
"Pure as her young soul," he muttered, "soft and deep as were her eyes;"
Then, deep down, he heard the spirits calling him with solemn cries.

There he saw his soul reflected, saw strange demons beckoning there:
Hushed the night birds as his death-song wailed and quivered on the air;
Shuddered every listening echo, while each wave its image makes
Of his visage, marked with evil as it dances on the lakes—
"Take me, for I killed thy lover!" One swift plunge and all was o'er;
Only laughing wavelets lisping his dread secret to the shore.

Years have gone and generations since these changes came to pass,
Gone the Indian fires and wigwams; white men's houses dot the grass;
But some nights when autumn lingers shrill death songs the echoes wake,
While a bronzed form plunges swiftly from yon rock into the lake.
Then the wavelets lisp their story to the listening trees above,
All these strange events and fancies of Kalooka's life and love.

J. EDGAR JONES.

THE HORSE.

THE horse! the brave, the gallant horse—
Fit theme for the minstrel's song!
He hath good claim to praise and fame;
As the fleet, the kind, the strong.

Behold him free in his native strength,
Looking fit for the sun-god's car;
With a skin as sleek as a maiden's cheek,
And an eye like the Polar star.

Who wonders not such limbs can deign
To brook the fettering girth;
As we see him fly the ringing plain,
And paw the crumbling earth?

His nostrils are wide with snorting pride,
His fiery veins expand;
And yet he'll be led by a silken thread,
Or soothed by an infant's hand.

He owns the lion's spirit and might,
But the voice he has learnt to love
Needs only be heard, and he'll turn to the word,
As gentle as a dove.

The Arab is wise who learns to prize
His horse before all gold;
But is *his* horse more fair than ours,
More generous, fast or bold?

A song for the steed, the gallant steed—
Oh! grant him a leaf of bay;
For we owe much more to his strength and speed,
Than man can ever repay.

Whatever his place—the yoke, the chase,
The war-field, road, or course,
One of creation's brightest and best
Is the horse, the noble horse!

ELIZA COOK.

SIR MARMADUKE.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight;
Good man! old man!
He's painted standing bolt upright,
With his hose rolled over his knee;
His periwig's as white as chalk,
And on his fist he holds a hawk,
And he looks like the head
Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide;
Good man! old man!
His spaniels lay by the fireside;
And in other parts, d' ye see,
Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;
And he looked like the head
Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from his gate;
Good man! old man!
But was always ready to break the pate
Of his country's enemy.
What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor and fight for his king?
And so may every head
Of an ancient family.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

ALONE BY THE BAY.

HE is gone, O my heart, he is gone;
And the sea remains, and the sky;
And the skiffs flit in and out,
And the white-winged yachts go by.

And the waves run purple and green,
And the sunshine glints and glows,
And freshly across the bay
The breath of the morning blows.

I liked it better last night,
When the dark shut down on the main,
And the phantom fleet lay still,
And I heard the waves complain.

For the sadness that dwells in my heart,
And the rune of their endless woe,
Their lon-ing and void and despair,
Kept time in their ebb and flow.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE SEXTON.

"MINE is the fame most blazoned of all;
Mine is the goodliest trade:
Never was banner so wide as the pall,
Nor sceptre so feared as the spade."

This is the lay of the Sexton gray;
King of the churchyard he—
While the mournful knell of the tolling bell,
Chimes in with his burden of glee.

He dons a doublet of sober brown
And a hat of slouching felt;
The mattock is over his shoulder thrown.
The heavy keys clank at his belt.

The dark, damp vault now echoes his tread,
While his song rings merrily out;
With a cobweb canopy over his head,
And coffins falling about.

His foot may crush the full-fed worms,
His hand may grasp a shroud;
His gaze may rest on skeleton forms,
Yet his tones are light and loud.

He digs the grave, and his chant will break,
As he gains a fathom deep—
"Whoever lies in the bed I make
I warrant will soundly sleep."

He piles the sod, he raises the stone;
He clips the cypress-tree;
But whate'er his task, 'tis plied alone;
No fellowship holds he.

For the Sexton gray is a scaring loon;
His name is linked with death.
The children at play, should he cross their way,
Will pause, with fluttering breath.

They herd together, a frightened host,
And whisper with lips all white—
"See, see, 'tis he that sends the ghost,
To walk the world at night!"

The old men mark him, with fear in their eye,
At his labor 'mid skulls and dust;
They hear him chant: "The young *may* die,
But we know the aged *must*."

The rich will frown, as his ditty goes on—
"Though broad your lands may be;
Six narrow feet to the beggar I mete,
And the same shall serve for ye."

The ear of the strong will turn from his song,
And beauty's cheek will pale;
"Out, out," they cry, "what creature would stay,
To list thy croaking tale!"

Oh! the Sexton gray is a mortal of dread;
None like to see him come near;
The orphan thinks on a father dead,
The widow wipes a tear.

All shudder to hear his bright axe chink,
Upturning the hollow bone;
No mate will share his toil or his fare,
He works, he carouses, alone.

By night, or by day, this, this, is his lay;
"Mine is the goodliest trade;
Never was banner so wide as the pall,
Nor sceptre so feared as the spade."

ELIZA COOK.

THE FISHER'S WIDOW.

THE boats go out and the boats come in,
Under the wintry sky;
And the rain and foam are white in the wind,
And the white gulls cry.

She sees the sea when the wind is wild,
Swept by the windy rain;
And her heart's a-weary of sea and land
As the long days wane.

She sees the torn sails fly in the foam,
Broad on the sky-line gray;
And the boats go out and the boats come in
But there's one away.

DECORATION DAY.

MID the flower-wreathed tombs I stand,
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades! in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine,
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory;
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone, with feigned distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,
Here lie buried—here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

AFTER "TAPS."

TRAMP! tramp! tramp! tramp!
As I lay with my blanket on,
By the dim fire-light in the moonlit night,
When the skirmishing fight was done.

The measured beat of the sentry's feet,
With the jingling scabbard's ring!
Tramp! tramp! in my meadow-camp
By the Shenandoah's spring!

The moonlight seems to shed cold beams
On a row of pale grave-stones:
Give the bugle breath, and that image of death
Will fly from the reveillé's tones.

By each tented roof, a charger's hoof
Makes the frosty hill-side ring:
Give the bugle breath, and a spirit of death
To each horse's girth will spring.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
The sentry before my tent
Guards in gloom his chief, for whom
Its shelter to-night is lent.

I am not there. On the hill-side bare
I think of the ghost within;
Of the brave who died at my sword-hand side
To-day, 'mid the horrible din

Of shot and shell and the infantry yell,
As we charged with the sabre drawn.
To my heart I said, "Who shall be the dead
In *my* tent at another dawn?"

I thought of a blossoming almond-tree,
The stateliest tree that I know:
Of a golden bowl; of a parted soul;
And a lamp that is burning low.

Oh, thoughts that kill! I thought of the hill
In the far-off Jura chain;
Of the two, the three, o'er the wide salt sea,
Whose hearts would break with pain;

Of my pride and joy—my eldest boy;
Of my darling, the second—in years;
Of *Willie*, whose face with its pure, mild grace,
Melts memory into tears;

Of their mother, my bride, by the Alpine lake's side,
And the angel asleep in her arms;
Love, beauty, and truth, which she brought to my youth,
In that sweet April day of her charms.

"HALT! *Who comes there?*" The cold midnight air
And the challenging word chills me through:
The ghost of a fear whispers, close to my ear,
"Is peril, love, coming to you?"

The hoarse answer, "RELIEF," makes the shade of a grief
Die away, with the step on the sod.
A kiss melts in air, while a tear and a prayer
Confide my belovéd to God.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
With a solemn pendulum-swing!
Though *I* slumber all night, the fire burns bright,
And my sentinels' scabbards ring.

"Boot and saddle!" is sounding. Our pulses are bounding.
"To horse!" And I touch with my heel
Black Gray in the flanks, and ride down the ranks,
With my heart, like my sabre, of steel.

HORACE BINNEY SARGENT.

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS.

THEY were two princes doomed to death,
Each loved his beauty and his breath;
"Leave us our life, and we will bring
Fair gifts unto our lord, the king."

They went together. In the dew
A charméd bird before them flew.
Through sun and thorn one followed it;
Upon the other's arm it lit.

A rose, whose faintest blush was worth
All buds that ever blew on earth,
One climbed the rocks to reach: ah, well,
Into the other's breast it fell.

Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground;
Gems of quick fire the other found.

One with the dragon fought to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;
The other breathed the garden's air,
And gathered precious apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate
One took his fortune, one his fate:
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands,
The other torn and empty hands.

At bird, and rose, and gem, and fruit,
The king was sad, the king was mute;
At last he slowly said, "My son,
True treasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE.

BLUE Gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead—
Muster all on the quarter,
We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form;
A common son of the forecastle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name, and the strand he hailed from,
We know—and there's nothing more!
But perhaps his mother is waiting
On the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting awreck,
"'Tis my watch," he would mutter,
"I must go upon deck!"

Ay, on deck—by the foremast!—
But watch and lookout are done;
The Union-Jack laid o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,
Stay the hurrying shaft!
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft—
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen
To the holiest page of prayer!
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare—
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service
(A little spray on his cheeks),
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks—
"We therefore commit his body
To the deep"—and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges, away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin—
But, silence to doubt and dole!
There's a quiet harbor somewhere
For the poor a-weary soul.

Free the fettered engine,
Speed the tireless shaft!
Loose to'gallant and top-sail,
The breeze is fair abaft!
Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead—
Every man to his duty!
We have buried our dead.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

THE BALLAD OF CONSTANCE.

WITH diamond dew the grass was wet,
'Twas in the spring and gentlest weather,
And all the birds of morning met,
And carolled in her heart together.

The wind blew softly o'er the land,
And softly kissed the joyous ocean;
He walked beside her on the sand,
And gave and won a heart's devotion.

The thistle-down was in the breeze,
With birds of passage homeward flying;
His fortune called him o'er the seas,
And on the shore he left her sighing.

She saw his bark glide down the bay,
Through tears and fears she could not banish;
She saw his white sails melt away;
She saw them fade; she saw them vanish.

And "Go," she said, "for winds are fair,
And love and blessing round you hover;
When you sail backward through the air,
Then I will trust the word of lover."

Still ebbed, still flowed the tide of years,
Now chilled with snows, now bright with roses,
And many smiles were turned to tears,
And sombre morns to radiant closes.

And many ships came gliding by,
With many a golden promise freighted;
But nevermore from sea or sky
Came love to bless her heart that waited.

Yet on, by tender patience led,
Her sacred footsteps walked, unbidden.
Wherever sorrow bows its head,
Or want and care and shame are hidden.

And they who saw her snow-white hair,
And dark, sad eyes, so deep with feeling,
Breathed all at once the chancel air,
And seemed to hear the organ pealing.

Till once, at shut of autumn day,
In marble chill she paused and harkened,
With startled gaze, where far away
The waste of sky and ocean darkened.

There, for a moment, faint and wan,
High up in air, and landward striving,
Stern-fore, a spectral bark came on,
Across the purple sunset driving.

Then something out of night she knew,
Some whisper heard, from heaven descended,
And peacefully as falls the dew
Her long and lonely vigil ended.

The violet and the bramble rose
Make glad the grass that dreams above her:
And freed from time and all its woes,
She trusts again the word of lover.

WILLIAM WINTER.

THE OLD CANOE.

WHERE the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wing that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick—
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick—
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that flew
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray threw.
Ere the blossom waved, or the green grass grew,
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

EMILY R. PAGE.

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

THERE was never a castle seen
So fair as mine in Spain:
It stands embowered in green,
Crowning the gentle slope
Of a hill by the Xenil's shore,
And at eve its shade flaunts o'er
The storied Vega plain,
And its towers are hid in the mist of hope;
And I toil through years of pain
Its glimmering gates to gain.

In visions wild and sweet
Sometimes its courts I greet;
Sometimes in joy its shining halls
I tread with favored feet;
But never my eyes in the light of day
Were blessed with its ivied walls,
Where the marble white and the granite gray
Turn gold alike when the sunbeams play,
When the soft day dimly falls.

I know in its dusky rooms
Are treasures rich and rare;
The spoil of eastern looms,
And whatever of bright and fair
Painters divine have won
From the vault of Italy's air;
White gods in Phidian stone
People the haunted glooms;
And the song of immortal singers
Like a fragrant memory lingers,
I know, in the echoing rooms.

But nothing of these, my soul!
Nor castle, nor treasures, nor skies,

Nor the waves of the river that roll,
With a cadence faint and sweet,
In peace by its marble feet—
Nothing of these is the goal
For which my whole heart sighs.
'Tis the pearl gives worth to the shell—
The pearl I would die to gain;
For there does my lady dwell,
My love that I love so well—
The Queen whose gracious reign
Makes glad my Castle in Spain.

Her face so purely fair
Sheds light in the shaded places,
And the spell of her maiden graces
Holds charmed the happy air.
A breath of purity
Forever before her flies,
And ill things cease to be
In the glance of her honest eyes.
Around her pathway flutter,
Where her dear feet wander free
In youth's pure majesty,
The wings of the vague desires;
But the thought that love would utter
In reverence expires.

Not yet! not yet shall I see
That face, which shines like a star
O'er my storm-swept life afar,
Transfigured with love for me.
Toiling, forgetting, and learning,
With labor and vigils and prayers,
Pure heart and resolute will,

At last I shall climb the Hill,
And breathe the enchanted airs
Where the light of my life is burning,
Most lovely and fair and free;
Where alone in her youth and beauty,
And bound by her fate's sweet duty,
Unconscious she waits for me.

JOHN HAY.

DOWN THE TRACK.

AN ACTUAL INCIDENT.

IN the deepening shades of twilight
Stood a maiden young and fair;
Rain-drops gleamed on cheek and forehead,
Rain-drops glistened in her hair.
Where the bridge had stood at morning
Yawned a chasm deep and black;
Faintly came the distant rumbling
From the train far down the track.

Paler grew each marble feature,
Faster came her frightened breath—
Charlie kissed her lips at morning—
Now was rushing down to death!

Must she stand and see him perish?
Angry waters answer back:
Louder comes the distant rumbling
From the train far down the track.

At death's door faint hearts grow fearless
Miracles are sometimes wrought,
Springing from the heart's devotion
In the forming of a thought.
From her waist she tears her apron,
Flings her tangled tresses back,
Working fast, and praying ever
For the train far down the track.

See! a lurid spark is kindled,
Right and left she flings the flame,
Turns and glides with airy fleetness
Downward toward the coming train;
Sees afar the red eye gleaming
Through the shadows still and black:
Hark! a shriek prolonged and deafening—
They have seen her down the track!

Onward comes the train—now slower,
But the maiden, where is she?
Flaming torch and flying footsteps
Fond eyes gaze in vain to see.
With a white face turned to Heaven,
All the sunny hair thrown back,
There they found her, one hand lying
Crushed and bleeding on the track.

Eager faces bent above her,
Wet eyes pitied, kind lips blessed;
But she saw no face save Charlie's—
'Twas for him she saved the rest.
Gold they gave her from their bounty;
But her sweet eyes wandered back
To the face whose love will scatter
Roses all along life's track!

ROSA H. THORPE.

ORGIA.

THE SONG OF A RUINED MAN.

WHO cares for nothing alone is free—
Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me.

With a careless heart and a merry eye,
He will laugh at the world as the world goes by.

He laughs at power and wealth and fame;
He laughs at virtue, he laughs at shame;

He laughs at hope, and he laughs at fear,
At memory's dead leaves, crisp and sere:

He laughs at the future cold and dim—
Nor earth nor heaven is dear to him.

Oh, that is the comrade fit for me:
He cares for nothing, his soul is free;

Free as the soul of the fragrant wine:
Sit down, good fellow, my heart is thine.

For I heed not custom, creed, nor law;
I care for nothing that ever I saw.

In every city my cups I quaff,
And over my liquor I riot and laugh.

I laugh like the cruel and turbulent wave;
I laugh at the church, and I laugh at the grave.

I laugh at joy, and well I know
That I merrily, merrily laugh at woe.

I terribly laugh, with an oath and a sneer,
When I think that the hour of death is near.

For I know that Death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine.

And he cares for nothing! a king is he!
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me!

With you I will drink to the solemn Past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.

I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth;
To ruined manhood and wasted youth.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe,
In the diamond morning of Long Ago;

To a heavenly face, in sweet repose;
To the lily's snow and the blood of the rose;

To the splendor, caught from orient skies,
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes—

Her large eyes, wild with the fire of the south—
And the dewy wine of her warm, red mouth.

I will drink to the thought of a better time;
To innocence, gone like a death-bell chime.

I will drink to the shadow of coming doom;
To the phantoms that wait in my lonely tomb.

I will drink to my soul in its terrible mood,
Dimly and solemnly understood.

And, last of all, to the Monarch of Sin,
Who has conquered that fortress and reigns within.

My sight is fading—it dies away—
I cannot tell—is it night or day.

My heart is burnt and blackened with pain,
And a horrible darkness crushes my brain.

I cannot see you. The end is nigh;
But we'll laugh together before I die

Through awful chasms I plunge and fall!
Your hand, good fellow! I die—that's all.

WILLIAM WINTER.

WHEN I WENT FISHING WITH DAD.

WHEN I was a boy—I'm an old man now;
Look at the lines across my brow;
Old Time has furrowed them there.
My back is bent and my eyes are dim;
He has placed his finger on every limb,
And pulled out most of my hair.
But if life has reached December,
I'm not too old to remember
When I went fishing with dad.

We would each of us shoulder his part of the load,
And joyfully start along the road—
But dad's was the heaviest share.
Out of the village about a mile,
Over a meadow, across a stile,
And then we were almost there.
Dear old brook, I can see it still,
The mossy bank and the old gray mill,
Where I went fishing with dad.

We would wander about for a little space
To find the cosiest, shadiest place,
Before we went to work.
Then dad would arrange his rod and line,
And tell me just how to manage mine
When the fish began to jerk.
If I only could feel as I used to then!
If the days could only come back again,
When I went fishing with dad!

We armed our hooks with the wriggling bait,
Then seated ourselves on the bank to wait
And see if the fish would bite.
Sometimes they would only take a look,
As if they thought there might be a hook.
But couldn't be certain quite.
There was one old perch that I used to think
Would always look at the line and wink.
When I went fishing with dad.

And so we fished till the sun was high,
And the morning hours were all gone by,
And the village clock struck one.
"I am hungry, Jim," then dad would say:
"Let's give the fishes a chance to play
Until our lunch is done."
Oh, nothing has ever tasted so sweet
As the big sandwiches I used to eat
When I went fishing with dad.

Then dad and I would lie on the grass
And wait for the heat of the day to pass:
How happy I used to feel!
And what wonderful stories he would tell
To the eager boy that he loved so well,
After our mid-day meal!

And how I would nestle close to his side
To hear of the world so big and wide
When I went fishing with dad!

For I eagerly listened to every word;
And then among men of whom I heard
How I longed to play a part!
What wonderful dreams of the future came,
What visions of wealth and an honored name,
To fill my boyish heart!
There is no dream like the old dream,
There is no stream like the old stream
Where I went fishing with dad.

Then back again to our sport we'd go,
And fish till the sunset's crimson glow
Lit up the dying day;
Then dad would call to me, "Jim, we'll stop;
The basket is full to the very top;
It's time we were on our way."
There are no ways like the old ways,
There are no days like the old days
When I went fishing with dad.

Then we took our way through the meadow-land,
And I clung so tight to his wrinkled hand,
As happy as I could be.
And when the old house came in sight,
The smile on his old face grew so bright
As he looked down at me.
And no one smiles as he used to smile;
And, oh, it seems such a long, long while
Since I went fishing with dad.

It is 'way, 'way back in the weary years
That with aching heart and falling tears
I watched dad go away.
His aged head lay on my breast
When the angels called him home to rest—
He was too old to stay.
And I dug a grave 'neath the very sod
That my boyish feet so often trod
When I went fishing with dad.

The world has given me wealth and fame,
Fulfilled my dreams of an honored name,
And now I am weak and old;
The land is mine wherever I look;
I can catch my fish with a silver hook:
But my days are almost told.
Uncheered by the love of child or wife,
I would spend the end of my lonely life
Where I went fishing with dad.

My limbs are weary, my eyes are dim;
I shall tell them to lay me close by him,
Whenever I come to die;
And side by side, it will be my wish,
That there by the stream where they used to fish,
They will let the old men lie.
Close by him I would like to be.
Buried beneath the old oak-tree
Where I sat and fished wit' dad.

MARY [illegible]NDYNE.

JOHN AND THE SQUIRE.

I AM only a farmer's lass,
John is only a farmer's lad,
But somehow when we chance to meet,
The very sound of his coming feet
Can make my heart so glad,
That up to my cheeks the warm blush flies,
And he reads his welcome in my eyes.

I am only a farmer's girl,
Master Tom is the Squire's son;
But, strange to say, his feet this way
Turn often at the close of day,
After the work is done,
When John, in passing the meadow gate,
Gives me a scowl, but will not wait.

I am only a farmer's lass,
So what can the Squire want of me?
My heart is John's—he knows it well,
But it isn't for *me* the truth to tell,
So bashful a lad is he!
And the Squire may come, and the Squire may go,
But all the answer he'll get is—"No."

The Squire praises my hair and eyes;
The Squire says I'm a lady born.
What care I for his foolish speech?
'Tis John's voice only my heart can teach
To sing like birds at morn.
But John is jealous—the foolish boy,
And my days are shorn of half their joy.

Oh! I am only a farmer's lass,
And John is only a farmer's lad,
But I'd rather be his in his humble life,
Than be a "lady" as Squire's wife,
With a restless heart and sad!
But John—so bashful a lad is he—
Is a long while asking my heart of me.

POEMS OF PATHOS.

THE FACTORY-BOY.



"COME, poor child!" say the flowers;
"We have made you a little bed;
Come, lie with us in the showers
The summer clouds will shed.
Don't work for so many hours:
Come hither and play instead!"
"Come!" whispers the waving grass:
"I will cool your feet as you pass;
The daisies will cool your head."

And "Come, come, come!" is sighing
The river against the wall;
But "Stay!" in grim replying,
The wheels roll over all.
By hill and field and river,
That hold the child in thrall,
He sees the long light quiver,
And hears faint voices call.

Bright shapes flit near in numbers;
They lead his soul away:
"Oh, hush, hush, hush! he slumbers!"
He dreams he hears them say.

And, just for one strained instant,
He dreams he hears the wheels,
But smiles to feel the flowers,
And down among them kneels.
Over his weary ankles
A rippling runlet steals,
And all about his shoulders
The daisies dance in reels.

Up to his cheeks and temples
Sweet blossoms blush and press,
And softest summer zephyrs
Lean o'er in light caress.
Sleep in her mantle folds him,
As shadows fold the hill.
Deep in her trance she holds him,
And the great wheels are still!

ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

THE SHIP AT SEA.

WHEN my ship comes home from sea,
The ship that went so far from me,
"Then this and that we'll do," I say,
And lay my plans for that glad day.
Ah, me! the ships that sail about
From port to port; now in, now out!
Is there a heart that hath no share
In all the precious freight they bear?
God grant that wheresoe'er they be,
No harm befall our "Ship at Sea."

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

That youthful prodigy, the "Baby Violinist," as he was called, died at the age of six. At a time when he should have been in bed he was made to play before large audiences music which excited and thrilled him. He looked exhausted one day, and the manager told him to stay at home. That night as the lad lay in bed with his father, the latter heard him say: "Merciful God, make room for a little fellow;"—and with this strange and touching prayer the baby violinist died! The incident doubtless suggested Dobson's poem.

FE had played for his lordship's levée,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
He shall rest for at least to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With a sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in bed—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last that he said.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turned,
To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook.
He listened to the sounds
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leaned upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch
A girl was on her knees;
She held aloft a snowy scarf
Which fluttered in the breeze.
She breathed a prayer for him—
A prayer he could not hear;
But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
And he wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot,
Oh, do not deem him weak!
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek.
Go watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career;
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wiped away a tear.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

IF.

IF, sitting with this little, worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven and me,
I could be reconciled and happy, too,
And look with glad eyes toward the jasper sea.

If in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds me of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty, broken words,
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy, though I heard
No answer, and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heartaches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And, with a heart full of sweet yearnings, say—
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And that the footprints of a tender God
Ran side by side with him, in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say—
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way,
And wait to meet him o'er death's silent sea.

But oh! to know the feet, once pure and white,
The haunts of vice had boldly ventured in!
The hands that should have battled for the right
Had been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at heaven's gate to-night,
To fear my boy could hardly enter in!

MAY RILEY SMITH.

LOST ON THE SHORE.

DROWSY sunshine, noonday sunshine, shining full on sea and sand,
Show the tiny, tiny footsteps trending downward from the land;
In the dewy morning early, while the birds were singing all,
My bonnie birdies flew away, loud laughing at my call.
I did not follow after, for I thought they flew to hide,
But they went to seek their father's boat, that sailed at ebb of tide.

Along the dusty lane I tracked their hurrying little feet;
Did no man coming up that way my bonnie birdies meet?
They lisped "Our Father" at my knee, they shared their bread with Nap,
And kissed, and fought, and kissed again, both sitting in my lap;
It was not long—for we must work—and soon upon the floor
I set my merry little lads before the open door.
A white-winged moth came flying in—in chase they sprang away;
I watched them, smiling to myself, at all their pretty play;
The golden-rippled darling heads flashed to and fro my eyes,
Until I saw them through a mist—angels in paradise.

But we who have to work to live must trust so much to God,
That, with the vision in my heart, I left them on the sod,
Plucking the daisies, one by one, to set them on a thorn
Which Willie's sturdy little grasp out of the hedge had torn.
And up and down the house went I, as I go every day,
And while I toiled, and father toiled, our darlings stole away.

I heard my Robin's joyous shout beyond the orchard trees,
And answered back, "Yes, mother, here, her little birdy sees!"

The laughing pai[illegible]ed out again; on with my work, worked I;
Waking or sleeping, we believe that God is always nigh:
And, oh! I must not doubt it now, though the little steps I see,
Trending along the dusty lane to the fast inflowing sea!
Here, where the yellow king cups grow, they have dropt the daisied thorn,
They have rested under the shady hedge, and Robin his frock has torn;
Here is a rag of the faded stuff, he has worn it the summer through—
My little lad was but three years old when his old frock was new.

Oh! pray they have gone through the ripening fields—their footsteps are lost in the grass—
Ah! no; for I see the king-cups strewn down the ravine of Small-hope Pass!
O Father! to whom my darlings prayed, this morning, "Thy will be done!"
Show me their little golden heads in the gold of this summer sun!
Where are they? Here cease the tiny steps that the loving hearts wiled on;
Here comes the sweep of the heavy tide—but my babes, my babes are gone!
I cannot see for the burning haze and the glitter upon the foam;
But *Thou*, O Thou Merciful! hear my cry, bring me them safely home!

"Fisherman, came you over the rocks that lie under Hurtle Head?
My two children have strayed from home—one white clad, the other red;
They have golden hair, and the prettiest eyes—their names are Willie and Rob?"
"No, mistress, I saw no children there, but only the waves' deep throb,
And a storm brewing up in the windy west—God speed your master safe!
There's hardly a boat will live the night that's beating outside the reef."

"Fisherman, saw you the trace of steps, little steps, on the farther strand?"
"No, mistress, the tide has been over it; I saw but the wet, ribbed sand."
"Did you find aught, fisherman, as you came—a cap, or a little shoe?"
"I found nought, mistress, as I came, but some hedge-flowers, yellow and blue."
"The king-cups, the pretty forget-me-nots, they gathered the bank below!
My laddies dropt them, fisherman; how long ere the tide is low?"

"How long? It is on the turn, mistress; the rocks will soon be bare;
But Almighty God, in mercy forbid you find your laddies *there!*"
"The sea-caves, fisherman, under the Head, I have taken them in to play."

"Yes, mistress, yes, but the tide has rolled both heavy and high to-day."
"One wild night, when the wind was up, and the waves were ebbing out,
We three sat waiting under the Head for the coming of father's boat;
There was a moon in the ragged clouds, and a swirl of rain in the air:"

"Ay, mistress, ay, but Heaven forbid you find our darlings *there!*"
"Where *shall* I find them, fisherman, my bairnies, pretty and sweet?"
"If they strayed down on the beach this morn, you will find them at Jesus' feet."
"Not drowned! Not *drowned* in the cruel sea? Is God in heaven unjust?
He could not rob me of both my dears, or why are we bid to *trust?*
In the working hours they left my side, they only went out to play;
He knows that we who must earn our bread cannot watch and be still all day!
What can I say when the boat comes home, and no darling to meet it runs?
Can I tell their father, who loved them so, I have *lost* him his little sons?
Oh! 'tis hard in our lives of so little joy to rob us of that we had:
Living and dying, the best of days with the poor are always sad!"

"Speak low, mistress, when you speak so. God in heaven is great.
I had three sons—they all went down—*they* perished and *I* wait.
You have read it in the book: 'The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away;
Blessed be the name of the Lord!' So say I this day.
And how David the king fasted and wept until the child was dead.
Then to the mighty God he gave him up, rose, and was comforted."

"Oh! the tiny, tiny footsteps, trending downwards from the land.
The blessed little footsteps, softly printed in the sand!
Oh, my birdies! Oh, my birdies! that have left an empty nest,
I would I had my birdies now, warm nestled in my breast!"

HOLME LEE.

THE GRAVE'S VICTORY.

O HOW her faithful hand we miss
From all the gentle ministries
Of home and love;
Dear hand, laid down so still and cold,
The heavy mass of clay and mold
Piled deep above.

As though she talked with One divine,
Love saw her face that it did shine;
Now that is hid,
Dear face, beneath a mound of mold
And clay so dense and dark and cold,
And coffin-lid.

Her heart so true in every beat,
So womanly and strong and sweet,
We sadly laid,
Dear heart, so quiet, changed and cold,
Near other hearts hid in the mold,
Of other dead.

And how from life her life we miss,
Her holy woman-ministries,
None know but God;
Dear life, of helpfulness untold,
Now quenched and lost beneath the cold
Concealing sod.

ALVAH LILLIE FRISBIE.

THE THREE HORSEMEN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THREE horsemen halted the inn before,
Three horsemen entered the oaken door,
And loudly called for the welcome cheer
That was wont to greet the traveller here.

"Good woman," they cried as the hostess came,
A buxom, rosy, portly old dame,
"Good woman, how is your wine and beer;
And how is your little daughter dear?"

"My house is ever supplied with cheer,
But my daughter lieth upon her bier."

A shadow over the horsemen fell,
Each wrapped in thoughts he could never tell;
And silently one by one they crept
To the darkened room where the maiden slept.

The golden hair was rippling low
Over a forehead pure as snow,
And the little hands were idly pressed,
Clasping a cross to the pulseless breast.

"I loved thee ere the death-chill lay
On thee, sweet child," and one turned away.
"I would have loved thee," the second said,
"Hadst thou learned to love me, and lived to wed."

"I loved thee ever, I love thee now,"
The last one cried as he kissed her brow.
"In the heaven to come our souls shall wed,
I have loved thee living, I love thee dead."

Then silently out from the oaken door
Three horsemen passed to return no more.

ALONE.

To appreciate "Alone," the reader should remember that Mr. Burdette is popular as a humorist. The sickness of his wife called him to her bedside for many long weeks—she finally died, and "Alone" expresses his loss.

I MISS you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the stir of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain splashes fast on the terrace,
The wind past the lattices moan;
The midnight chimes out from the minster,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling,
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget.
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love in contentment,
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,
My voice echoes back on my heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And lo! they fall empty, apart.
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling,
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder,
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me,
Old doubts make my spirit their own,
Oh, come through the darkness and save me;
For I am alone.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I'VE wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, that sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom; and few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-footed boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then, with spirits just as gay.
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, some twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives once defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro;
Its music's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same old tree;
I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same with me,
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so;
The loser had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide;
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas then so high that we could scarcely reach,
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago.

'Twas by that spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as she died, whose name you cut, some twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came to my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

TWO BIRDS.

I SAW two birds perched on the wire
Where messages in silence run,
Their feathers gleaming as on fire,
Their breast as golden as the sun.

I watched them for a while as they
Sat drowsing in the sunlight there,
Content to dream throughout the day,
And cheat of song the tranquil air.

But suddenly I saw one bird
Spread out his shining wings to fly,
And ere he passed from sight I heard
A joyous carol in the sky.

Then, fearing solitude too long,
The other followed in his wake,
And gave the air a grievous song,
As though his tiny heart would break.

And as I listened came the thought—
Why are their songs so different?
Is it that each a message caught
As o'er the singing wire it went?

For he who first went seemed to sing—
"Sweetheart, to wed! Sweetheart, to wed!"
The other's voice seemed quavering,
"Thy love is dead! Thy love is dead!"

THE LARK AT THE TOMB.

Founded on an incident at the grave of Sophia Lockhart, daughter of Sir Walter Scott:—Mr. Milman having read the service on the occasion.

OVER that solemn pageant mute and dark,
Where in the grave we laid to rest
Heaven's latest, not least welcome guest,
What didst thou on the wing, thou jocund lark!
Hovering in unrebukéd glee,
And carolling above that mournful company?

Oh, thou light-loving and melodious bird!
At every sad and solemn fall
Of mine own voice—each interval
In the soul-elevating prayer, I heard
Thy quivering descant full and clear-
Discord not unharmonious to the ear.

We laid her there—the Minstrel's darling child!
Seemed it then meet that, borne away
From the close city's dubious day,
Her dirge should be thy native wood-note wild?
Nursed upon nature's lap, her sleep
Should be where birds may sing and dewy flowers weep.

Ascendest thou, air-wandering messenger,
Above us slowly lingering yet,
To bear our deep, our mute regret—
To waft upon thy faithful wing to her
The husband's fondest, last farewell—
Love's final parting pang, the unspoke, the unspeakable?

Or didst thou rather chide with thy blithe voice
Our selfish grief, that would delay
Her passage to a brighter day;
Bidding us mourn no longer, but rejoice
That it hath heavenward flown, like thee—
That spirit from this world of sin and sorrow free?

I watched thee lessening, lessening to the sight,
Still faint and fainter winnowing
The sunshine with thy dwindling wing—
A speck, a movement in the ruffled light,
Till thou wert melted in the sky,
An undistinguished part of bright infinity.

Meet emblem of that lightsome spirit thou!
That still, wherever it might come,
Shed sunshine o'er that happy home;
Her task of kindliness and gladness now
Absolvéd, with the element above
Hath mingled, and become pure light, pure joy, pure love.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

THY soul shall find itself alone
'Mid dark thoughts of the gray tomb-stone—
Not one, of all the crowd, to pry
Into thine hour of secrecy.

Be silent in that solitude
Which is not loneliness—for then
The spirits of the dead who stood
In life before thee are again
In death around thee—and their will
Shall overshadow thee: be still.

The night—tho' clear—shall frown—
And the stars shall not look down
From their high thrones in heaven,
With light like hope to mortals given—
But their red orbs, without beam,
To thy weariness shall seem
As a burning and a fever
Which would cling to thee forever.

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish—
Now are visions ne'er to vanish—
From thy spirit shall they pass
No more—like dew-drops from the grass.

The breeze—the breath of God—is still—
And the mist upon the hill
Shadowy—shadowy—yet unbroken,
Is a symbol and a token—
How it hangs upon the trees,
A mystery of mysteries!

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

ON THE EAST COAST.

THE boat went out with the ebb to sea,
That June-tide in the morning.
My bonny boys waved their hands to me,
That June-tide in the morning.
I stood and watched them from the door,
My bonny, brave boys came back no more,
That June-tide in the morning.

The sun shone bright and the wind was low,
That June-tide in the morning,
And I kissed them ere I bade them go,
That June-tide in the morning.
The leaves were young upon the vine
When my boys' warm lips were pressed to mine,
That June-tide in the morning.

I watched the boat as it left the bay,
That June-tide in the morning
And ever until my latest day
That June-tide in the morning
Comes back to me when the skies are clear,
And the roses bloom; yet I felt no fear,
That June-tide in the morning.

A mist came up and it hid the sea,
That June-tide in the morning.
Little I thought what awaited me,
That June-tide in the morning.
How those lips had been pressed to mine,
On earth for the last time pressed to mine,
That June-tide in the morning.

The rising tide brought them home no more
That June-tide in the morning.
Ere noon the boat drifted safe ashore,
That June tide in the morning.
The mist had hidden the Dead Man's rock,
And never a boat could withstand its shock,
No matter how fair the morning.

They found their graves in the great North Sea,
That June-tide in the morning,
My boys that came never back to me.
That June tide in the morning.
Yet the waves were stilled and the wind was low,
Thank God we kissed ere I let them go,
That June-tide in the morning.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

It is recorded of Henry the First that, after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.

THE bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain;—
Why comes not death to those who mourn?
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave,
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train,
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the tourney's victor crowned,
Amidst the knightly ring:
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again!

Hearts in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to Heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smiled again!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE LAST LOOK.

I HEARD him, Joe, I heard him—
I heard the doctor say
My sight was growing weaker,
And failing day by day.
"She's going blind," he whispered;
Yes, darling, it is true;
These eyes will soon have taken
Their last long look at you.

The room is dull and misty,
And as I try to gaze
There seems to fall between us
A thick and cruel haze.
I'm going blind, my darling;
Ah! soon the day must be
When these poor eyes will open,
And vainly try to see.

Oh, take my hand, my husband,
To lead me to the light.
And let your dear face linger
The last thing in my sight,
So that I may remember,
When darkness covers all,
'Twas there I last saw, softly,
God's blessed sunshine fall.

Cheer up, my dear old sweetheart,
And brush away your tears,
The look I see to-day, love,
Will linger through the years.
For when the veil has fallen,
To hide you evermore,
I want your smile to light me
Along the gloomy shore.

I yet can see you, darling—
Some light there lingers still;
The sun is setting slowly
Behind the distant hill;
Odd fancies crowd about me
Now God has let me know
My eyes must close forever
On all things here below.

Though twenty years have vanished,
It seems but yesterc'en
Since first you wooed and won me
Among the meadows green;
Here from our cottage window
I once could see the spot
Where grew the yellow cowslip
And blue forget-me-not.

But now a strange mist hovers,
And though I strain my eyes,
Beyond my yearning glances
The dear old meadow lies.
I want to see it, darling,
The meadow by the stream,
Where first your loving whisper
Fulfilled my girlhood's dream.

So take my hand and guide me,
And lead me to the air;
I want to see the world, love,
That God has made so fair.
I want to see the sunset,
And look upon the sky,
And bid the sweet, green country
A loving, last good-bye!

How swift the sun is setting!
It's almost twilight now;
I hear, but cannot see, dear,
The birds upon the bough.
Is this our little garden?
I cannot pierce the gloom,
But I can smell the roses,
They're coming into bloom

Stoop down and pluck a rosebud—
You know my favorite tree;
My husband's hand will give me
The last one I shall see.
Ah! Joe, do you remember
The dear old happy days—
Our love among the roses
In summer's golden blaze?

I take the rose you give me,
Its petals damp with dew;
I scent its fragrant odor,
But scarce can see its hue.
In memory of to-night, Joe,
When dead I'll keep it still;
The rose may fade and wither—
Our love, dear, never will.

Quick! quick! my footsteps falter;
Oh, take me in again;
I cannot bear the air, Joe,
My poor eyes feel the strain.
Home, home, and bring my children,
And place them at my knee,
And let me look upon them
While yet I've time to see.

Then take them gently from me,
And let us be alone:
My last fond look, dear husband,
Must be for you alone.
You've been my dear old sweetheart
Since we were lass and lad;
I've laughed when you were merry,
And wept when you were sad.

I want to see you wearing
Your old sweet smile to-night.
I want to take it with me
To make my darkness light.
God bless you, Joe, for trying—
Yes, that's the dear old look!
I'll think of that sweet story
When God has closed his book.

Joe, fetch me down the picture
That hangs beside our bed.
Ah, love, do you remember
The day that he lay dead—
Our first-born bonny baby?
And how we sat and cried,
And thought our hearts were broken
When our sweet darling died?

I'd like to see the picture
Once more, dear, while I may,
Though in my heart it lingers
As though 'twere yesterday.
Ah! many bairns came after,
But none were like to him.
Come closer to me, darling,
The light is growing dim.

Come closer—so; and hold me,
And press your face to mine.
I'm in a land of shadows,
Where ne'er a light can shine.
But with your arm around me,
What danger need I fear?
I'll never need my eyes, Joe,
While your strong arm is near.

Now, be a brave old darling,
And promise not to fret;
I saw your face the last, dear,
And now I've no regret.
I saw your face the last, dear—
God's hand has dealt the blow;
My sight went out at sunset
A short half-hour ago.

Now you must be my eyesight,
Through all the sunless land,
And down life's hill we'll wander,
Like lovers, hand in hand.
Till God shall lift the curtain,
Beyond these realms of pain:
And there, where blind eyes open,
I'll see your face again.

GEORGE R. SIMS

PARSON KELLY.

OLD Parson Kelly's fair young wife Irene
Died when but three months wed,
And no new love has ever come between
His true heart and the dead,
Though now for sixty years the grass has grown
Upon her grave, and on its simple stone
The moss
And yellow lichens creep her name across.

Outside the door, in the warm summer air,
The old man sits for hours,
The idle wind that stirs his silver hair
Is sweet with June's first flowers;
But dull his mind, and clouded with the haze
Of life's last weary, gray November days;
And dim
The past and present look alike to him.

The sunny scene around, confused and blurred,
The twitter of the birds,
Blend in his mind with voices long since heard—
Glad childhood's careless words,
Old hymns and Scripture texts; while indistinct
Yet strong, one thought with all fair things is linked—
The bride
Of his lost youth is ever by his side.

By its sweet weight of snowy blossoms bowed
The rose-tree branch hangs low,
And in the sunshine, like a fleecy cloud,
Sways slowly to and fro.

"Oh! is it you?" the old man asks, "Irene!"
And smiles, and fancies that her face he's seen
Beneath
The opening roses of a bridal wreath!

Down from the gambrel roof a white dove flits,
The sunshine on its wings,
And lighting close to where the dreamer sits,
A vision with it brings—
A golden gleam from some long vanished day.
"Dear love," he calls; then, "Why will you not stay?"
He sighs,
For, at his voice, the bird looks up and flies!

O constant heart! whose failing thoughts cling fast
To one long laid in dust,
Still seeing, turned to thine, as in the past,
Her look of perfect trust,
Her soft voice hearing in the south wind's breath.
Dream on! Love pure as thine shall outlive death,
And when
The gates unfold, her eyes meet thine again!

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS.

AS a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring:
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting—

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE CONGRESSIONAL BURYING-GROUND.

THE pomp of death was there—
The lettered urn, the classic marble rose,
And coldly, in magnificent repose,
Stood out the column fair.

The hand of art was seen
Throwing the wild flowers from the gravelled walk,
The sweet wild flowers, that hold their quiet talk
Upon the uncultured green.

And now perchance, a bird,
Hiding amid the trained and scattered trees,
Sent forth his carol on the scentless breeze—
But they were few I heard.

Did my heart's pulses beat?
And did mine eye o'erflow with sudden tears,
Such as gush up mid memories of years,
When humbler graves we meet?

An humbler grave I met,
On the Potomac's leafy banks, when May,
Weaving spring flowers, stood out in colors gay,
With her young coronet:

A lonely, nameless grave,
Stretching its length beneath th' o'erarching trees
Which told a plaintive story, as the breeze
Came their new buds to wave.

But the lone turf was green
As that which gathers o'er more honored forms;
Nor with more harshness had the wintry storms
Swept o'er that woodland scene.

The flower and springing blade
Looked upward with their young and shining eyes,
And met the sunlight of the happy skies,
And that low turf arrayed.

And unchecked birds sang out
The chorus of their spring-time jubilee,
And gentle happiness it was to me,
To list their music-shout.

And to that stranger-grave
The tribute of enkindling thoughts—the free
And unbought power of natural sympathy
Passing, I sadly gave.

And a religious spell
On that lone mound, by man deserted, rose—
A conscious presence from on high, which glows
Not where the worldly dwell.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY

WHAT did you say, dear—breakfast?
Somehow I've slept too late;
You are very kind, dear Effie;
Go tell them not to wait.
I'll dress as quick as ever I can,
My old hands tremble sore,
And Polly, who used to help, dear heart,
Lies t'other side of the door.

Put up the old pipe, deary,
I couldn't smoke to-day;
I'm sort o' dazed and frightened,
And don't know what to say.
It's lonesome in the house here,
And lonesome out o' door—
I never knew what lonesome meant
In all my life before.

The bees go humming the whole day long,
And the first June rose has blown;
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day,
Too old to be left alone!
Oh, heart of love! so still and cold,
Oh, precious lips so white!
For the first sad hours in sixty years,
You were out of my reach last night.

You've cut the flower. You're very kind;
She rooted it last May.
It was only a slip; I pulled the rose,
And threw the stem away.
But she, sweet, thrifty soul, bent down,
And planted it where she stood;
"Dear, maybe the flowers are living," she said,
"Asleep in this bit of wood."

I can't rest, dear—I cannot rest;
Let the old man have his will,
And wander from porch to garden-post—
The house is so deathly still;—
Wander, and long for a sight of the gate
She has left ajar for me;
We had got so used to each other, dear,
So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good,
She made me a better man;
From the moment I kissed her fair young face,
Our lover's life began.
And seven fine boys she has given me,
And out of the seven not one
But the noblest father in all the land
Would be proud to call his son.

Oh, well, dear Lord, I'll be patient!
But I feel sore broken up;
At eighty years it's an awesome thing
To drain such a bitter cup.
I know there's Joseph, and John, and Hal,
And four good men beside;
But a hundred sons couldn't be to me,
Like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly—so bright and fair!
So winsome and good and sweet!
She had roses twined in her sunny hair,
And white shoes upon her feet;
And I held her hand—was it yesterday
That we stood up to be wed?
And—no, I remember, I'm eighty to-day,
And my dear wife Polly is *dead*.

ALICE ROBBINS.

THE ANGEL'S STORY.

THROUGH the blue and frosty heavens,
Christmas stars were shining bright;
Glistening lamps throughout the city
Almost matched their gleaming light;
While the winter snow was lying,
And the winter winds were sighing,
Long ago, one Christmas night.

While, from every tower and steeple,
Pealing bells were sounding clear,
Never with such tones of gladness,
Save when Christmas time is near,
Many a one that night was merry
Who had toiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven:
Friends, long parted, reconciled;
Voices all unused to laughter,
Mournful eyes that rarely smiled,
Trembling hearts that feared the morrow
From their anxious thoughts beguiled.

Rich and poor felt love and blessing
From the gracious season fall;
Joy and plenty in the cottage,
Peace and feasting in the hall;
And the voices of the children
Ringing clear above it all!

Yet one house was dim and darkened;
Gloom, and sickness, and despair,
Dwelling in the gilded chambers,
Creeping up the marble stair;
Even stilled the voice of mourning,
For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,
Velvet carpets hushed the tread;
Many costly toys were lying,
All unheeded, by his bed;
And his tangled golden ringlets
Were on downy pillows spread.

The skill of all that mighty city
To save one little life was vain;
One little thread from being broken,
One fatal word from being spoken;
Nay, his very mother's pain,
And the mighty love within her,
Could not give him health again.

So she knelt there still beside him,
She alone with strength to smile,
Promising that he should suffer
No more in a little while,
Murmuring tender song and story,
Weary hours to beguile.

Suddenly an unseen Presence
Checked those constant moaning cries,
Stilled the little heart's quick fluttering,
Raised those blue and wondering eyes,
Fixed on some mysterious vision
With a startled, sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hovered,
Smiling, o'er the little bed;

White his raiment, from his shoulders
Snowy, dove-like pinions spread,
And a star-like light was shining
In a glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel,
Leaning o'er the little nest,
In his arms the sick child folding,
Laid him gently on his breast,
Sobs and wailings told the mother
That her darling was at rest.

So, the angel, slowly rising,
Spread his wings, and through the air,
Bore the child, and while he held him
To his heart with loving care,
Placed a branch of crimson roses,
Tenderly beside him there.

While the child, thus clinging, floated
Toward the mansions of the blest,
Gazing from his shining guardian,
To the flowers upon his breast,
Thus the angel spake, still smiling
On the little heavenly guest:

"Know dear little one, that heaven
Does no earthly thing disdain—
Man's poor joys find there an echo
Just as surely as his pain;
Love, on earth so feebly striving,
Lives divine in heaven again!

"Once in that great town below us,
In a poor and narrow street,
Dwelt a little sickly orphan;
Gentle aid, or pity sweet,
Never in life's rugged pathway
Guided his poor tottering feet.

"All the striving, anxious forethought
That should only come with age,
Weighed upon his baby spirit,
Showed him soon life's sternest page.
Grim want was his nurse, and sorrow
Was his only heritage.

"All too weak for childish pastimes,
Drearily the hours sped;
On his hands, so small and trembling,
Leaning his poor aching head,
Or through the dark and painful hours
Lying helpless on his bed.

"Dreaming strange and longing fancies
Of cool forests far away;
And of rosy, happy children,
Laughing merrily at play,
Coming home through green lanes, bearing
Trailing boughs of blooming May.

"Scarce a glimpse of azure heaven
Gleamed above that narrow street,
And the sultry air of summer
(That you call so warm and sweet)
Fevered the poor orphan, dwelling
In that crowded alley's heat.

"One bright day, with feeble footsteps
Slowly forth he tried to crawl,
Through the crowded city's pathways,
Till he reached the garden wall;
Where 'mid princely halls and mansions
Stood the lordliest of all.

There were trees with giant branches,
Velvet glades where shadows hide;
There were sparkling fountains glancing,
Flowers which, in luxuriant pride,
Ever wafted breaths of perfume
To the child who stood outside.

"He against the gate of iron
Pressed his wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
At the glories of the place:
Never had his brightest day-dream
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

"You were playing in that garden,
Throwing blossoms in the air,
Laughing when the petals floated
Downward on your golden hair;
And the fond eyes watching o'er you,
And the splendor spread before you,
Told a house's home was there.

"When your servants, tired of seeing
Such a face of want and woe,
Turning to the ragged orphan,
Gave him coin and bade him go,
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted
Bitter tears began to flow.

"But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender child-heart fell,
And you plucked the reddest roses
From the tree you loved so well,
Passed them through the stern, cold railing
Gently bidding him 'Farewell!'

"Dazzled by the fragrant treasure
And the gentle voice he heard
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit
Joy, the sleeping seraph, stirred;
In his hand he took the flowers,
In his heart the loving word.

"So he crept to his poor garret:
Poor no more, but rich and bright,
For the holy dreams of childhood—
Love, and rest, and hope, and light—
Floated round the orphan's pillow,
Through the starry summer night.

"Day dawned, yet the vision lasted—
All too weak to rise he lay;
Did he dream that none spake harshly—
All were strangely kind that day?
Surely, then, his treasured roses
Must have charmed all ills away.

"And he smiled, though they were fading
One by one their leaves were shed;
Such bright things could never perish:
They would bloom again,' he said
When the next day's sun had risen
Child and flowers both were dead.

"Know, dear little one! our Father
Will no gentle deed disdain;
Love on the cold earth beginning
Lives divine in heaven again,
While the angel hearts that beat there
Still all tender thoughts retain."

So the angel ceased, and gently
O'er his little burden leant;
While the child gazed from the shining,
Loving eyes that o'er him bent,
To the blooming roses by him,
Wondering what their story meant.

Thus the radiant angel answered
And with tender meaning smiled:
"Ere your childlike, loving spirit
Sin and the hard world defiled,
God has given me leave to seek you—
I was once that little child!"

In the churchyard of that city
Rose a tomb of marble rare,
Decked, as soon as spring awakened,
With her buds and blossoms fair—
And a humble grave beside it—
None knew who rested there.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her bookshelf, this is her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass:
Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares—
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed, for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make;
And creates the love to reward the love:
I claim you still, for my own love's sake
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come, at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red,
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? Let us see!

ROBERT BROWNING

THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

UP yonder on the mountain,
I dwelt for days together;
Looked down into the valley,
This pleasant summer weather.

My sheep go feeding onward,
My dog sits watching by;
I've wandered to the valley,
And yet I know not why.

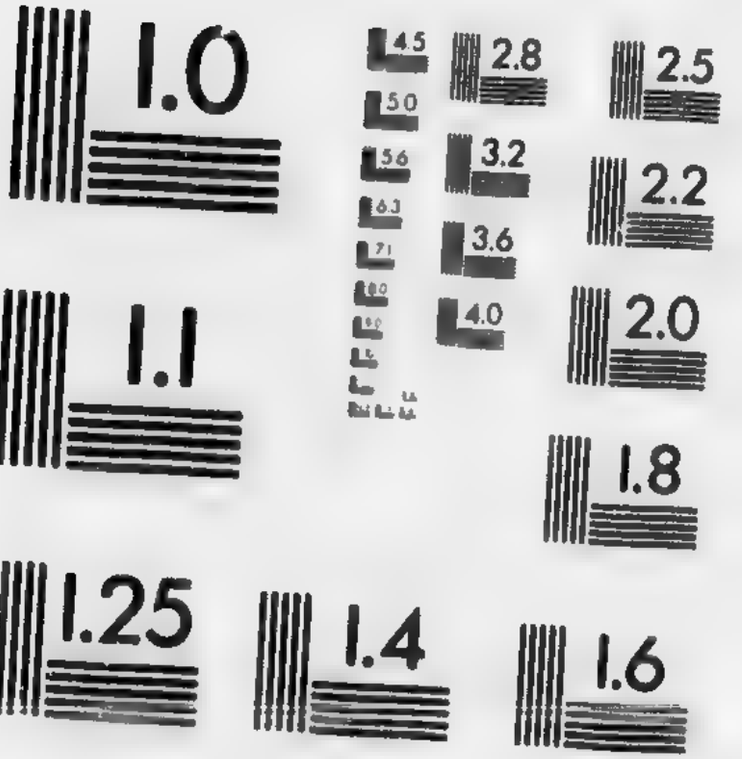
The meadow, it is pretty,
With flowers so fair to see;
I gather them, but no one
Will take the flowers from me.

The good tree gives me shadow
And shelter from the rain;
But yonder door is silent,
It will not ope again!



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I see the rainbow bending,
Above her old abode,
But she is there no longer;
They've ta'en my love abroad.

They took her o'er the mountains,
They took her o'er the sea;
Move on, move on, my bonny sheep,
There is no rest for me!

THEODORE MARTIN.

KEATS'S LAST SONNET.

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores—
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

JOHN KEATS.

UNFORGOTTEN.

HARD is the truth to comprehend
When life is throbbing in our veins—
Warm life, whose pleasures and whose pains
Seem equally without an end—
That soon, perhaps, and certainly
We who are quick the dead shall be.

And that more bitter truth, alas,
How hard it is to realize,
That when we pass from living eyes,
Need and desire for us shall pass;
Our place be filled, our memories seem
Only the echoes of a dream!

Better—the wise say—while we tread
Life's busy ways, to find death's wrong
Less grievous when the grass is long
Above a once beloved head:
Too short is time for vain regret,
And they are happiest that forget.

But oh, my lost one, doubly dear
Since death has claimed you, in my heart
There is a chamber set apart
For you, you only. Have no fear.
Life shrines your precious memory,
And death will give you back to me.

MARY BRADLEY.

THE PAUPER CHILD'S BURIAL.

STRETCHED on a rude plank the dead pauper lay:
No weeping friends gathered to bear him away:
His white, slender fingers were clasped on his breast,
The pauper child meekly lay taking his rest.

The hair on his forehead was carelessly parted;
No one cared for him, the desolate hearted:
In life none had loved him—his pathway, all sear,
Had not one sweet blossom its sadness to cheer.

No fond, gentle mother had ever caressed him,
In tones of affection and tenderness blessed him;
For ere his eye greeted the light of the day,
His mother had passed in her anguish away.

Poor little one! often thy meek eyes have sought
The smile of affection, of kindness unbought,
And wistfully gazing, in wondering surprise,
That no one beheld thee with pitying eyes.

And when in strange gladness thy young voice was heard,
As in winter's stern sadness the song of a bird,
Harsh voices rebuked thee, and, cowering in fear,
Thy glad song was hushed in a sob and a tear.

And when the last pang rent thy heartstrings in twain,
And burst from thy bosom the last sign of pain,
No gentle one soothed thee, in love's melting tone,
With fond arm around thee in tenderness thrown.

Stern voices and cold mingled strange in thine ear
With the songs of the angels the dying may hear;
And thrillingly tender, amid death's alarms,
Was thy mother's voice welcoming thee to her arms.

Thy fragile form, wrapped in its coarse shroud, reposes
In slumbers as sweet as if pillowed on roses,
And while on thy coffin the rude clods are pressed
The good Shepherd folds the shorn lamb to his breast.

MARGARET L. BAILEY.

THE LAW OF DEATH.

THE song of Kilvany. Fairest she
In all the land of Savathi.
She had one child, as sweet and [illegible]
And dear to her as the light of day.
She was so young, and he so fair.
The same bright eyes and the same dark hair.
To see them by the blossomy way
They seemed two children at their play.

There came a death-dart from the sky,
Kilvany saw her darling die.
The glimmering shades his eye invades,
Out of his cheeks the red bloom fades;

His warm heart feels the icy chill,
The round limbs shudder and are still.
And yet Kilvany held him fast
Long after life's last pulse was past,
As if her kisses could restore
The smile gone out forevermore.

But when she saw her child was dead
She scattered ashes on her head,
And seized the small corpse, pale and sweet,
And rushing wildly through the street,
She sobbing fell at Buddha's feet.

"Master! all-helpful! help me now!
Here at thy feet I humbly bow:
Have mercy, Buddha! help me now!"
She groveled on the marble floor,
And kissed the dead child o'er and o'er;
And suddenly upon the air
There fell the answer to her prayer:
"Bring me to-night a Lotus, tied
With thread from a house where none has died."

She rose and laughed with thankful joy,
Sure that the God would save her boy.
She found a Lotus by the stream;
She plucked it from its noonday dream,
And then from door to door she fared,
To ask what house by death was spared.
Her heart grew cold to see the eyes
Of all dilate with slow surprise:

"Kilvany, thou hast lost thy head;
Nothing can help a child that's dead.
There stands not by the Ganges' side
A house where none hath ever died."
Thus through the long and weary day,
From every door she bore away,
Within her heart, and on her arm,
A heavy load, a deepe' harm.
By gates of gold and ivory,
By wattled huts of poverty,
The same refrain he'rd poor Kilvany,
The living are few--the dead are many.
The evening came so still and fleet,
And overtook her hurrying feet,
And, heart-sick, by the sacred fane
She fell, and prayed the God again.

She sobbed and beat her bursting breast;
'Ah! thou hast mocked me! Mightiest!
Lo! I have wandered far and wide—
There stands no house where none hath died."

JOHN HAY.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FAST thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG.

Of those referred to in these stanzas, Walter Scott died September 21st, 1832; S. T. Coleridge, July 25th, 1834; Charles Lamb, December 27th, 1834; George Crabbe, February 3d, 1832; Felicia Hemans, May 16th, 1835; James Hogg, November 21st, 1835.

WHEN first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow
Has closed the shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign its steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land?

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next shall drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,
I gazed from Hempstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before; but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered youth or love-lorn maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their poet dead.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?
Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?
Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear—
And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?
And not sit, both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.
Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.
Oh, he gives to us his joy,
That our griefs he may destroy:
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

FAREWELL, LIFE.

WRITTEN A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HOOD'S DEATH.

FAREWELL, life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still.
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose.

Welcome, life! the spirit strives:
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould.

THOMAS HOOD.

ON A TEAR.

OH! that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then trembling, left its coral cell,
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fli'st to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme
In every clime, in every age,
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy grief shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven: but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'TIS believed that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright waters roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night her gold tresses to steep;
Till Heaven looked with pity on true-love so warm,
And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords uttering melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE BROKEN HEART.

SOFTLY!
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!
She is dying of a broken heart.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Gently!
She is sleeping,
She has breathed her last.
Gently!
While you are weeping,
She to heaven has passed.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

PEACE! WHAT DO TEARS AVAIL?

PEACE! what can tears avail?
She lies all dumb and pale,
And from her eye
The spirit of lovely life is fading—
And she must die!
Why looks the lover wroth—the friend upbraiding?
Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long
'Midst pain, and grief, and wrong?
Then why not die?
Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,
And hopeless lie?
Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow?
Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,
In all her stainless charms!
And with her fly
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,
The angels lie!
Wilt bear her there, O death! in all her whiteness?
Reply, reply!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

OUR TRAVELLED PARSON.

FOR twenty years and over our good parson had been toiling,
To chip the bad meat from our hearts and keep the good from spoiling;
But finally he wilted down, and went to looking sickly,
And the doctor said that something must be put up for him quickly.

So we kind of clubbed together, each according to his notion,
And bought a circular ticket in the lands across the ocean;
Wrapped some pocket-money in it—what we thought would easy do him—
And appointed me committee-man to go and take it to him.

I found him in his study, looking rather worse than ever,
And told him 'twas decided that his flock and he should sever.
Then his eyes grew wide with wonder, and it seemed almost to blind 'em;
And some tears looked out o' window, with some others close behind them.

Then I handed him the ticket, with a little bow of deference,
And he studied quite a little ere he got its proper reference;
And then the tears that waited—great unmanageable creatures—
Let themselves quite out o' window, and came climbing down his features.

I wish you could ha' seen him, coming back all fresh and glowing,
His clothes so worn and seedy, and his face so fat and knowing;
I wish you could have heard him when he prayed for us who sent him,
And paid us back twice over all the money we had lent him.

'Twas a feast to all believers, 'twas a blight on contradiction,
To hear one just from Calvary talk about the crucifixion;
'Twas a damper on those fellows who pretended they could doubt it,
To have a man who'd been there stand and tell them all about it.

Paul maybe beat our pastor in the Bible knots unravelling,
And establishing new churches, but he couldn't touch him travelling,
Nor in his journeys pick up half the general information;
But then he hadn't the railroads, and the steamboat navigation.

And every foot of Scripture whose location used to stump us
Was now regularly laid out, with the different points of compass.
When he undertook a picture, he quite natural would draw it;
He would paint it out so honest that it seemed as if you saw it.

An' the way he chiseled Europe—oh, the way he scampered through it!
Not a mountain dodged his climbing, not a city but he knew it;
There wasn't any subject to explain in all creation,
But he could go to Europe and bring back an illustration.

So we crowded out to hear him, much instructed and delighted;
'Twas a picture show, a lecture and a sermon all united;
And my wife would wipe her glasses, and serenely pet her Test'ment,
And whisper, "That 'ere ticket was a very good investment."

Now after six months' travel we were most of us all ready
To settle down a little, so's to live more staid and steady;
To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to fret us,
Using home-made faith more frequent; but the parson wouldn't let us.

To view the self-same scenery time and time again he'd call us;
Over rivers, plains and mountains he would any minute haul us;
He slighted our home sorrows, and our spirits' aches and ailings,
To get the cargoes ready for his reg'ler Sunday sailings

He would take us off a-touring in all spiritual weather,
Till we at last got homesick-like, and seasick altogether;
And "I wish to all that's peaceful," said one free-expressioned brother,
"That the Lord had made one cont'nent, and then never made another."

Sometimes, indeed, he'd take us into sweet, familiar places,
And pull along quite steady in the good old Gospel traces;
But soon my wife would shudder, just as if a chill had got her,
Whispering, "Oh, my goodness gracious! he's a-takin' to the water!"

And it wasn't the same old comfort when he called around to see us;
On a branch of foreign travel he was sure at last to tree us;
All unconscious of his error, he would sweetly patronize us,
And with oft-repeated stories still endeavor to surprise us.

And the sinners got to laughing; and that fin'lly galled and stung us
To ask him, Would he kindly once more settle down among us?
Didn't he think that more home produce would improve our souls' digestion?
They appointed me committee-man to go and ask the question.

I found him in his garden, trim an' buoyant as a feather;
He pressed my hand, exclaiming, "This is quite Italian weather.
How it 'minds me of the evenings when, your distant hearts caressing,
Upon my benefactors I invoked the Heavenly blessing!"

I went and told the brothers, "No, I cannot bear to grieve him;
He's so happy in his exile, it's the proper place to leave him.
I took that journey to him, and right bitterly I rue it;
But I cannot take it from him: if you want to, go and do it."

Now a new restraint entirely seemed next Sunday to infold him,
And he looked so hurt and humble that I knew some one had told him.
Subdued like was his manner, and some tones were hardly vocal;
But every word he uttered was pre-eminently local.

The sermon sounded awkward, and we awkward felt who heard it.
'Twas a grief to see him hedge it, 'twas a pain to hear him word it.
"When I was in—" was maybe half a dozen times repeated,
But that sentence seemed to scare him, and was always uncompleted.

As weeks went on his old smile would occasionally brighten,
But the voice was growing feeble, and the face began to whiten;
He would look off to the eastward, with a wistful, weary sighing,
And 'twas whispered that our pastor in a foreign land was dying.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands smiling sad as if they knew us:
The patient face within it preached a final sermon to us:
Our parson had gone touring on a trip he'd long been earning,
In that Wonder-land whence tickets are not issued for returning.

O tender, good heart-shepherd! your sweet smiling lips, half-parted!
Told of scenery that burst on you just the minute that you started!
Could you preach once more among us, you might wander without fearing;
You could give us tales of glory we would never tire of hearing.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

FOR thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born,
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it see..
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee

Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh,
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained
And death hath the key.
Loathsome in that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend,
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee;
Who will ever open
The door for thee
And descend after thee,
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

OLD.

BY the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing:
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding;
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding;
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin, gray hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care:
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads, and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the "dunce's stool,"
Its grave import still my fancy ladens:
"Here's a fool!"
It was summer and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted.
I remember well, too well, that day!
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,
Would not stay,
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell:
Ah! to me her name was always Heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell:
(I was then thirteen and she eleven),
Isabel!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told."
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow;
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old.

"I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core:
I have tottered here once more.

"All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this grave old rock, where I am seated,
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school-house!—it is still the same:
There's the very step I so oft mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game:
Old stone school-house!—it is still the same.

"In the cottage, yonder, I was born;
Long my happy home that humble dwelling,
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn.
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling:
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

"Those two gateway sycamores you see
Then were planted just so far asunder,
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under:
Ninety-three!
Those two gateway sycamores you see.

"There's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather:
Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to climb.

"There's the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,
Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails—
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising:
Traps and trails!
There's the rude three-cornered chestnut rails.

"There's the mill that ground our yellow grain:
Pond, and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there resting in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing:
Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

"There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable.
But alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table.
Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing.

'I am fleeing—all I loved have fled.
Yon green meadow was our place for playing,
That old tree can tell of sweet things said
When round it Jane and I were straying;
She is dead!
I am fleeing—all I loved have fled.

"Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points to seven that are now in glory
There on high:
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky!

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;
Sire and sisters, and my little brother,
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

"There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways:
Bless the holy lesson!—but ah, never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise—
Those sweet voices—silent now forever;
Peaceful days!
There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways.

"There my Mary blessed me with her hand
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing;
Broken band!
There my Mary blessed me with her hand.

"I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshipped, in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core;
I have come to see that grave once more.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told."
In his eye another pearl of sorrow:
Down it rolled,
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old."

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing;
Poor, unknown!
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

DIRGE.

KNOWS he who tills this lonely field
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn?

In the long sunny afternoon
The plain was full of ghosts,
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone—the holy ones
Who trod with me this lonely vale,
The strong, star-bright companions
Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,
Who made this world the feast it was,
Who learned with me the lore of time,
Who loved this dwelling-place;

They took this valley for their toy,
They played with it in every mood,
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy,
They treated nature as they would.

They colored the whole horizon round,
Stars flamed and faded as they bade,
All echoes hearkened for their sound,
They made the woodlands glad or mad

I touch this flower of silken leaf
Which once our childhood knew,
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to you pine warbler,
Singing aloft in the tree;
Hearest thou, O traveller!
What he singeth to me?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear
With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
Its heavy tale divine.

"Go, lonely man," it saith,
"They loved thee from their birth,
Their hands were pure, and pure their faith,
There are no such hearts on earth.

"Ye drew one mother's milk,
One chamber held ye all,
A very tender history
Did in your childhood fall.

"Ye cannot unlock your heart,
The key is gone with them;
The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

TO-MORROW.

THE setting sun with dying beam
Had waked the purple hills to fire;
And citadel and dome and spire
Were gilded by the far-off gleam,
And in and out dark pine trees crept
Full many a slender line of gold;
Gold motes athwart the river swept,
And kissed it as it onward rolled,
And sunlight lingered, loth to go.
Ah, well! it causeth sorrow
To part from those we love below,
And yet the sun as bright shall glow
To-morrow.

The tide was ebbing on the strand,
And stooping low its silver crest,
The crimson sea-weed lay at rest
Upon the amber-ribbed sand.
Dashed o'er the rocks and on the shore,
Flung parting wreaths of pearly spray,
Then fled away. Yet turned once more
And sent a sigh across the bay,
As though it could not bear to go.
Ah, well! it causeth sorrow
To part with those we love below,
Yet thitherward the tide shall flow
To-morrow.

Two hearts have met to say farewell.
At even when the sun went down;
Each life-sound from the busy town
Smote sadly as a passing bell.
One whispered, "Parting is sweet pain,
At morn and eve returns the tide;"
"Nay, parting rends the heart in twain,"
And still they lingered side by side—
And still they lingered, loth to go.
Ah, well! it causeth sorrow
To part from those we love below,
For shall we ever meet or no
To-morrow?

REST AFTER CONFLICT.

THE prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One-half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

FUNERAL OF LINCOLN.

PEACE! Let the long procession come,
For, hark!—the mournful, muffled drum,
The trumpet's wail afar;
And see! the awful car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
While cannon boom, and bells toll slow.
And go thou sacred car,
Bearing our woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,
Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait
To honor all they can,
The dust of that good man!

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
As greatest kings might die to gain:
The just, the wise, the brave
Attend thee to the grave!

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
Salute him once again.
Your late commander—*slain!*

Yes, let your tears indignant fall,
But leave your muskets on the wall;
Your country needs you now
Beside the forge, the plough!

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
The fallen to his last repose.
Beneath no mighty dome,
But in his modest home,

The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best,
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid!

And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb,
And strangers, far and near,
For many and many a year!

For many a year and many an age,
While History on her ample page
The virtues shall enroll
Of that paternal soul!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf had just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear, through many a long day wep
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them.
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE OLD CART.

THROUGH many a year of troubles and of joys,
Strong friend and faithful has this old cart been!
Ah! if it just for once could find a voice!
Could chatter of the things that it has seen!
Many a pretty burden has it carried,
And heard the talk of many a friendly tongue.
How long ago I drove down to be married!
And this old cart was new, and I was young!

In this old cart right often, long ago,
My Bessie drove to market in her bloom;
And, ah! in this old cart, so sad, so slow,
I drove her down to put her in her tomb.
And now, while I am close to sleeping with her,
Useless and old, here our old friend is flung;
And I am tired of trudging hither, thither,
And this old cart was new when I was young.

Old cart, just fit for firewood—spent, like me!
Old limbs of mine, no longer strong or fleet!
Yet what sweet girls have sat upon this knee,
What pretty shapes have warmed that ancient seat!
All's over now! our spell of work is wrought!
And here we linger newer things among,
One fit for firewood, t'other fit for nought;
And this old cart was new when I was young.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fleeted,
When sorrow itself looked bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear:—
Come child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

THOMAS MOORE.

REAPING.

UP, mortal, and act, while the angel of light
Melts the shadows before and behind thee!
Shake off the soft dreams that encumber thy might,
And burst the fool's fetters that bind thee!
Soars the skylark—soar thou; leaps the stream—do thou leap;
Learn from nature the splendor of action:
Plough, harrow, and sow, or thou never shalt reap;
Faithful deed brings divine benefaction.

The red sun has rolled himself into the blue,
And lifted the mists from the mountain;
The young hares are feasting on nectar of dew,
The stag cools his lips in the fountain,
The blackbird is piping within the dim elm,
The river is sparkling and leaping,
The wild bee is fencing the sweets of his realm,
And the mighty-limbed reapers are reaping.

To spring comes the budding; to summer, the blush;
To autumn, the happy fruition;
To winter, repose, meditation, and hush;
But to man, every season's condition:
He buds, blooms, and ripens in action and rest,
As thinker, and actor, and sleeper;
Then withers and wavers, chin drooping on breast,
And is reaped by the hand of a reaper.

THE BEGGAR.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

O, take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see:
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wild stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!—
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

THOMAS MOSS.

THE MAY QUEEN.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year—
Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline,
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say:
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and garlands gay;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white;
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love—but that can never be;
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad'll woo me any summer day;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side'll come from far away;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild march-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-long day;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year;
To-morrow'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you are waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear.
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year.
It is the last new-year that I shall ever see—
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set—he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the new-year's coming up, mother; but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day—
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills—the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high—
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning the summer sun'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill—
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother—you have another child.

If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good night! good night! when I have said good night forevermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green—
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor.
Let her take 'em—they are hers; I shall never garden more.
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlor window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother! Call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year—
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies;
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise:
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow;
And sweeter far is death than life, to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet, His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin;
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in.
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be;
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat—
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call—
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both—and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed;
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them—it's mine;"
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars;
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near; I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;
But Effie, you must comfort her when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet.

If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O, look! the sun begins to rise! the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MY SHIP—MY CAPTAIN.

I SAID in the gladness of my heart—
Only a little while ago—
"A ship is hastening home from sea,
And her bonny captain is thinking of me,
And fast the good winds blow!"

So I watched the waves, and I watched the clouds,
Wandering down by the shore each day,
Till I longed for the sea-gulls' wings, that I
Over the billows swift might fly
To meet my love half-way.

Last night they whispered the ship had come—
My ship that was sailing over the sea;
And now in the morning's ruddy glow
They show me a ship that is lying low;
But what is that to me?

My ship was strong, and her crew were brave.
Her captain—ah!—was *my* captain too,
And he promised to meet me safely here
Some day when the sea and sky were clear,
And when was *his* word untrue?

But this?—why, this is a battered thing,
And her crew, they tell me, are lost and dead!
My captain had always a kiss for me
When he came before from over the sea;
But there, 'neath yonder shed,

Lies one with a face so white and still!
And lips that never a word will speak;
And they say—alas! but I know—I know
My sailor would never lie silent so,
With my tears upon his cheek.

Oh! let me think that my ship will come,
So long I've waited, it must not be
That *this* is the way—so fast—too fast—
My ship, storm-driven, and wrecked at last,
Came over the waves to me!

"WHAT CAN AN OLD MAN DO BUT DIE?"

SPRING it is cheery,
Winter is dreary,
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly:
When he's forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?

Love will not clip him,
Maids will not lip him,
Maud and Marian pass him by;
Youth it is sunny,
Age has no honey—
What can an old man do but die?

June it was jolly,
O for its folly!
A dancing leg and a laughing eye!
Youth may be silly,
Wisdom is chilly—
What can an old man do but die?

Friends they are scanty,
Beggars are plenty,
If he has followers, I know why;
Gold's in his clutches
(Buying him crutches!)—
What can an old man do but die?

THOMAS HOOD.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes; he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that he is not there.

I thread the crowded street;
A satcheled lad I meet,

With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that he is not there.

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that he is not there.

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that he is not there.

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that he is not there.

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though he is not there.

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there.

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor till the last
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

A FAREWELL.

COME not to my grave with your mournings,
With your lamentations and tears,
With your sad forebodings and fears;
When my lips are dumb,
Do not come!

Bring no long train of carriages,
No hearse crowned with waving plumes,
Which the gaunt glory of death illumes,
But with hands on my breast
Let me rest.

If, in my fair youth time, attended
By hope and delight every day,
I could spurn the sweet baseness of clay,
Can you honor me, try
Till you die?

Insult not my dust with your pity,
Ye who're left on this desolate shore,
Still to suffer and lose and deplore—
'Tis I should, as I do,
Pity you.

For me no more are the hardships,
The bitterness, heart-aches and strife,
The sadness and sorrow of life,
But the glory divine—
This is mine!

Poor creatures! Afraid of the darkness,
Who groan at the anguish to come,
How silent I go to my home!
Cease your sorrowful bell;
I am well.

MARC EUGENE COOK.

THE BLIND OLD MILTON.

This poem has often been attributed to Milton; yet, while its lofty sentiment and tender pathos are worthy of the "blind bard," it was written by another whose genius has something akin to his own.

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smited by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my kind—
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong—
I murmur not that I no longer see—
Poor, old and helpless, I more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee!

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near:
When friends pass by—my weakness shun—
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me—and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose closely shown—
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng—
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow—
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is op'ning on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no will of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

THERE are songs enough for the hero,
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed,
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal;

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown;
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way,
I sing with a heart o'erflowing
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON.

THE supper is o'er, the hearth is swept,
And in the woodfire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago,

When grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the firelight
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they shall have ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart to-night—
Only a refrain, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gray-colored and some are white;
And some are ashen gray.

"But most are made of many hues,
And many a stitch set wrong;
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long, plain spaces, without a break,
That in life are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
We count, and yet would shun,
When our heavenly Father breaks the thread
And says our work is done."

The children came to say good night,
With tears in their bright young eyes,
While in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

UNDERNEATH the sod low-lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
Eyes that weep;
Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above!
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!

JAMES T. FIELDS.

SOLITUDE.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer,
Sigh, it is lost in the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many,
Be sad, and you lose them all—
There's none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

THE DEAD MARINER.

SLEEP on—sleep on—above thy corse
The winds their Sabbath keep—
The wave is round thee, and thy breast
Heaves with the heaving deep;
O'er thee mild eve her beauty flings,
And there the white gull lifts her wings,
And the blue halcyon loves to lave
Her plumage in the holy wave.

Sleep on—no willow o'er thee bends
With melancholy air;
No violet springs, nor dewy rose
Its soul of love lays bare;
But there the sea-flower, bright and young,
Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung,
And like a weeping mourner fair,
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths
Of ocean's coral caves
Are thy bright urn, thy requiem,
The music of its waves;
The purple gems forever burn
In fadeless beauty round thy urn,
And pure and deep as infant love,
The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on—sleep on—the fearful wrath
Of mingling cloud and deep
May leave its wild and stormy track
Above thy place of sleep;
But when the wave has sunk to rest,
As now, 'twill murmur o'er thy breast,
And the bright victims of the sea
Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on—thy corse is far away,
But love bewails thee yet;
For thee the heart-wrung sigh is breathed,
And lovely eyes are wet;
And she, thy young and beauteous bride,
Her thoughts are hovering by thy side,
As oft she turns to view with tears
The Eden of departed years.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.



ONLY a baby small,
Dropped from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught.

Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear,
Only a life to love,
While we are here;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

MATTHIAS BARR.

"TOO MANY OF WE."

"MAMMA, is there too many of we?"
The little girl asked with a sigh.
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your childs could die."

She was only three years old—the one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who round her stood,
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;
For the little one, least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Clare
In her tiny white trundle-bed
Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so
When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart from that dreary day
What a place she had always filled.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child! how radiant on thy mother's knee
With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,
Whose figures grace,
With many a grotesque form and face
The ancient chimney of thy nursery!
The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune!
Thousands of years in Indian seas
That coral grew, by slow degrees,
Until some deadly and wild monsoon
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand!
Those silver bells
Reposed of yore,
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep-sunken wells
Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place,
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines!
And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy cape;
For thee in foreign lands remote,

Beneath a burning, tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!
And, at the sound,
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one, who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise!
And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.
The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to thee.
No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles,
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,
That won thy little, beating heart before;
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls
Thy pattering footstep falls.
The sound of thy merry voice
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of memory start.
Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country, dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and damp
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee?
Out, out! into the open air!
Thy only dream is liberty.
Thou carest little how or where.
I see thee eager at thy play,
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,
With cheeks as round and red as they;
And now among the yellow stalks,
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,
As restless as the bee.
Along the garden walks,
The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace;
And see at every turn how they efface
Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,
That rise like golden domes
Above the cavernous and secret homes
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
I see its valves expand,
As at the touch of fate!
Into those realms of love and hate,
Into that darkness blank and drear,
By some prophetic feeling taught,
I launch the bold, adventurous thoughts,
Freighted with hope and fear;
As upon subterranean streams,
In caverns unexplored and dark,
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
Laden with flickering fire,
And watch its swift-receding beams
Until at length they disappear,
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!
Like the new moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years;
And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;
A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil—
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labor, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,
Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the laborer's side;

With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.
Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward; for thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility;
As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
And hearing the hammers, as they smote
The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones, that hung
Vibrant on every iron tongue,
The secret of the sounding wire,
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough! I will not play the seer;
I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald hope, forerunning fear,
And fear, the pursuivant of hope.
Thy destiny remains untold;
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
And burns to ashes in the skies.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

OUR LITTLE ONE.

ALL day long the house was glad
With the patter of little happy feet;
Never was stranger's face so sad,
But it brightened to see a thing so sweet:
Hither and thither all the day,
Here did our little one laugh and leap,
Till his eyes grew dim as the world grew gray,
And in his little bed he lay,
Tired, tired, and fast asleep.

But all the house is very still,
The world looks awful beyond the door;
All is still, and all is chill,
And our little one will wake no more.
Yet it does not seem that he is dead—
His slumber does not seem so deep;
'Tis only dark because day has fled,
And he is lying on his bed,
Tired, tired, and fast asleep.

Alas! he smiles as if he dreams!
Can death indeed be such as this?
He lies so prettily, it seems
That I could wake him with a kiss.
'Tis like the nights that used to be—
Only I wring my hands and weep,
And the night is very dark, and, see!
There on his little bed lies he,
Tired, tired, and fast asleep.

THE BLIND BOY.

O SAY what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight:
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

COLLEY CIBBER.

THE MOTHER'S SONG.

NESTLING so gracefully,
Sleeping so peacefully,
My darling, my dove;
Saviour approvingly,
Tenderly, lovingly
Look from above.

Eyes that so merrily,
Pleasantly, cheerily
Sparkled and shone;
Eyes that all tearfully,
Wonderingly, fearfully
Viewed the unknown;

Tongue that so wittily,
Saucily, prettily
Prattled at will;
Prattled untiringly,
Mother admiringly
Listening still;

Mouth that appealingly,
Touchingly, feelingly
Trouble did tell;
Mouth that so speedily
Laughing right readily
Rang like a bell;

Lips where in cosiness,
Beauty and rosiness
Sweet kisses hide;
Lips where disdainfully,
Pettishly, painfully,
Passion did bide;

Hands that all beautiful,
Teachable, dutiful,
Fondled and played;
Hands that so skillfully,
Secretly, willfully,
Law disobeyed;

Feet that so lightsomely,
Trippingly, blithesomely,
Sported and danced;
Feet whose swift cheeriness
Wore into weariness
As day advanced;

Nestling so peacefully,
Carelessly, gracefully,
Are ye to-night;
Quietly, trustfully,
Silently, restfully
Waiting for light.

Mother bends over thee,
Kisses fond cover thee,
Fairest that lives,
Lovable, beautiful!
All that's undutiful
Mother forgives.

Rest in security,
Image of purity,
My darling, my dove;
God's mercy flow to thee:
Angels speak low to thee;
Keep thee in love.

ALVAH LILLIE FRISBIE.

FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE.

ROB and I were playmates once,
Together used to laugh and cry;
A youth and maiden are we now—
Oh, dear! the years so swiftly fly!
We used to play—at lovers, too,
When we were children gay and free;
And now, the rogue, he seems to think
That he should still my lover be!

I really can't make up my mind
To quarrel with the foolish boy,
For maybe, if he went away,
My life would lose one-half its joy;
And if the question I should try
To argue with him, why—you see
In argument, e'en when a child,
Rob always got the best of me.

So now what would you really do?
Rob has a word for all I say,
And, after all, my heart inclines
To let him have his own dear way.
Strange how persistent men can be!
What can a timid maiden do?
I think—just for the sake of peace—
I'd better—yield the point: don't you?

LITTLE HELPERS.

A RECITATION FOR THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

ALL.

"WHAT are little girls good for?"
We heard a man ask to-day;
So we have come here to tell you,
Please listen to what we say.

I.

I am mamma's "little helper,"
So she calls me every day.
I wipe dishes, sweep and dust,
Though, of course, sometimes I play.
I can rock the baby's cradle,
Keeping him asleep, you see;
And when mamma's very busy
She can't think of sparing me.

II.

I am papa's "little comfort,"
For I help him very much.
I smooth away his headache
With the very softest touch;
I warm his slippers by the fire,
Before he comes to tea;
And I'm very sure my papa
Couldn't think of sparing *me*.

III.

I am grandma's "little treasure."
She is very old, you see,
So I always wait upon her;
I am *sure* that she needs *me*.
I find her glasses every day,
And thread her needles, too.
If I should ever go away,
What would my grandma do

ALL.

This is what we are good for:
We help all the long day through,
And though we are only little girls,
We try to be good and true.
Our part may be only a little part,
But we try to do it well.
And we're very happy all day long,
As each of us can tell.
By-and-by we'll each grow larger,
And can do a larger share.
But don't think little girls useless,
It isn't exactly fair.
For little girls do little things
Quite as well as *you*,
And sometimes a little better:
Now, don't *you* think so, too?

E. L. BROWN.



AN UNWILLING PATIENT.

THE PET LAMB.

STORM upon the mountain, night upon its throne!
And the little snow-white lamb, left alone—alone!
Storm upon the mountain, rainy torrents beating,
And the little snow-white lamb, bleating, ever bleating!

Down the glen the shepherd drives his flocks afar;
Through the murky mist and cloud shines no beacon star.
Fast he hurries onward, never hears the moan
Of the pretty snow-white lamb, left alone—alone!

At the shepherd's door-way stands his little son;
Sees the sheep come trooping home, counts them one by one;
Counts them full and fairly; trace he findeth none
Of the little snow-white lamb, left alone—alone!

Up the glen he races, breasts the bitter wind,
Scours across the plain, and leaves wood and wold behind!
Storm upon the mountain, night upon its throne:
There he finds the little lamb, left alone—alone!

Struggling, panting, sobbing, kneeling on the ground,
Round the pretty creature's neck both his arms are wound;
Soon within his bosom, all its bleatings done.
Home he bears the little lamb, left alone—alone!

Oh, the happy faces by the shepherd's fire!
High without the tempest roars, but the laugh rings higher.
Young and old together make that joy their own,
In their midst the little lamb, left alone—alone!

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

LITTLE BELL.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast
COLERIDGE'S *"Ancient Mariner."*

PIPED the Blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he.
"What's your name? Oh, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks,
"Bonnie bird!" quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the Blackbird piped: you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird;
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonnie bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade:
Peeped the Squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree,
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear,
While bold Blackbird piped, that all might hear,
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, Squirrel! to your task return;
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away! the frisky Squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop, one by one—
Hark! how Blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonnie Blackbird, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonnie Blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
Ah! the merry three!

And the while those frolic playmates twain,
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies—
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray:
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice, to where, unseen,
In blue heaven an angel shape serene
Paused a while to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the Blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care:
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm; love, deep and kind,
Shall watch round, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

THE ENEMY ON THE WALL.

COCK-A-DOODLE (HOA)—
Is the enemy on the wall?
Run to attack him, children small!
Bob and Kate with hoe and spade
Maggie half her flowers lets fall;
Little Willie is afraid.
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
What a great, fierce, blustering bird!
So delighted to be heard
As most cowards are, you know
When they flap their wings and crow,
Safely set above us all.
But the enemy's day is brief:
Kate will drive him to the park,
Like a second Joan of Arc;—
Robert comes to her relief—
Robert, like a very Bruce,
Any weapon puts to use.
Only little Willie, dumb,
Hides behind his mother's gown:—
Willie, lad—look up, not down,
Danger faced is half o'ercome;
Frightened! such a man as you?
At a cock-a-doodle-doo!
Lift the little silly head,
And there's nothing left to dread
But a harmless cock—that's all—
Crowing on the garden wall!

MARIA MULOCH CRAIK.

MY LITTLE FLOWER.

WHAT do I do for a living, you ask,
As the days and weeks go by?
We gather the flowers and bring them to town,
And sell them, my baby and I.
Yes, baby helps me, young as she is,
For there's never a day or an hour
I fail to rejoice in her innocent love,
And I call her my sweetest flower.

Our home is only a cottage small
Outside of the city line;
But poor as it is, we get our share
Of the beautiful summer shine.
And I gather wild flowers at early morn
To sell to you, ladies, here,
And we earn our living right merrily so,
I and my baby dear.

Yes, ladies, the daisies are white and fair,
And I love all flowers that grow,
But there's never a flower upon the earth
Like *my* little flower—I know.
She holds the *violet* in her eyes,
The *rose* in her cheek so fair,
And the heart of the *daisy*, you can see,
Lies warm in her golden hair.

So, poor indeed though our lot may be
As the days and weeks go by,
No happier people ever were found
Than we—my baby and I.
Oh! summer may spread over hill and plain,
Full lavishly hour by hour,
Her treasures of bud and of blossom, but I
Hold over—the *sweetest flower*

HAYMAKING.

MANY a long hard-working day
Life brings us! and many an hour of play;
But they never come now together,
Playing at work, and working in play,
As they came to us children among the hay,
In the breath of the warm June weather.

Oft with our little rakes at play,
Making believe at making hay,
With grave and steadfast endeavor;
Caught by an arm, and out of sight
Hurled and hidden, and buried light
In laughter and hay forever.

Now pass the hours of work and of play
With a step more slow, and the summer's day
Grows short, and more cold the weather.
Calm is our work now, and quiet our play,
And we take them apart as best we may,
For they come no more together!

DORA GREENWELL.

THE PILGRIM.

WHO would true valor see
Let him come hither!
One here will constant be:
Come wind, come weather:
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first-avowed intent
To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight
But he will have a right
To be a Pilgrim.

Nor enemy, nor fiend,
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit:—
Then, fancies, fly away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labor, night and day,
To be a Pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE CHILD-BUD.

IF by any device or knowledge
The rose-bud its beauty could know,
It would stay a rose-bud forever,
Nor into its fulness grow.

And if thou could'st know thy own sweetness,
O little one, perfect and sweet,
Thou would'st be a child forever,
Completer while incomplete.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

IN THE GARDEN.

DOGGIE dancing in the May,
Children merrily at play,
Granny never saying "nay;"
Chestnuts flowering,
Leaflets showering,
Sunlight dowering
Its new-wed day.

Doggie urged against his will,
Children innocent of ill,
Granny mute, unchiding still:
"For," she muses,
"Age refuses,
Childhood chooses,
Such pastimes gay.

"And it minds me of my playing,
Of my heedless, sportive Maying—
Past with me—nor with them staying!
When, all prancing,
All entrancing,
I was dancing,
As glad as they!"

JENNET HUMPHREYS.

LITTLE WILLIE.

POOR little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles;
Worlds of wisdom in his look,
And quaint, quiet smiles;
Hair of amber touched with
Gold of Heaven so brave;
All lying darkly hid
In a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie,
Fair and funny fellow! he
Sprang like a lily
From the dirt of poverty
Poor little Willie!
Not a friend was nigh
When from the cold world
He crouched down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless
Little Willie cried for *bread;*
In the night we wandered homeless,
Little Willie cried for *bed.*
Parted at the workhouse door,
Not a word we said;
Ah! so tired was poor Willie!
And so sweetly sleep the dead!

'Twas in the dead of winter
We laid him in the earth;
The world brought in the new year
On a tide of mirth.
But for lost little Willie
Not a tear we crave;
Cold and hunger cannot wake him
In his workhouse grave.

We thought him beautiful,
Felt it hard to part;
We loved him dutiful:
Down, down, poor heart!
The storms they may beat,
The winter winds may rave;
Little Willie feels not
In his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie;
In the world he had no part;
On him stared the Gorgon eye
Through which looks no heart.
"Come to me," said Heaven;
And if Heaven will save,
Little matters though the door
Be a workhouse grave.

GERALD MASSEY.

ALICE FELL.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;
When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound—and more and more
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out;
He stopped his horses at the word,
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain;
But hearing soon upon the blast
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
"Whence comes," said I, "this piteous moan?"
And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise alone.

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?" She sobbed, "Look here!"
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scarecrow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed;
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,
To-night, along these lonesome ways?"
"To Durham," answered she, half wild—
"Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
"I'm fatherless and motherless.

"And I to Durham, sir, belong."
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friend,
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told,
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil gray,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"—
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHICH IS IT?

MY mother says a girl she knows
Whose face with love and kindness glows,
Who carries sunshine where she goes—
A darling human rose.

Another girl she knows well, too,
Who frets at all she has to do;
With sulky face she scowls at you,
While anger clouds her eyes of blue.

And all the time 'tis plain to see
From mother's laughing face, that she
Means one of those two girls for me—
Now which, I wonder, can it be?

A. G. PLYMPTON.

THE FRESH-AIR FUND.

That is a very commendable charity, practiced now in our large cities, by which thousands of poor children are sent to the country in the summer for a sight of green fields and a breath of fresh air, to which they would be strangers but for this thoughtful kindness of their friends.

"COME one! come all!" the farmer cries,
With a hearty welcome in voice and eyes;
"The fields are wide, and the flowers are free,
And the breezes are blowing right merrily;
And there's plenty of sunshine to be had
For browning the cheeks of each lassie and lad."

Oh! fast the little pale cheeks grow brown,
As the golden sunbeams come tumbling down
To help the breezes which kiss so sweet
Each lad and lassie they chance to meet,
And the jolly old farmer cries, "Oh! oh!
At last the dimples begin to grow!"

There's never a bird but seems to sing
His happy song with a merrier ring,
Because of the ears which love to hear,
And the echoing voices so glad and clear.
And the farmer says to his wife, "'Tis plain
A happiness shared is doubled again!"

Oh! the "Fresh-Air Fund!" may its years be long,
Its friends be many, its influence strong;
For fields are many, and flowers are free,
And the lambs of God's flock should joyous be.
And God holds ever the "Helping Hands"
That labor at home or in distant lands.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, *'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!*
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet: and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight.
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black,

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins, and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work;
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm:
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

CRIPPLED JANE.

THEY said she might recover, if we sent her down to the sea,
But that is for rich men's children, and we knew it could not be:
So she lived at home in the Lincolnshire Fens, and we saw her, day by day,
Grow pale, and stunted, and crooked; till her last chance died away.
And now *I'm* dying; and often, when you thought that I moaned with pain,
I was moaning a prayer to Heaven, and thinking of Crippled Jane.
Folks will be kind to Johnny; his temper is merry and light;
With so much love in his honest eyes, and a sturdy sense of right.
And no one could quarrel with Susan; so pious, and meek, and mild,
And nearly as wise as a woman, for all she looks such a child!
But Jane will be weird and wayward; fierce, and cunning, and hard;
She won't believe she's a burden, be thankful, nor win regard.
God have mercy upon her! God be her guard and guide;
How will strangers bear with her, when, at times, even *I* felt tried?
When the ugly smile of pleasure goes over her sallow face,
And the feeling of health, for an hour, quickens her languid pace;
When with dwarfish strength she rises, and plucks, with a selfish hand,
The busiest person near her, to lead her out on the land;
Or when she sits in some corner, no one's companion or care,
Huddled up in some darksome passage, or crouched on a step of the stair;
While far off the children are playing, and the birds singing loud in the sky,
And she looks through the cloud of her headache, to scowl at the passers-by,
I die—God have pity upon her!—how happy rich men must be!—
For they said she might have recovered—if we sent her down to the sea.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.

ALL THE CHILDREN.

I SUPPOSE if all the children
Who have lived through the ages long
Were collected and inspected,
They would make a wondrous throng.
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
Oh, the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women
Who are now and who have been—
Every nation since creation
That this world of ours has seen,
And of all of them, not any
But was once a baby small;
While of children, oh, how many
Have not grown up at all!

Some have never laughed nor spoken,
Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet;
And, indeed, I wonder whether,
If we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them and caress them?
Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise them? Who will scold them?
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
  Little savage children, too,
In all stages, of all ages
  That our planet ever knew;
Little princes and princesses,
  Little beggars wan and faint,
Some in very handsome dresses,
  Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
  Such a motley crowd would make,
And the clatter of their chatter
  And the things that they would break!
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
  Oh, the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
  And to finish up with us.

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.

"I'LL tell you how the leaves come down,"
  The great Tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown—
  Yes, very sleepy, little Red,
It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah," begged each silly, pouting leaf,
  "Let us a little longer stay.
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
  'Tis such a pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day
  To the great Tree the leaflets clung—
Frolicked and danced and had their way,
  Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
  And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
  But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed!" he cried;
  And ere the leaves could urge their prayer
He shook his head, and far and wide,
  Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them. On the ground they lay,
  Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
  White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them snug and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled,
  "Goodnight, dear little leaves," he said;
And from below each sleepy child
  Replied, "Good night," and murmured
  "It is so nice to go to bed!"

THE ORPHANS.

BRING them into the sunshine,
  Out of the gloomy night;
Out of the perilous places—
  Bring them into the light.
Room for the motherless children,
  Desolate, lonely, oppressed;
Welcome the little strangers
  To comfort, and plenty, and rest.

Give for the love of the Master
  (He who himself did give),
Teach them how His compassion
  Encompasseth all that live.
Show them the pathway of duty,
  That upward their feet may tread;
That "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,"
  May still, as of old, be said.

HARRIET B. BIRD.

MEASURING THE BABY.

WE measured the riotous baby
  Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew on the threshold,
  And the boy was just as tall;
A royal tiger-lily,
  With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jewelled chalice,
  And fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
  High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
  The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
  Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
  That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells—
  His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet like funny white mice,
  Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
  That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
  We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
  With the sunshine shut away
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
  We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled
  And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
  In a hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
  White as the risen dawn,

The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

EMMA ALICE BROWN.

THE GOOSE.

O ELSIE CARR, that single goose
Is worse than all your twenty;
'Twas surely hatched when screws were loose
And addled eggs were plenty.
It waddles out, it waddles in,
With one eternal cackle,
If you would stop it noisy din,
Its mouth you'd have to shackle.

Go, Elsie, yonder stalks the wretch,
Majestically going,
With step undaunted, neck on stretch,
Big, blusterous, and blowing:
Yet, Elsie, with that willow bough
Be tender, O be human!
A goose is but a goose, you know,
And not a man or woman.

Well, shake your fist to save the rod,
But when was fool affrighted?
A goose will cackle at a god,
And clap his wings delighted.
And, Elsie, think I am a seer
Of power and penetration,
When of the cackling that you hear
I offer this translation:

"Stay, mortal! since I be a goose
With little understanding,
Why am I not beneath abuse
Of one so all-commanding?
My web foot came from Heaven, like thine,
And Heaven knows best the reason;
Your language possibly is fine,
Yet cackling can't be treason.

"O ye that waste your precious lives
In idle talks and tattles,
Cutting your throats with golden knives,
Pleased with your gilded rattles;
Shouting at Heaven in your joys,
Shrieking in your bereavement,
How very mighty is your noise!
How little your achievement!

"Ye wear your lives in fruitless things;
Chagrin deforms your features;
Ye wish to soar—ye cry for wings,
Yet mock us wingéd creatures;
Your boasted feats are thin and poor,
Howe'er the flash may blind us;
While, when *we* cackle, we are sure
To leave an *egg* behind us!"

GOING AFTER THE COWS.

"JENNIE!" mother cries, "Jen-*nie!*
Why, where in the world can Jennie be?
She went for the cows an hour ago.
What ails the girl that she lingers so?"

The sun goes down in the crimson west,
The tired day prepares for rest,
And the laggard moments slowly pass,
But bring no news of the truant lass.

"What ails the girl?" The sober cows,
Stopping along the fields to browse,
May look in vain from side to side,
And wait the voice of their pretty guide.

For far behind, by the pasture gate,
Jennie—and Jamie—forget 'tis late,
Forget the cows, and the milking hour,
And everything else, save love's sweet power.

The lengthening shadows unheeded fall,
The whip-poor-will with his plaintive call,
The gathering dews, and the darkening sky—
All warn in vain as the minutes fly.

Twice and thrice does mother go
To the farmhouse door, ere she hears the low
Of the cows, as they trample up the lane,
And the ring of the cow-bells, clear and plain.

But presently come the laggard feet
Of Jennie and Jamie. Oh! shyly sweet
Are the girl's blue eyes as she stands before
The mother, who meets her at the door.

"What kept you so, my child?" "I?—Oh!
I was going after the cows, you know."
Then whispered Jamie, "Whatever you do,
Don't tell her that I—went after you!"

AT SCHOOL.

"CANNOT you do your sum, dear?
Does it make you cry?
Move higher: Let me come, dear,
And see if I can try.

"Give the pencil here, dear—
Write this 'three' once more:
You have not made it clear, dear,
It runs right through the 'four!'

"Let us take this line, dear,
It will soon be done;
Fifteen are six and nine, dear—
Five, and carry one.

"Here are four and seven, dear,
Count up on your slate:
Yes, they make eleven, dear
Now add figure eight.

"There! I see you smile, dear;
There! I take a kiss!
You'll help me a while, dear,
For helping you in this."

Right! you little kind one:
Love will perish never!
Years to come will find one
Clinging to you ever!

JENNET HUMPHREYS.

LIFE'S GAME OF BALL.

THEY tell me you're goin', Robbie, away from home and all,
Goin' out on the fields of the future to play at Life's game of ball;
They tell me you're one and twenty—you don't look as old as that;
Seems like you're young and slender to handle Life's ball and bat.
I reckon I'm kinder fogyish; don't matter much what I say;
But I'd like to advise a little 'bout the game you're goin' to play.

My score is made. I've had my strikes; all past is my fears and doubts.
I'm waiting now till the Great Umpire calls me to take my outs.
In the deepening shadows of years, the years of my young days' time,
I'll set and watch you make your base—and, boy, you've got to climb!
You've got to do your level best if you hope for a chance to win,
The "Trials of Life" is a difficult nine, and they're run by a chap named Sin.

The World will be the Umpire, boy, and you won't get favored there;
In fact, when you first begin the game, you'll hardly get what's fair,
Pick out a good sound bat, look well to what you take—
Some use the basswood bat of Luck, but it's mighty apt to break;
Don't use the Ash of Rashness, nor the heavy Oak of Doubt,
They're either light or heavy, and you'll most dead sure strike out.
Don't use the Elm of Dishonor, or the Ironwood of Crime,
For, though they sometimes do the work, they fail most every time.
So don't choose one too heavy, nor neither one too light,
But there's a bat that never fails, and that is the Willow of Right.

Old Time is a swift curve pitcher, and a tricky one beside,
But never mind how fair they look, don't go to strikin' wide;
But when the chance is right, and you get a ball that's fair,
Don't wait for a softer snap, my boy, let go at it solid and square.
Don't count too much on your strength and knock Hope's balls too high,
The fielder Disappointment's apt to take such balls on the fly.
Don't muff golden opportunities, guard well against a pass,
Don't knock the ball of Resentment through any one's window-glass.
It ain't always best to try too hard to tally a clean home run,
For often the surest way is to make your bases one by one.

Remember that every foul you make will be took by the Catcher Slur,
Temptation holds the first base well, Despair is the short fielder.
One of the hardest points to make is the first base in the run,
But, if you do the thing you ought, it can, and ought to be done.
After you've made your first, watch out for swift defeat,
The very worst man in the nine, my boy, is the second base, Self-conceit.
There'll be the third base, too, and fielders a couple more,
Who'll be on the watch to put you out and blacken your final score;
But then you'll have a team that's strong, who'll work to put you through,
Your backers are Conscience, and Honor, and Pluck, and they are strong players, too.
So brace to the work before you, dismiss all doubts and fears,
And I will watch the game as I wait in the shade of the by-gone years.

A LITTLE FACE.

A LITTLE face to look at,
A little face to kiss;
Is there anything, I wonder,
That's half so sweet as this?

A little cheek to dimple
When smiles begin to grow,
A little mouth betraying
Which way the kisses go.

A slender little ringlet,
A rosy little ear,
A little chin to quiver
When falls the little tear.

A little hand so fragile
All through the night to hold;
Two little feet so tender,
To tuck in from the cold.

Two eyes that watch the sunbeam
That with the shadow plays;
A darling little baby,
To kiss and love always.

BE TRUE.

YOUNG friends, to whom life's early days
Are bright with promise all,
And to whose view the glowing rays
Of hope unclouded fall;
To counsel each to choose the good,
Throughout the coming years, I would
A precept give to you:
Observe, if you success would win,
The wealth of worth embodied in
Two little words: Be true.

Be true to right: let justice still
Her even balance claim;
Unawed, unbribed, through good or ill,
Make rectitude your aim.
Unswayed by prejudice, thy mind
Each day submitted claims will find
To champion or deny;
Then cast, according to thy light,
Thy influence on the side of right,
Though all the world goes by.

Be true to truth: the proudest name
That sterling worth may win
Is soiled and tarnished past reclaim
Where falsehood enters in.
No gem that arduous toil may find,
In learning's fields, adorns the mind
Like truth's pure, shining ray.
And from her presence error's crowds
Of worshippers disperse like clouds
Before the rising day.

Be true to reason: let her light
Be ever glorified,
And make through life her beacon bright
A fixed, enduring guide.
False views of life young faith may blind,
False creeds allure the youthful mind
And its adherence win;
But reason's steady light to thee
An oracle of truth shall be—
A monitor within.

Be true to self-respect: the world
May judge thy motives wrong,
And slander's poisoned shafts be hurled
Where virtue moves along;
Keep thou the upright ways that find
The approval of thy own good mind—
"To thine ownself be true;"
So shalt thou proudly walk erect,
And conscious of thy own respect
Make others' honor due.

These are the virtues, these the ways,
That bring their own reward;
And to observe them all thy days
Keep constant watch and guard.
He who from these his guidance takes
Gives to the race the hope that makes
The march of man sublime;
And each good deed, each wrong withstood,
Lives in its influence for the good,
Throughout all coming time!

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;—
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright!
Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error!—he but slept—I breathe again;—
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!
O! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BABY'S WRITING.

THE baby's writing—oh, who shall say
Those pencil marks in their tangled skein
Which the baby made in his aimless play
Were not put there for some human gain?

The baby's writing—a funny scrawl,
'Tis just a purposeless maze of lines,
Yet out of the maze, sweet voices call
And the steady light of a pure love shines.

The baby's writing—it calls to mind
The child that is or the child that was,
Now gone the way of all humankind,
Or grown in accordance with nature's laws.

A smile half blooms on the mother's face
And a lump creeps into the tender throat,
As she finds in those lines all void of grace
Some memory of what her baby wrote.

The baby's writing—how like is this
To the mark of the aged dying man!
Yet between them lie all grief and bliss
That are crowded into a life's brief span.

JAPANESE LULLABY.

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes,
Sleep to the singing of the mother bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning—
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

EUGENE FIELD.

GRANDPA AND HIS "DEAR."

CAN any one say what fun there is
In the thoughtless use of a gun,
Which takes its aim at an innocent life,
And, lo! that life is done?

The merry, happy, warbling birds,
Though roguish they may be,
The song they sing is pleasanter far
Than the bang of a gun—to me.

"When I was a boy," said Grandpa Gray,
"I thought, 'Now, like a man,
I'll take my gun to the fields, and bag
As many birds as I can.'

"So off I went, and I banged away,
With no thought of the pain I gave,
Till I presently met a sweet young miss
Trying one bird to save.
It had fallen near with a wounded wing,
And the look in her face so sad
Went straight to my heart, and I felt ashamed
Of myself for a heartless lad.

"Well, after that, I never could aim
At an innocent bird again,
But—I took to hunting after the 'deer'
And I did not hunt in vain;
For I've captured one, and I've never ceased
To love and cherish my 'dear;'
And if you want to see her, boys,
Why, look at your grandmother here."

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

O CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain.
There's a minor in the carol
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow:
There would be no sign to smother
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
This never more can be:
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee,
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good will.

With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

A BABY'S REFLECTIONS.

I'M a very little baby,
Little face and hands and feet;
And my mother says she never
Saw a baby half so sweet.
It is nice to hear them talking
In that way, but I can see,
Oh, a lot of little babies,
Who all look and laugh like me.

When I look out of the window
There's a baby in the glass,
And he waves his hand as I do
To the people as they pass;
When I put out hands to touch him
And to pat him on the cheek,
He will look and act as I do,
But he'll never, never speak.

There's a baby in the mirror,
There's a baby in the spoon,
And there's one in front of mother
When we play a little tune.
These are very funny babies,
Where I go they always come,
But I never hear them talking,
So I guess they are deaf and dumb.

DEAR LITTLE HAND.

DEAR little hand that clasps my own,
Embrowned with toil and seamed with strife;
Pink little fingers not yet grown
To the poor strength of after-life—
Dear little hand!

Dear little eyes which smile on mine,
With the first peep of morning light;
Now April-wet with tears, or fine
With dews of pity, or laughing bright,
Dear little eyes!

Dear little voice, whose broken speech
All eloquent utterance can transcend;
Sweet childish wisdom strong to reach
A holier deep than love or friend:
Dear little voice!

Dear little life! my care to keep
From every spot and stain of sin;
Sweet soul foredoomed, for joy or pain,
To struggle and—which? to fall or win?
Dread mystical life!

LEWIS MORRIS.

THE NOON RECESS.

OH! how the merry laugh and shout
Of happy little folks ring out
Upon the soft and balmy air,
Sending sweet echoes everywhere!
Who but the children can express
Half the delights of "Noon Recess?"
When from the books and study free,
Their little hearts o'erfull of glee,
No rule may meddle with the fun,
That's all their own—from twelve to one!

Alas! for little lad or lass
To whom it may have come to pass
That naughtiness has brought about
No right to join in "laugh and shout!"
Who all this recess hour must spend
On study bench without a friend,
While on the angry little face
The scowls and tears leave many a trace:
Poor little captive! noon recess
Has lost all charms—you will confess.

Ah! well, this life is but a school,
Where we must yield to rod and rule.
By some mysterious, stronger power
We sometimes lose our recess hour.
But even so, if loss of "fun"
Should mark some needed victory won,
The discipline must in the end
Prove to have been our wisest friend;
And when our recess hour we earn,
With added zeal to it we turn.

THE DOORWAY.

ON the shore a child was standing,
Gazing o'er the sparkling sea,
And the sunset's rosy beauty
Filled her little heart with glee.

Far away a sail was moving
On the waters, heaving, bright,
And it crossed the orb so brilliant,
Ere it sank away from sight.

In an awe-struck, joyous whisper
Lisped the artless little thing;
"Oh! it is the door of heaven,
For I saw an angel's wing!"

GERTRUDE B. DUFFEE.

WHO CAN TELL WHAT A BABY THINKS?

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods and winks
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx,

Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go;
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels its way,
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of the day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof, that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,

Cup of his life, and the couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she never can tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he's hushed in sweet repose.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

THE THREE KITTIES.

ONE was fair as fair could be,
The others black—(*she* thought them pretty);
And I—of only one I dreamed,
And *she*—she was—the other Kitty.
She loved the others, I loved her,
And full of mischief were the three;
But, ah! at last kind fate contrived
To give the winning card to me.

With blue eyes closed, and head thrown back,
Within the easy chair sat Kitty.
Thought I, "If now a pair of gloves
I may not win, 'twill be a pity."
And as I softly reached her side,
The red lips parted with a murmur.
And, oh, what joy! she breathed my name!
Within my heart hope grew still firmer.

"Dost love *me*, Kitty?" whispered I;
And soft in sleep came back her answer:
"I love thee not!" I stood aghast,
Till love urged, "Kiss her while you can, sir."
But, ah! the blue eyes swift unclosed,
And glanced at me with mirth o'erflowing;
Thought I, "I'll let her think a while
That I've heard something worth the knowing."

Then drawing near, I slily said,
"Fair maid, your dreams have well betrayed you."
"For shame!" cried she, "to steal my thoughts,
And get my slumbering tongue to aid you!"
All penitent, I humbly said,
"But, ah! the secret in my keeping
Has made me sad." Then murmured she,
"One never tells the truth while sleeping!"

SINCE THE BABY DIED.

THE home has been so strangely still
Since the baby died.
The birds no longer seem to thrill
Since the baby died.
The sunshine's gone and shades of gloom
Lurk in the corners of the room;
The roses have a fainter bloom
Since the baby died.
The stars seem brighter than before
Since the baby died.
We're nearer to the other shore
Since the baby died.
"Not in his anger but in love,"
Not as an eagle but a dove;
There's less below and more above
Since the baby died.

I DIDN'T THINK.

I KNOW a naughty little elf
Who never can behave himself;
He beats his drum when grandma's cap
Is nodding for a cosy nap,
And leaves his ball upon the floor
For Uncle James to stumble o'er.

'Twas he who tried to scratch his name
Upon a painted picture-frame;
'Twas he who left the gate untied,
Which brindle cow pushed open wide;
'Twas he who nibbled Lucy's cake
She took such pains to mix and bake;
And, though we blamed the tricksy mice,
'Twas he who cracked its fluted ice.

This little elf upset the milk;
He tangled Auntie's broidery silk;

He went to school with muddy shoes,
Though credits very sure to lose.
Against his mamma's gentle wish
He took the sugar from the dish;
He lost the pen, and spilled the ink;
This elf we call "I didn't think."

Our house would be a nicer place
If he would never show his face;
We hope and hope some sunny day
The naughty elf will run away,
For oft he makes our spirits sink—
This troublesome "I didn't think."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE LOST DOLL.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled,
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair's not the least bit curled;
Yet for old times' sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE MUSIC OF CHILDHOOD.

WHEN I hear the waters fretting,
When I see the chestnut letting
All her lovely blossoms falter down, I think,
"Alas the day!"
Once, with magical sweet singing,
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing
That awakes no more while April hours wear themselves away.

In our hearts fair hope lay smiling
Sweet as air, and all beguiling;
And there hung a mist of bluebells on the slope and down the dell;
And we talked of joy and splendor
That the years unborn would render—
And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for they knew it well.

Piping, fluting, "Bees are humming
April's here and summer's coming;
Don't forget us when you walk, a man with men, in pride and joy;
Think on us in alleys shady
When you step a graceful lady;
For no fairer days have we to hope for, little girl and boy.

"Laugh and play, O lisping waters,
Lull our downy sons and daughters.
Come, O wind, and rock their leafy cradle in thy wanderings coy.
When they wake we'll end the measure
With a wild sweet cry of pleasure,
And a 'Hey down derry, let's be merry,' little girl and boy!"

JEAN INGELOW.

MAMMA'S GOOD-NIGHT.

MAMMA loosens the baby's frock,
And takes off each little shoe and sock;
She softly brushes the golden hair,
And pats the shoulders, dimpled and bare;
She puts on the night-gown, white and long,
Humming the while an evening song:
"Daytime is over;
Playtime is closing:
Even the clover
Is nodding and dozing.
Baby's bed shall be soft and white,
Dear little boy, good-night! good-night!"

Mamma kisses the little pink feet,
And the tiny hands so dimpled and sweet,
The rosy cheeks, and the forehead white,
And the lips that prattle from morn till night;
With a last fond kiss for the golden crown
Gently and softly she lays him down,
And in the hush that the twilight brings
She stands by her darling's bed and sings:
"Over the billow
Soft winds are sighing;
Round baby's pillow
Bright dreams are flying.
Here comes a pretty one, sure to alight!
Dear little boy, good-night! good night!"

THE NUTTING.

I LOVE my pretty cousin Kate,
Although I scarcely reach her shoulder,
Although my age is only eight,
And she is more than seven years older.

Though she is tall, she's sweet and free,
Though she look proud, no face is fonder,
And Kate is wild as glad like me,
When nutting in the woods we wander!

Fine are the woods by Clover Heath
In golden weather such as this is—
She cracks me nuts with her sweet teeth,
And gives them me with kindly kisses.

And by the stream, that sings a tune,
Beside sweet Kate I musing tarry,
And eat the nuts, and count how soon
I shall be big enough to marry.

Oh, fine it is through branches brown
To scramble, laughing, shouting, tearing,
Sweet Kitty in her cotton gown,
And I for scratches little caring.

I wish for evermore that she
May be my mate in woods like this is,
And laugh, and crack the nuts for me,
And while I eat them give me kisses.

Kate is the only wife I'll wed;
She's blithe and bold, and greedy never;
That Kate loves me is clear, I've said,
And I'll be true to Kate forever!

OUR LAMBS.

I LOVED them so,
That when the Elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet,
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest—
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down
In those white shrouded arms, with bitter tears;
For some voice told me that, in after years,
He should know naught of passion, grief or fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That Elder Shepherd came.—My heart grew faint.
He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint,
Another! She, who gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast, I turned away,
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes, with heaven in their beam.
I knelt to pray.

"Is it Thy will?
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given?
Oh! Thou hast many such in heaven."
And a soft voice said: "Nobly hast thou striven,
But—peace, be still."

Oh how I wept,
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child,
Her, too, I gave. The little angel smiled,
And slept.

"Go! go!" I cried:
For once again that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band;
Like a pale spectre, there he took his stand,
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry:
"Touch not my lamb; for him, oh! let me die!"
"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint, I could not see my darling go:
He had not bidden me farewell, but, oh!
I felt farewell.

More deeply far
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame,
Though could I but have heard him call my name—
"Dear Mother!"—but in heaven 'twill be the same.
There burns my star!

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner when this life is done,
My heart would break.

Oh! with what thrill
I heard him enter: but I did not know
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so,
The idol of my soul—he could not go,
Heart! be still!

Came morning, can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept?
For waking, tears were mine; I, sleeping, wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.
Alas! "Farewell."

How often it is said!
I sit and think, and wonder too, some time,
How it will seem, when, in that happier clime
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes, yes; thank God! no grief that clime shall keep,
No weary years.

Ay! it is well,
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide,
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide,
Ay! it is well.

Through the dreary day
They often come from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me.
Heaven is not far away.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

"MISTER," the little fellow said,
"Please give me a dime to buy some bread."

I turned to look at the ragged form,
That, in the midst of the pitiless storm,
Pinched and haggard and old with care,
In accents pleading, was standing there.
'Twas a little boy not twelve years old;
He shivered and shook in the bitter cold,
His eyes were red—with weeping, I fear—
And adown his cheeks there rolled a tear
E'en then.

His misery struck me dumb;
'Twas a street in a crowded city slum,
Where an errand of duty led my feet
That day, through the storm and blinding sleet.
"Poor little fellow," at last I said,
"Have you no father?"

"No, he's dead!"
The answer came: "You've a mother, then?"
"Yes, sir," he said, with a sob: "She's been
Sick for a year, and the doctor said
She'd never again get up from bed."
"You are hungry, too!" I asked in pain,
As I looked at his poor, wan face again.
"Hungry," he said, with a bitter groan
That would melt to pity a heart of stone;
"I am starved; we are all starving," he said,
"We haven't had a crust of bread—
Me, nor mother, nor baby Kate—
Since yesterday morning."

I did not wait
To ask him more. "Come, come," I cried,
"You shall not hunger;" and at my side
His poor little pattering footsteps fell
On my ear with a sadness I cannot tell;
But his eyes beamed bright when he saw me stop
Before the door of a baker's shop,
And we entered.

"Now eat away, my boy,
As much as you like," I said. With joy,
And a soft expression of childish grace,
He looked up into my friendly face,
And sobbed, as he strove to hide a tear,
"Oh, if mother and baby Kate were here!"
"But eat," said I, "never mind them now,"
A thoughtful look stole over his brow,
And lo! from his face the joy had fl[ed]
"What! while they are starving at home!" he sa[id]:
"Oh, no, sir! I'm hungry, indeed, 'tis tru[e]
But I cannot eat till they've had some, too.

The tears came rushing—I [could] tell why—
To my eyes, as he spoke these words. Said I:
"God bless you! Here, you brave little man,
Here, carry home all the bread you can."
Then I loaded him down with loaves, until
He could carry no more. I paid the bill;
And before he could quite understand
Just what I was doing, into his hand
I slipped a bright new dollar; then said,
"Good-by," and away on my journey sped.

'Twas four years ago. But one day last May,
As I wandered by chance through East Broadway,
A cheery voice accosted me. Lo!
'Twas the self-same lad of years ago,
Though larger grown—and his looks, in truth,
Bespoke a sober, industrious youth.

"Mister," he said, "I'll never forget
The kindness you showed when last we met.
I work at a trade, and mother is well,
So is baby Kate; and I want to tell
You this—that we owe it all to you.
'Twas you—don't blush, sir—that helped us through
In our darkest hour; and we always say
Our luck has been better since that day
When you sent me home with bread to feed
Those starving ones in their hour of need."

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

HIDE AND SEEK IN THE WOOD.

HIDE, hide, hide! under the great oak tree,
Little Mary and Isabel—Tom, and Willie, and me;
And Baby, grave as a judge, and still as a honey-sucking bee.

Peep, peep, peep! but let not a sound be heard,
Except the buzz of flies in the leaves, or the flutter of startled bird;—
They'd find us out in a minute if anybody stirred.

Hush, hush, hush! they are seeking us everywhere;
And Tray *will* wag his wicked old tail, and leap up high in the air:—
If you don't lie down, like a good dumb dog, I will shoot you, I declare!

No, no, no! for you love us all, poor Tray!
And you can't understand our hiding—you think it is only play;
If ever I did you harm, my dog, I should rue it many a day!

Down, down, down! where the long grass hides us well.
How Will creeps round the bough like a snake—or King Charles, at Boscobel!
Oh, Willie, man! hold firm, hold tight—think of mother if you fell!

Hide, hide, hide! creep lower, close to the ground.
Tom, pull Tray into the hollow tree, and—There they come with a bound.
All six at once!—Ho! ho! Ha! ha!—So, the game's up. We're found!

MARIA MULOCH CRAIK.

REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

WHEN you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown he'll not forget it;
For remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents;
Do not in your anger speak.
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seed of tender mercies, then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage,
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him a boy?
Or relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He said they were too thoughtless
To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasures
To the life of every boy;
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrows and its joys;
Call your boys home by its brightness;
They'll avoid a gloomy den,
And seek for comfort elsewhere—
And remember, boys make men.

THE BOY AND THE WEASEL.

OUT in the field, where a babbling brook
Goes merrily dancing through many a crook,
Was a bluebird's nest, by a gooseberry clump,
In the low, hollow heart of an old gray stump.

On Sunday, while wicked John Reckless was out
A-skulking in shady nooks, fishing for trout,
On looking behind him he chanced to espy
The motherly bird from her nursery fly.

And he chuckled "Ha, ha! my little blue game!
I saw in a jiffy the spot whence you came."
And he thought to himself, "Ere the day is done,
I'll hie to that bird-house and have some fun."

So thought a brown weasel—which John had not seen—
That scented the spot with olfactories keen,
And darting a-down on the fleetest of legs,
Made a savory meal of the speckled blue eggs.

When Johnny got ready the treasure to steal,
In slipped his brown fingers—then out, with a squeal—
He had found to his cost that the thief of a weasel
Had nippers as sharp as the teeth of a teasel.

As Johnny inspected the smarting, red wound,
Out popped the gay weasel, and over the ground
Went scudding away as if shot from a gun,
And left the rude boy to go on with his "fun."

Poor Johnny turned homeward—his purposes crossed—
Pondering the scenes of a Sabbath day lost;
And he thought of the words of an ancient bard—
How he said, "The way of transgressors is hard."

S. WHITE PAIRE.

THE MOCK BURIAL.

THERE were no footmarks in the sand,
Nor, far as eye could reach,
Aught that had life on sea or land,
Look where I would, as, book in hand,
I strolled along the beach.

All, all alone! Ah, saddest word
Of human speech thou art!
I sighed—I started—for I heard
A happy, happy sound that stirred
The pulses of my heart.

A sound of infant laughter, sweet
As wild birds' song in May.
I hastened on with eager feet,
And found, close by, a rustic seat
That overlooked the bay.

A lady sat there in the shade,
Her baby on her knee;
Six other children round her played,
And, plying each a tiny spade,
Danced like the waves at sea.

"Die, Pilot! die!" the children cried,
And clapped their little hands.
The dog, with eyes alert and wide,
(A well-trained actor!) dropped and died
While they piled up the sands.

Alas! how strange it was to see
The children in their mirth

Foreshadowing sorrows yet to be,
And mocking, in their childish glee,
The saddest toil of earth!

"Ah, me!" thought I, "how springtime flies,
And troubles come with years!
How all these smiles must end in sighs,
And all the sunshine of those eyes
Some day be turned to tears!"

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

LETTY'S GLOBE.

ON SOME IRREGULARITIES IN A FIRST LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

WHEN Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colored sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know
By tint and outline all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peeped
Between her baby-fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers; how she leaped,
And laughed, and prattled, in her pride of bliss!
But when we turned her sweet unlearnéd eye
On our own Isle, she raised a joyous cry,
"Oh, yes! I see it, Letty's home is there!"
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

CHARLES TENNYSON.

HIDE AND SEEK.

HIDE and seek! Two children at play
On a sunshiny holiday—
"Where is the treasure hidden, I pray?
Say—am I near it or far away?
Hot or cold?" asks little Nell,
With her flaxen hair all tangled and wild,
And her voice as clear as a fairy bell
That the fairies ring at eventide—
Scrambling under table and chair,
Peeping into the cupboards wide,
Till a joyous voice rings through the air—
"O ho! a very good place to hide!"
And little Nell, creeping along the ground,
Murmurs in triumph, "I've found, I've found!"

Hide and seek! Not children now—
Life's noontide sun hath kissed each brow,
Nell's turn to hide the treasure to-day;
So safely she thinks it hidden away,
That she fears her lover cannot find it.
Say, shall she help him? Her eyes, so shy,
Half tell the secret, and half deny;
And the green leaves rustle with laughter sweet,
And the little birds twitter, "Oh, foolish lover,
Has love bewitched and blinded thine eyes—
So that the truth thou canst not discover?"

Then the sun gleams out, all golden and bright,
And sends through the wood-path a clearer light;
See the lover raises his eyes from the ground,
And reads in Nell's face that the treasure is found.

What are the angels seeking for
Through the world in the darksome night?
A treasure that earth has stolen away,
A hidden 'midst flowers for many a day,
Hidden through sunshine, through storm, through blight.
Till it wasted and grew to a form so slight
And worn, that scarce in the features white
Could one trace likeness to gladsome Nell.
But the angels knew her as there she lay,
All quietly sleeping, and bore her away,
Up to the city, jasper-walled—
Up to the city with golden street—
Up to the city, like crystal clear,
Where the pure and the sinless meet;
And through costly pearl-gates that opened wide,
They bore the treasure earth tried to hide,
And weeping mortals listened with awe
To the silver echo that smote the skies,
As "Found!" rang forth from Paradise.

JULIA GODDARD.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I WAS sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed.

"But I'se tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do.
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I wite a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty, now."
"No, no, mamma; me wite letter,
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "Ill make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
Mid its waves of golden light

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news."
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee,
"Mamma's witing lots of letters;
I'se a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattler,
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door.
"I'se a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for any more?

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa,
Papa lives with God, 'ou know.
Mamma sent me for a letter,
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anozzer office,
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod:
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

MY BOY STILL.

DO you think I've forgotten the day
I carried him at my breast?
Many fair children I've loved since then,
But I think that I loved him best,
For he was our first-born child, John,
And I have not the heart or will
To love him less; whatever may come
He's my boy still!

I remember when he was a little lad,
How he used to climb on my knee;
How proud we were of his beauty,
Of his wit and his mimicry,
And I know quite well he's a man now,
With a wild and a stubborn will;
But whatever he is to you, John,
He's my boy still!

He was just like sunshine about the house,
In the days of his happy youth;
You know we said that with all his faults
He had courage and love and truth.
And though he has wandered far away,
I'd rather you'd say no ill;
He is sure to come back to his mother—
He's my boy still!

I know there was never a kinder heart,
And I can remember to-day
How often he went with me apart
And knelt at my knee to pray.
And the man will do as the boy did,
Sooner or later he will—
The Bible is warrant for that—so
He's my boy still!

A mother can feel where she can't see,
She is wiser than any sage;
My boy was trained in the good old way,
I shall certainly get my wage.
And though he has wandered far away,
And followed his wayward will,
I know whatever, wherever, he is,
He's my boy still!

THE RUINED MERCHANT.

A COTTAGE home with sloping lawn, and trellised vines and flowers,
And little feet to chase away the rosy-fingered hours;
A fair young face to part, at eve, the shadows in the door;—
I picture thus a home I knew in happy days of yore.

Says one, a cherub thing of three, with childish heart elate,
"Papa is *comin'*, let me *do* to meet *'im* at *te date!*"
Another takes the music up, and flings it on the air.
"Papa has come, but why so slow his footstep on the stair?"

"O father! did you bring the books I've waited for so long,
The baby's rocking-horse and drum, and mother's 'angel song?'
And did you see!"—but something holds the questioning lips apart,
And something settles very still upon that joyous heart.

The quick-discerning wife bends down, with her white hand to stay
The clouds from tangling with the curls that on his forehead lay;
To ask in gentle tones, "Beloved, by what rude tempest tossed?"
And list the hollow, "Beggared, lost—all ruined, poor, and lost!"

"Nay, say not so, for I am here to share misfortune's hour,
And prove how better far than gold is love's unfailing dower.
Let wealth take wings and fly away, as far as wings can soar,
The bird of love will hover near, and only sing the more."

"All lost, papa? why here am I; and, father, see how tall;
I measure fully three feet four, upon the kitchen wall;
I'll tend the flowers, feed the birds, and have such lots of fun,
I'm big enough to work, papa, for I'm the oldest son."

"And I, papa, am almost five," says curly-headed Rose,
"And I can learn to sew, papa, and make all dolly's clothes.
But what *is* 'poor,'—to stay at home and have no place to go?
Oh! then I'll ask the Lord, to-night, to make us always so."

"I'se here, papa; I isn't lost!" and on his father's knee
He lays his sunny head to rest, that baby-boy of three.
"And if we get too poor to live," says little Rose, "you know
There is a better place, papa, a heaven where we can go.

"And God will come and take us there, dear father, if we pray,
We needn't fear the road, papa, He surely knows the way."
Then from the corner, staff in hand, the grandma rises slow,
Her snowy cap-strings in the breeze soft fluttering to and fro:

Totters across the parlor floor, by aid of kindly hands,
Counting in every little face her life's declining sands;
Reaches his side, and whispers low, "God's promises are sure;
For every grievous wound, my son, He sends a ready cure."

The father clasps her hand in his, and quickly turns aside,
The heaving chest, the rising sigh, the coming tear, to hide;
Folds to his heart those loving ones, and kisses o'er and o'er
That noble wife whose faithful heart he little knew before.

"May God forgive me! What is wealth to these more precious things,
Whose rich affection round my heart a ceaseless odor flings?
I think He knew my sordid soul was getting proud and cold,
And thus to save me, gave me *these*, and took away my *gold*.

"Dear ones, forgive me; nevermore will I forget the rod
That brought me safely unto you, and led me back to God.
I am not poor while these bright links of priceless love remain,
And, Heaven helping, never more shall blindness hide the chain."

CORA M. EAGER.

THE FIRST PARTY.

MISS Annabel McCarty
Was invited to a party,
"Your company from four to ten," the invitation said;
And the maiden was delighted
To think she was invited
To sit up till the hour when the big folks went to bed.

The crazy little midget
Ran and told the news to Bridget,
Who clapped her hands, and danced a jig, to Annabel's delight,
And said, with accents hearty,
"'Twill be the swatest party
If ye're there yerself, me darlint! I wish it was to-night!"

The great display of frilling
Was positively killing;
And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely sash so wide!
And the gloves so very cunning;
She was altogether "stunning,"
And the whole McCarty family regarded her with pride.

They gave minute directions,
With copious interjections
Of "sit up straight!" and "don't do this or that—
'twould be absurd!"
But, what with their caressing,
And the agony of dressing,
Miss Annabel McCarty didn't hear a single word.

There was music, there was dancing,
And the sight was most entrancing,
As if fairyland and floral band were holding jubilee;
There was laughing, there was pouting;
There was singing, there was shouting;
And old and young together made a carnival of glee.

Miss Annabel McCarty
Was the youngest of the party,
And every one remarked that she was beautifully dressed;
Like a doll she sat demurely
On the sofa, thinking surely
It would never do for her to run and frolic with the rest.

The noise kept growing louder;
The naughty boys would crowd her;
"I think you're very rude indeed!" the little lady said;
And then, without a warning,
Her home instructions scorning,
She screamed: "*I want my supper—and I want to go to bed!*"

Now big folks who are older,
Need not laugh at her, nor scold her,
For doubtless, if the truth were known, we've often felt inclined
To leave the ball or party,
As did Annabel McCarty,
But we hadn't half the courage and we couldn't speak our mind!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

A BABY HAND.

"BIG time to-night," the drummers said,
As to supper they sat them down;
"To-morrow's Sunday, and now's our chance
To illuminate the town."

"Good!" cried Bill Barnes, the jolliest—
The favorite of all;
"Yes, let's forget our trouble now,
And hold high carnival."

The supper done, the mail arrives;
Each man his letters scanning,
With fresh quotations—up or down—
His busy brain is cramming.

But Bill—"why, what's come over him—
Why turned so quick about?"
He says, just as his pards start forth,
"I guess I won't go out."

His letter bore no written word,
No prayer from vice to flee;
Only a tracing of a hand—
A baby hand—of three.

What picture comes before his mind?
What does his memory paint?
A baby at her mother's knee—
His little white-robed saint.

What cares a man for ridicule
Who wins a victory grand?
Bill slept in peace, his brow was smoothed
By a shadowy little hand.

Naught like the weak things of this world
The power of sin withstands;
No shield between man's soul and wrong
Like a little baby hand.

"LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE."

"MY dear," said Mr. Bunny, on a pleasant summer day,
"I'll go and take a look at things outside and far away
From this dull home of ours, where we've lived too long, you see—
Perchance I'll find a livelier place, my dear, for you and me."

Contented Mrs. Bunny, who was breakfasting just then
On the daintiest dew-wet fernleaf ever found in woodland glen,
Lifted her gray paws in horror: "My dear, my dear!" cried she,
"Let well enough alone; this home is good enough for me."

But off went Mr. Bunny, bent on having his own way,
And looking for a better home, did o'er the meadow stray;
There a wandering sportsman hungering for a dainty rabbit pie,
Raised his rifle, pulled the trigger—Bunny laid him down to die.

Now the little widow Bunny cries each day in doleful tone,
"Would my spouse advice had taken, and 'Let well enough alone!'"

THE SCRAMBLE FOR SUGAR-PLUMS.

HARK! that burst of silver laughter
Ringing up to beam and rafter!
How one's heart leaps and rejoices
At the music of those voices—

How one's eyes enjoy the sight
Of such innocent delight!
Laugh and scramble, shout and play,
Happy children, while you may;
Life soon loses its completeness,
Sugar-plums their pristine sweetness,
Dolls their charm, and nuts their savor,
And ginger-beer its champagne flavor!
Laugh, ye little lads and lasses—
Soon, too soon, your childhood passes.
Soon, too soon, you will be soiling
Hands and souls with baser toiling!
Just as you for sweetmeats scramble,
We for worldly prizes gamble;
Rank and title, place and power,
Fame, the triumph of an hour,
Gold that fetters, love that changes,
Friendship that a word estranges,
Fashion, pleasure, empty station,
Beauty, homage, admiration—
These profane and hollow joys
Are *our* sugar-plums and toys;
Slow to win and hard to hold,
Dearly bought and dearly sold,
Seeming sweet and tasting bitter,
Paint and tinsel, paste and glitter,
Fair without and foul within,
Dust and ashes, tears and sin!
Alas! I wish, but wish in vain
That I were a child again.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

A LITTLE WHEEDLER.

"THERE never was a grandma half so good!"
He whispered, while beside her chair he stood
And laid his rosy cheek,
With manner very meek,
Against her dear old cheek in loving mood.

"There never was a nicer grandma born.
I know some little boys must be forlorn
Because they've none like you.
I wonder what I'd do
Without a grandma's kisses night and morn?

"There never was a dearer grandma—there!"
He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair,
Then fixed her ruffled cap,
And nestled in her lap,
While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.

"When I'm a man, what lots to you I'll bring!
A horse and carriage and a watch and ring.
All grandmas are so nice!"
(Just here he kissed her twice)
"And grandmas give a boy most anything!"

Before his dear old grandma could reply
The boy looked up and with a roguish eye,
Then whispered in her ear,
That nobody might hear:
"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?"

PRINCE TANGLE-LOCKS.

THROUGH the darkness and rain, down the long street deserted,
One evening Prince Tangle-locks happened to stray,
His little snubnose not the least disconcerted
By rain-drops that tried to wash freckles away.

His little, bare feet through the puddles went splashing;
The lamp-lights reflected with rain-varnished charm.
The wet, swaying leaves brushed his cheeks in their lashing
And dripped on the newspapers under his arm.

As whistling along through the rain he went bobbing,
Beneath a tree huddled he happened to spy
A wee little somebody, silently sobbing.
"I's cryin'," she said, "'tause I's lost, that is why."

His coat he put round her to keep off the weather,
And, after shrewd questions beneath a lamplight,
They laughingly went, hand in hand, on together
Till little Miss Somebody's home was in sight.

Then ringing the bell, with a "Good-bye" behind him,
He scampered away and has not been seen since;
But somewhere there is—and I wish I could find him—
A ragged newsboy with the heart of a Prince.

S. WALTER NORRIS.

THE FLOWER MISSION.

INTO the homes of sorrow and distress
The rare, sweet flowers go to bud and bloom,
And with their own bright lives make glad a while
The lives that wither in perpetual gloom.
Poor hearts that long have starved for word of love;
Dim eyes that ne'er behold a beauteous thing;
And tired hands that stretch themselves in vain
For joys that ever from their grasp take wing.

To these, the flowers on their mission go,
And breathe a fragrance fraught with new, sweet life,
And cause an atmosphere of joy and peace
To enter e'en 'mid scenes of pain and strife.
Sweet buds of beauty! how they seem to say,
"Cheer up! cheer up! there are kind hearts and true;
And though your paths seem overgrown with thorns,
Yet life hath flowers yet in bloom for you."

A thousand blessings on the kindly hands
Which pluck the fragrant flowers for the poor!
A thousand blessings on the kindly feet
Which falter not, but go from door to door

And leave, with tender, loving charity,
The sweet, joy-breathing gifts of love divine!
Who knows what endless flowers of grace and truth
The Flower Mission may hereafter twine?

LUCY GRAY.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!'"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall:

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE LITTLE PIANIST.

ONE—two—three—four—
Practising is such a bore!
How my little finger aches!
Wish I didn't make mistakes!
One—two—three—four—
Practising is such a bore!

One—two—three—four—
Guess that's Bessie at the door;
Yes, she's teasing Tommy's pup;
Wish my quarter-hour was up!
One—two—three—four—
Practising is such a bore!

One—two—three—four—
Oh, it rains! It's going to pour!
And my kitty's out at play;
I must fetch her right away!
One—two—three—four—
Practising is such a bore!

EMMA C. DOWD.

THE FIRST LETTER.

A LETTER came to me to-day so very quaint and strange
I knit my brows in doubt from whom, for not within my range
Of kindred dear or absent friends could I the least decide
Who'd spell my name this awkward way, with pinlines for a guide.

A monogram of finger-tips my correspondent had,
Yet as I slowly broke the seal my wond'ring heart beat glad,
Though few the loving words begun—so few I felt quite vexed—
Until I found how many cares this writer's mind perplexed.

For with the hieroglyphic marks whose shapes to letters leaned—
'Twixt little "i's" and capital "A's," and blots that intervened—
Were words that formed "If Tray gets out O mamma ti him up
And send my slay—and ples don let ole Carlo hurt my Pup!

"I've wode two holes in both my toes send me A nother pair
And grandma says now I am six top-boots I'd better wear."
s other boyish news I read, swift to my vision came
The chubby cheeks and bright dark eyes bent o'er the closing name.

Oh, little man, in years to come some dainty girl may dwell
On thoughts your finished hand will pen, a lover's hopes to tell;
But never can your fairest page, that brings a blush of joy,
Have sweeter welcome than this scrawl from mamma's absent boy.

INDA BARTON HAYS.

A BABY'S FEET.

A BABY'S feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers, toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink,
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

THE ORPHAN CHILDREN.

I REACHED the village on the plain,
Just when the setting sun's last ray
Shone blazing on the golden vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way alone I sped,
And climbed the stile, and sat me there,
To think in silence on the dead
Who in the churchyard sleeping were.

There many a long, low grave I viewed
Where toil and want and quiet lie;
And costly slabs amongst them stood
That bore the names of rich and high.

One new made mound I saw close by,
O'er which the grasses hardly crept,
Where, looking forth with listless eye,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seemed as it could take;
And yet so worn and white were they
With want, it made my bosom ache.

I looked a while, and said at last,
"Why in such sorrow sit you here?
And why the food you leave and waste
Which your own hunger well might cheer?"

The boy rose instant to his feet,
And said with gentle, eager haste,
"Lady, we've not enough to eat:
O if we had, we should not waste!

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,
And will not eat, whate'er I say;
Though sure I am the bread's her own,
For she has tasted none to-day!"

"Indeed," the poor starved Mary said,
Till Henry eats I'll eat no more;
For yesterday I had some bread;
He's had none since the day before."

My heart with pity swelled so high
I could not speak a single word;
Yet the boy straightway made reply,
As if my inward wish he heard.

"Before our father went away,
By bad men tempted o'er the sea,
Sister and I did nought but play;—
We lived beside yon great ash-tree.

"But then poor mother did so cry,
And looked so changed, I cannot tell!
She told us that she soon should die,
And bade us love each other well.

"She said that when the war was o'er,
Perhaps our father we might see;
But if we never saw him more,
That God would then our father be.

"She kissed us both, and then she died,
And then they put her in the grave:
There many a day we've sat and cried
That we no more a mother have.

"But when our father came not here,
I thought if we could find the sea
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again might happy be.

"So hand-in-hand for many a mile,
And many a long, long day we went:
Some sighed to see, some turned to smile,
And fed us when our stock was spent.

"But when we reached the sea and found
'Twas one great flood before us spread,
We thought that father must be drowned,
And cried, and wished we too were dead.

"So we came back to mother's grave,
And only long with her to be:
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said father died beyond the sea.

"So, since no parent we have here,
We'll go and search for God around:—
Pray, lady, can you tell us where
That God, our Father, may be found?

"He lives in heaven, mother said:
And Goody says that mother's there:
But though we've walked, and searched, and prayed,
We cannot find them anywhere!"

I clasped the prattlers in my arms,
I cried, "Come, both, and live with me!
I'll clothe and feed you, safe from harms—
Your second mother I will be,

"Till you to your own mother's side
He in His own good time may call,
With Him forever to abide
Who is the Father of us all!"

THE LITTLE GIRL LOST.

IN the southern clime,
Where the summer's prime
Never fades away,
Lovely Lyca lay.

Seven summers old
Lovely Lyca told;
She had wandered long,
Hearing wild-birds' song.

"Sweet sleep, come to me
Underneath this tree!
Do father, mother, weep?
Where can Lyca sleep?

"Lost in desert wild
Is your little child!
How can Lyca sleep
If her mother weep?

"If her heart does ache
Then let Lyca wake:—
If my mother sleep,
Lyca shall not weep.

"Frowning, frowning, night
O'er this desert bright,
Let thy moon arise
While I close my eyes!"

Sleeping Lyca lay;
While the beasts of prey
Come from caverns deep,
Viewed the maid asleep.

The kingly lion stood,
And the virgin viewed:
Then he gamboled round
O'er the hallowed ground.

Leopards, tigers, play
Round her as she lay;
While the lion old
Bowed his mane of gold,

And did her bosom lick;
And upon her neck
From his eyes of flame
Ruby tears there came:

While the lioness
Loosened her slender dress;
And naked they conveyed
To caves the sleeping maid.

THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND.

All the night in woe
Lyca's parents go,
Over valleys deep,
While the deserts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,
Hoarse with making moan,
Arm-in-arm seven days
They traced the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep
Among shadows deep,
And dream they see their child
Starved in desert wild.

Pale through pathless ways
The fancied image strays,
Famished, weeping, weak,
With hollow piteous shriek.

Rising from unrest
The trembling woman pressed
With feet of weary woe:
She could no further go.

In his arms he bore
Her, armed with sorrow sore;
Till before their way
A couching lion lay.

Turning back was vain:
Soon his heavy mane
Bore them to the ground;
Then he stalked around

Smelling to his prey;
But their fears allay,
When he licks their hands,
And silent by them stands.

They look upon his eyes,
Filled with deep surprise;
And wondering behold
A spirit armed in gold.

On his head a crown:
On his shoulders down
Flowed his golden hair!
Gone was all their care.

"Follow me," he said;
"Weep not for the maid;
In my palace deep
Lyca lies asleep."

Then they followéd
Where the vision led,
And saw their sleeping child
Among tigers wild.

To this day they dwell
In a lonely dell;
Nor fear the wolfish howl,
Nor the lions' growl.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

CHARLEY'S OPINION OF THE BABY.

FUZZER'S bought a baby,
Ittle bit's of zing;
Zink I mos could put him
Froo my rubber ring.

Ain't he awful ugly?
Ain't he awful pink?
Just come down from heaven,
Dat's a fib, I zink.

Doctor told anozzer
Great big awful lie;
Nose ain't out of joyent,
Dat ain't why I cry.

Zink I ought to love him!
No, I won't! so zere;
Nassy, crying baby,
Ain't got any hair.

Send me off wiz Biddy
Ev'ry single day;
'Be a good boy, Charlie,
Run away and play."

Dot all my nice kisses,
Dot my place in bed;
Mean to take my drumstick
And beat him on ze head.

A CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH! my dear, lie still, and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard the Saviour lay
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kindred shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
There they sought him, there they found him
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo! he slumbers in his manger,
Where the hornéd oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

ISAAC WATTS.

TWENTY-ONE.

GROWN to man's stature! O my little child!
My bird that sought the skies so long ago!
My fair, sweet blossom, pure and undefiled,
How have the years flown since we laid thee low!

What have they been to thee? If thou wert here
Standing beside thy brothers, tall and fair,
With bearded lip, and dark eyes shining clear,
And glints of summer sunshine in thy hair,

I should look up into thy face and say,
Wavering, perhaps, between a tear and smile,
"O my sweet son, thou art a man to-day!"—
And thou wouldst stoop to kiss my lips the while.

But—up in heaven—how is it with thee, dear?
Art thou a man—to man's full stature grown?
Dost thou count time as we do, year by year?
And what of all earth's changes hast thou known?

Thou hadst not learned to love me. Didst thou take
Any small germ of love to heaven with thee,
That thou hast watched and nurtured for my sake,
Waiting till I its perfect flower may see?

What is it to have lived in heaven always?
To have no memory of pain or sin?
Ne'er to have known in all the calm, bright days
The jar and fret of earth's discordant din?

Thy brothers—they are mortal—they must tread
Ofttimes in rough, hard ways, with bleeding feet;
Must fight with dragons, must bewail their dead,
And fierce Apollyon face to face must meet.

I, who would give my very life for theirs,
I cannot save them from earth's pain or loss;
I cannot shield them from its griefs or cares;
Each human heart must bear alone its cross!

Was God, then, kinder unto thee than them,
O thou whose little life was but a span?
Ah, think it not! In all his diadem
No star shines brighter than the kingly man,

Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,
Who grandly conquers, or as grandly dies;
And the white banner of his manhood bears,
Through all the years uplifted to the skies!

What lofty pæans shall the victor greet!
What crown resplendent for his brow be fit!
O child, if earthly life be bitter-sweet,
Hast thou not something missed in missing it?

JULIA RIPLEY DORR.

BABY'S BEDTIME SONG.

SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder so,
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in a rocking chair.

See where the fire-logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of Shadowland;
The pelting rains on the window, hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake with its shimmering cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim,
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger, say good night,
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

GRANDMOTHER'S BABY.

THIRTY years ago, my baby,
A baby just like you,
With golden fluff in silken rings,
And shining eyes of blue,
Came like a little angel,
To fill my life with love.
His dimpled hand was stronger then,
Than all the hosts above.

But ere I knew it, baby,
So fast the swift years ran,
My darling was a romping lad;
And then a bearded man.
My darling went a wooing,
In honest joy and pride;
And as his father did before,
He brought him home a bride.

And I, a foolish mother,
Felt somehow, left alone;
And the boy who was my first-born son,
Seemed not so much my own.
We mothers are so jealous;
So selfish, I'm afraid;—
With so much earthly leaven,
Our scales are often weighed.

Now here are you, my baby,
Son of my son, so fair.
The hope of all our household,
Of all our line the heir.
Prince Royal; little comfort;
There ne'er was babe so sweet;
From golden head and violet eyes,
To darling dainty feet.

Thirty years ago, my baby,
I tell it in your ear,
Another nursling, just like you,
Came from the angels here.
I lost him in the whirlpool,
Of the rough world long ago;
And now the angels bring him back;—
That's why I love you so!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

FAIRY TALES.

FAIRY SONG.

SHED no tear! Oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! Oh, weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! Oh, dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tears.

Overhead! look overhea'!
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! Oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, adieu!

JOHN KEATS.

THE FAIRY OF THE SEA.

THERE'S a frigate on the waters, fit for battle, storm, or sun;
She dances like a life-boat, though she carries flag and gun.
I'm rich and blest while I can call that gallant craft my own;
I'm king of her, and Jove himself may keep his crown and throne.
She'll stem the billows mountain high, or skim the moonlit spray;
She'll take a blow and face a foe, like lion turned at bay;
Whate'er may try, she'll stand the test; the brave, the stanch, the free:
She bears a name of stainless fame, the "Fairy of the Sea."

The gale is up, she feels the breath, the petrel is behind;
She travels through the white foam like an arrow on the wind.
Softly, softly—hold her in—let her slacken in her pace;
She'll do the pilot's bidding with a greyhound's gentle grace.
The rocks are round her—what of that? she turns them like a swan;
The boiling breakers roar, but she is safely creeping on.
Hurrah! hurrah! she's clear again! More canvas! helm-a-lee!
Away she bounds, like deer from hounds, the "Fairy of the Sea!"

I've met with life's rough-weather squalls, and run on shoals ashore;
All passed me under scudding-sails, and friends were friends no more:
But when the storm-fiend did its worst, and blanched the firmest crew,
No timber yawned, no cordage broke; my bark, my bark was true.
We've lived together, closely bound, too long to lightly part;
I love her like a living thing; she's anchored in my heart;
But death *must* come, and come he may; right welcome he shall be,
So that I sleep ten fathoms deep in the "Fairy of the Sea."

ELIZA COOK.

THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

They say mortals have sometimes been carried away to Fairy-land.

A FAIR girl was sitting in the greenwood shade.
List'ning to the music the spring birds made;
When sweeter by far than the birds on the tree,
A voice murmured near her, "Oh, come, love, with me—

In earth or air,
A thing so fair
I have not seen as thee!
Then come, love, with me.

"With a star for thy home, in a palace of light,
Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the beauty of night:
Or, if wealth be thy wish, thine are treasures untold,
I will show thee the birthplace of jewels and gold—

And pearly caves
Beneath the waves,
All these, all these are thine,
If thou wilt be mine."

Thus whispered a fairy to tempt the fair girl,
But vain was his promise of gold and of pearl;
For she said, "Though thy gifts to a poor girl were dear,
My father, my mother, my sisters are here:
Oh! what would be
Thy gifts to me
Of earth, and sea, and air,
If my heart were not there?"

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE GATHERING OF THE FAIRIES.

'TIS the middle watch of a summer's night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light, on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cro'nest;
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw,
In a silver cone, on the wave below,
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid,
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell)—
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither wing your way!
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen:
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.

They come not now to print the lea
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup;—
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow:
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away:
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy—
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone;
The prisoner fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
He looked around, and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave, and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:
"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark;
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain,
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye;
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.

But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love.
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment:
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider, huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly;
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE DEW-DROP.

PART I.

A DEW-DROP, once,
In a summer's night,
Was touched by the wand
Of a faithless sprite,

As the moon, in her change,
Shot a trembling ray
Down the bosky dell
Where the dew-drop lay;

And tainted with change
By the wild-wood sprite,
Was the dew-drop, till then
So pure and so bright.

For what might be pure,
If 'twere not the dew?
A gift from the skies
Earth's sweets to renew.

What may be bright
As the dew-drops are?
Kindred are they
To the evening star.

Blest is the dew
When the day's begun,
It flies to the kiss
Of the godlike sun.

Blest is the dew
At the evening hour,
Taking its rest
In some grateful flower,

That gives forth its odor,
To welcome the fall
Of the dew-drop that sinks
In the balmy thrall.

Enfolded in fragrance,
Entranced it lies,
Till the morning's dawn,
When it lightly flies

From the balmy lips
Of the waking flower,
Which droops through the day
When the dew-drop's away,
And mourns the delay
Of the evening hour.

O, how the sprite-struck
Dew-drop strayed
'Mong the wildest flowers
Of the wild-wood glade!

Toying with all,
She was constant to none;
To [illegible] she held her faith
To the lordly sun.

She sought a new couch
As the eve grew dim,
But at morning she ever
Returned to him.

The fond rose pined
In its hidden heart
While the dew-drop played
Her changeful part.

And though it was kissed
By *some* dew-drop bright,
Grieved that it was not
The one of last night.

The leaf-sheltered lily,
Pale "flower of the vale,"
The love-plaint felt
Of the nightingale;

Whose song never bore
So much meaning as now:—
Oh, sympathy!—subtile
In teaching art thou.

The violet (heart-like),
The sweeter for grief,
Sighed forth its balm
In its own relief;

While its jealous companions
Conceived it blest,
And envied the pang
Of an aching breast.

Thus, eve after eve,
Did the dew-drop betray
Some leaflet that smiled
On the pendant spray;

And blossoms that sprang
From a healthful root,
Faded in grief,
And produced no fruit.

But what cared she?
Who was always caressed,
As she sank in delight
On some fresh flower's breast.

Though it died the next night,
She could pass it, and say,
"Poor thing—'twas my love
Of yesterday."

At last, in her pride,
She so faithless got,
She even forsook
The forget-me-not,

And Nature frowned
On the bright coquette,
And sternly said—
"I will teach thee yet,
A lesson so hard
Thou wilt not forget!"

PART II.

The roses of summer
Are past and gone,
And sweet things are dying
One by one;

But autumn is bringing,
In richer suits,
To match with his sunsets
His glowing fruits;

And the flowers the dew-drop
Deserted now,
For the richer cares
Of the clustering bough.

So dainty a dew-drop
A leaf would not suit,
For her nothing less
Would suffice, than the fruit.

The bloom of the plum
And the nect'rine's perfume
Were deserted, in turn,
A fresh love to assume;

And, as each she gave up,
If her conscience *did* preach,
Her ready excuse
Was the down of the peach.

But fruits will be gathered
Ere autumn shall close;
Then, where in her pride
May the dew-drop repose?

Nor a bud, nor a flower,
Nor a leaf is there now;
They are gone whom she slighted—
There's nought but the bough.

And the dew-drop would now
Keep her mansion of air,
With her bright lord the sun,
Nor, at evening, repair

To the desolate earth;
Where no lovers remain
But grasses so humble,
And brambles so plain,

So crooked, so knotty,
So jaggéd and bare—
Indeed would the dew
Keep her mansion of air!

But Nature looked dark,
And her mandate gave,
And the autumn dew
Was her winter slave,

When the lordly sun
Had his journey sped,
Far in the south,
Towards ocean's bed;

And short was the time
That he held the sky,
His oriflamme waving
Nor long nor high;

And the dew-drop lay
In the dark cold hours,
Embraced by the weeds
That survived the flowers.

Oh! chill was her tear,
As she thought of the night
She had wept in pure joy
At her rose's delight;

While now for the morning
She sighed;—that its ray
Should bear her from loathsome
Embraces away.

Like a laggard it came;
And so briefly it shone,
She scarce reached the sky
Ere her bright lord was gone.

And downward again
Among weeds was she borne,
To linger in pain
Till her bright lord's return.

And Nature frowned
On the bright coquette,

And again she said—
"I will teach thee yet,
A lesson so hard
Thou wilt never forget!"

PART III.

Through the bare branches
Sighed the chill breeze,
As the sun went down
Where the leafless trees

Are darkly standing,
Like skeletons grim,
'Gainst the fading light
Of the west, grown dim;

And colder and colder
The embers decay
That were glowing red
With the fire of day,

Till darkness wrapped
In her mantle drear,
The withering forms
Of the dying year.

Thus bleak and black
Was the face of the world
When winter his silvery
Banner unfurled,

His sprites sending forth
In their glitt'ring array,
To seize in the night
Each fantastical spray;

And the fern in the wood,
And the rush by the stream,
Were sparkling with gems
In the morning beam.

So charmed was the stream
With the beauty around,
That it stopped in its course,
And it uttered no sound;

In the silent entrancement
Of winter's embrace,
It sought not to wander
From that charmed place;

For better it loved
With old winter to be,
In the di'mond-hung woods,
Than be lost in the sea.

But the dew-drop's home
Was in yon bright sky,
And when in the sunbeam
She sought to fly,

Chained to a weed
Was the bright frail thing,
And she might not mount
On her morning wing.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Nature,
"I've caught thee now;
Bride of old winter,
Bright thing, art thou!

"Think of how many
A flower for thee,
Hath wasted its heart
In despondency.

"Now where thou'rt fettered
Thou *must* remain;
Let thy pride rejoice
In so bright a chain."

"True," said the dew-drop,
"Is all thou'st told,
My fetters are bright—
But ah, so cold!

"Rather than sparkle
In di'mond chain,
I'd dwell with the humblest
Flower again;

"And never would rove
From a constant bliss,
If I might escape
From a fate like this;

"In glittering misery
Bid me not sleep!
Mother, oh, let me
Melt and weep!

"Weep in the breast
Of my chosen flower,
And never renounce
My [illegible]angeful hour;

"For though to the skies
I shall daily spring,
At the sunrise bright,
On my rainbow wing,

"To my flower I'll return
At golden even,
With a love refreshed
At the fount of heaven!"

The Spirit of Spring
Was listening near;
The captive dew-drop
She came to cheer!

Her fetter she broke,
And the chosen flower
Was giv'n to the dew-drop
In happy hour.

And, true to her faith,
Did the dew-drop come,
When the honey-bee,
With his evening hum,

Was bidding farewell
To the rose, which he taught,
By his f[illegible]ness, to know
'Twas with sweetness fraught.

And the rose thought the bee
Was a silly thing,
To fly from the dew
With his heavy wing;

For "Ah," sighed the rose,
As it hung on the bough,
"Bright dew-drop, there's nothing
So sweet as thou!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

FAIRY-LAND.

DIM vales—and shadowy floods—
And cloudy-looking woods,
Whose forms we can't discover
For the tears that drip all over:
Huge moons there wax and wane—
Again—again—again—
Every moment of the night—
Forever changing places—
And they put out the star-light
With the breath from their pale faces.
About twelve by the moon-dial
One more filmy than the rest
(A kind which, upon trial,
They have found to be the best)
Comes down—still down—and down
With its centre on the crown
Of a mountain's eminence,
While its wide circumference
In easy drapery falls
Over hamlets, over halls,
Wherever they may be—
O'er the strange woods—o'er the sea—
Over spirits on the wing—
Over every drowsy thing—
And buries them up quite
In a labyrinth of light—
And then, how deep!—oh, deep
Is the passion of their sleep.
In the morning they arise,
And their moony covering
Is soaring in the skies,
With the tempests as they toss,
Like—almost anything—
Or a yellow Albatross.
They use that moon no more
For the same end as before—
That is to say a tent—
Which I think extravagant:
Its atomies, however,
Into a shower dissever,
Of which those butterflies,
Of earth, who seek the skies,
And so come down again
(Never-contented things!)
Have brought a specimen
Upon their quivering wings.

EDGAR ALLEN POE

MUSIC OF THE FAIRIES.

HAVE you not oft in the still wind,
Heard sylvan notes of a strange kind,
That rose one moment, and then fell,
Swooning away like a far knell?
Listen!—that wave of perfume broke
Into sea-music, as I spoke,
Fainter than that which seems to roar
On the moon's silver-sanded shore,
When through the silence of the night
Is heard the ebb and flow of light.
Oh, shut the eye and ope the ear!
Do you not hear, or think you hear,
A wide hush o'er the woodland pass
Like distant waving fields of grass?—
Voices!—ho! ho!—a band is coming,
Loud as ten thousand bees a-humming,
Or ranks of little merry men
Tromboning deeply from the glen,
And now as if they changed, and rung
Their citterns small, and ribbon-slung,
Over their gallant shoulders hung!
A chant! a chant! that swoons and swells
Like soft winds jangling meadows-bells;
Now brave, as when in Flora's bower
Gay Zephyr blows a trumpet-flower;
Now thrilling fine, and sharp, and clear,
Like Dian's moonbeam dulcimer;
But mixed with whoops, and infant laughter,
Shouts following one another after,
As on a hearty holiday
When youth is flush and full of May;—
Small shouts, indeed, as wild bees knew
Both how to hum, and halloo too!

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE ENCHANTED WELL.

WITHIN the forest's emerald heart
It lay, from haunts of men apart;
A fair, clear sheet of water, deep,
Like infant, dimpling in its sleep
At some quaint dream of fairy lore,
Told by its mother oft before
To pass the idle time ere bed
Invites to rest and prayers are said.

Around the well's pearl-garnished brim
Bloomed bouquetted vine and trailing limb

Of slim liana—violets sweet
Nestled at its enchanted feet.
'Twas shaped, in curious concept dressed,
Like sleeping woman stretched at rest—
There lay the profile, clear, serene,
Outlined against the herbage green.
The heaving, dimpled bust was there,
The long, spread strands of floating hair,
The form complete—strange, strange to tell—
The Lady of the Magic Well.

The hunter often paused to wet
Upon its breast his meshy net,
But not to catch the finny horde
Within the Lady's bosom stored;
He only paused to test the fame
Of magic conjoined with her name—
For it was said that, when disturbed
By hand of man, the Lady curbed
Like spoiled coquette—repelled the strife,
And in her anger came to life,
Reproaching him with heaving breast,
Who wantonly had broke her rest.

The pilgrim paused beside the brink
To bathe his heated brow and drink—
Handsome he was, with glowing eyes—
A tall Prince Charming in disguise;
His raven curls beneath his cape
In glossed luxuriance escape;
The color deepening on his cheeks
Of youth and fiery prurience speaks;
Sooth seems he stepped from out a spell
To wake the Lady of the Well.

The pilgrim knelt upon his knee—
In act of chivalrous courtesy—
And on her cheek his lips he pressed,
Over her placid, sleeping breast
A sudden roseate light there ran—
She woke beneath the kiss of man!
A sudden calm the water shows—
It seems no more its current flows—
A whiteness spreads o'er all the flood
As though she turned to flesh and blood!
Before the pilgrim's gazing eyes
Her snow-white arm begins to rise;
He kneels, enchanted—nor doth reck
It curls about his thrilling neck!
It seems he, rooted there, hath grown—
A man enchanted, turned to stone.
Down dropped his head upon her breast,
And there it lay, inert, at rest,
While round his neck, with recent charm,
Still curled the siren's jealous arm.

A thrill, a sigh—the rosy stain
Slow vanished from her breast again,
And there, in place of flesh and blood,
Once more spread out the mimic flood;
And on its brink the flowers felt
A pressure where his knees had knelt;
But never more upon the green
That pilgrim in the flesh was seen!

'Tis said that when the moon rides high
At midnight in the summer sky,
Faint cries are heard—words strange to tell—
From bottom of the Magic well.
But never more to mortal eyes
The Pilgrim or the Lady rise!

LETITIA VIRGINIA DOUGLAS.

THE SUNKEN CITY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

HARK! the faint bells of the sunken city
Peal once more their wonted evening chime!
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave—
Undescribed, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though death lurks behind each dark rock round

So the bells of memory's wonder-city
Peal for me their old melodious chime;
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy-builded,
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams—
There lie hidden till unveiled and gilded,
Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
From many a well-known phantom band,
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
Far off in the spirit's luminous land!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

THE FAIRY CHILD.

The woman in whose character these lines are written supposes her child stolen by a fairy. Very prevalent was the superstition among the peasantry which attributed instances of sudden death to the agency of these spirits.

THE summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow;
It shone on my little boy's bonnie cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet, soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing;
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sat alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying;

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted!

O, it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow;
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

JOHN ANSTER.

THE FAIRY ISLE.

O WAFT me back to that fairy isle
Where the skies are ever blue,
Where faithful ever is friendship's smile,
And hearts are ne'er untrue;
Where thoughts are fresh and bright and pure
As flowers in early spring,
Where vows forever will endure,
And time no change can bring!

O where is that sunny isle so blest,
And where is that fairy sea?
O, who would not wish in that isle to rest,
And who would not sail with me?
But I may seek that isle no more,
Alas, I have lost the way:—
When youth is o'er, in vain that shore
Is sought by a pilot gray!
Yet still I dream of that fairy isle
Where the skies are ever blue,
And faithful ever is friendship's smile,
And hearts are ne'er untrue.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE SIREN BY THE SEA.

I HAD a dream of gently straying,
By the margin of the sea,
There, my wand'ring steps delaying,
There a siren sang to me;
The waveless deep
Was lulled to sleep,
As the mellow music stole along,
Lest the motion
Of the ocean
Should disturb the mermaid's song:—
Oh, that song was sweet to me,
Nothing mortal e'er can be,
Like the ringing
Of the singing
Of that siren by the sea!

When I woke, how many a pleasure,
Of the time long passed away,
Seemed awaking to the measure
Of the mermaid's magic lay!
Thus mem'ry's song
Oft steals along
O'er the dark and silent tide of time!
And voices low,
In gentle flow,
Repeat the songs of youth's sweet prime.
Oh! sweet mem'ry! thus to me
Let thy magic music be
Ever ringing
Like the singing
Of that siren by the sea!

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

COME, follow, follow me—
You, fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the green—
Come, follow Mab, your queen!
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Upstairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
There we pinch their arms and thighs—
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid;
For we use, before we go,
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our tablecloth we spread;

A grain of rye or wheat
Is manchet, which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups, filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stewed,
Is meat that's easily chewed;
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve us for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be!
In their gol[illegible] spots you see;
Those be [illegible] fairy favors,
In those [illegible]ave their savors:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A CHILD'S FAIRY SONG.

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE FAIRY BOY.

When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly elf left in its place.

A MOTHER came when stars were paling,
Wailing round a lonely spring;
Thus she cried, while tears were falling,
Calling on the Fairy King:
"Why, with spells my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy,
Why destroy a mother's blessing—
Wherefore steal my baby boy?

"O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
Where his childhood loved to play,
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander day by day;
There I wander, growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy,
On the echoes wildly calling
To restore my fairy boy.

"But in vain my plaintive calling—
Tears are falling all in vain—
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!
Fare-thee-well! my child, forever,
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the next we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy."

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO DATED HER LETTERS FROM "THE LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD."

IN the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise,
My castle of fancy was built.
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sunbeams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state
Enamelled the mansion around;
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottos and fountains and orange-tree groves;
I had all that enchantment has told;
I had sweet shady walks for the gods and their loves;
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not had risen and rolled
While wrapped in a slumber I lay;
And when I awoke in the morning, behold,
My castle was carried away!

It passed over rivers and valleys and groves;
The world, it was all in my view;
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,
And often, full often, of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
Which nature in silence had made;
The place was but small, but 'twas sweetly serene,
And checkered with sunshine and shade.

I gazed and I envied, with painful good-will,
And grew tired of my seat in the air,
When all of a sudden my castle stood still
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark in the sky it came fluttering down,
And placed me exactly in view,
When, whom should I meet in this charming retreat,
This corner of calmness, but you?

Delighted to find you in honor and ease,
I felt no more sorrow nor pain,
But, the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
And went back to my castle again

THOMAS PAINE.

ARIEL'S SONGS.

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kissed—
The wild waves whist—
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bow, wow.
The watch-dogs bark—
Bow, wow.
Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong, bell!

Where the bee sucks there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE SUNSET CITY.

THERE'S a city that lies in the kingdom of clouds,
In the glorious country on high,
Which an azure and silvery curtain enshrouds,
To screen it from mortal eye;

A city of temples and turrets of gold,
That gleam by a sapphire sea,
Like jewels more splendid than earth may behold,
Or are dreamed of by you and by me.

And about it are highlands of amber that reach
Far away till they melt in the gloom;
And waters that hem an immaculate beach
With fringes of luminous foam.

Aerial bridges of pearl there are,
And belfries of marvellous shapes,
And lighthouses lit by the evening star,
That sparkle on violet capes;

And hanging gardens that far away
Enchantedly float aloof;
Rainbow pavilions in avenues gay,
And banners of glorious woof!

When the summer sunset's crimsoning fires
Are aglow in the western sky,
The pilgrim discovers the domes and spires
Of this wonderful city on high;

And gazing enrapt as the gathering shade
Creeps over the twilight lea,
Sees palace and pinnacle totter and fade,
And sink in the sapphire sea;

Till the vision loses by slow degrees
The magical splendor it wore;
The silvery curtain is drawn, and he sees
The beautiful city no more!

HENRY SYLVESTER CORNWELL.

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

It is said Fays have the power to assume various shapes, for the purpose of luring mortals into Fairy-land. Hunters seem to have been particularly the objects of the lady fairies' fancies.

GAILY through the mountain glen
The hunter's horn did ring,
As the milk-white doe
Escaped his bow
Down by the haunted spring:
In vain his silver horn he wound—
'Twas echo answered back;
For neither groom nor baying hound
Was on the hunter's track;
In vain he sought the milk-white doe
That made him stray, and 'scaped his bow,
For, save himself, no living thing
Was by the silent haunted spring.

The purple heath-bells, blooming fair,
Their fragrance round did fling,
As the hunter lay,
At close of day,
Down by the haunted spring.
A lady fair, in robe of white,
To greet the hunter came;
She kissed a cup with jewels bright,
And pledged him by his name.
"Oh, Lady fair," the hunter cried,
"Be thou my love, my blooming bride—
A bride that well might grace a king!
Fair lady of the haunted spring."

In the fountain clear she stooped,
And forth she drew a ring;
And that bold knight
His faith did plight
Down by the haunted spring.
But since the day his chase did stray,
The hunter ne'er was seen;
And legends tell he now doth dwell
Within the hills so green.
But still the milk-white doe appears,
And wakes the peasant's evening fears,
While distant bugles faintly ring,
Around the lonely haunted spring.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE MAGIC THREAD.

THE thread she spun it gleamed like gold
In the light of the odorous fire,
Yet was it so wondrously thin,
That, save when it shone in the light,
You might look for it closely in vain.
The youth sat watching it,
And she observed his wonder,
And then again she spake,
And still her speech was song;
"Now twine it round thy hands, I say,
Now twine it round thy hands, I pray!
My thread is small, my thread is fine,
But he must be
A stronger than thee,
Who can break this thread of mine!"

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,
And sweetly she smiled on him,
And he conceived no ill;
And round and round his right hand,
And round and round his left,
He wound the thread so fine.
And then again the woman spake,
And still her speech was song,
"Now thy strength, O stranger, strain!
Now then break the slender chain."

Thalaba strove, but the thread
By magic hands was spun,
And in his cheek the flush of shame
Arose, commixt with fear
She beheld and laughed at him
And then again she sung,
"My thread is small, my thread is fine,
But he must be
A stronger than thee,
Who can break this thread of mine!"

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,
And fiercely she smiled on him:
"I thank thee, I thank thee, Hodeirah's son!
I thank thee for doing what can't be undone,
For binding thyself in the chain I have spun!"
Then from his head she wrenched
A lock of his raven hair,
And cast it in the fire,
And cried aloud as it burnt,
"Sister! Sister! hear my voice!
Sister! Sister! come and rejoice!

The thread is spun,
The prize is won,
The work is done,
For I have made captive Hodeirah's son."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

FAIRY FROST FAIR!

SHE dwells on the mountain and sports in the wildwood,
And sings in the breezes that sweep wildly by;
The dews of the morning are the joys of her childhood,
When froze on the heart of the roses that die.

She joys in the storms of the wild wintry weather,
And plays with the snowflakes that eddy and whirl;
And she and the north wind go riding together,
Their banners of ice o'er the world to unfurl.

She smiles to the stars when the moonlight is beaming,
And the stars glitter brightly for Fairy Frost Fair;
She sets all the woodlands in ice laces gleaming,
And pencils the earth with a beauty most rare.

How gladly she chains the wild flow of the torrent,
And ices the breast of the swift-gliding stream,
Encircling the shores, as she floats down the current,
With fair incrustations like diamonds that gleam.

She carves strange devices ere dawn of the morning,
In garden and bower, and over the pond,
The windows of cottage and palace adorning
With fretted work traced by the touch of her wand.

Cold, cold is her reign, and her beauty long lingers,
While winter sojourns in the depths of the vale,
But unseen the trace of her white, fairy fingers,
When spring, like a song-bird, is heard in the dale.

ANNA M. FORD.

THE WATER LADY.

ALAS, that moon should ever beam
To show what man should never see!—
I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she!

I staid a while, to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
With clouds of jet.

I staid a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore, in place of red,
The bloom of water—tender blue,
Daintily spread.

I staid to watch, a little space,
Her parted lips, if she would sing;
The waters closed above her face
With many a ring.

And still I staid a little more—
Alas! she never comes again!
I throw my flowers from the shore,
And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away—
I know that I must vainly pine;
For I am made of mortal clay,
But she's divine!

THOMAS HOOD

THE WATER FAY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE night comes stealing o'er me,
And clouds are on the sea;
While the wavelets rustle before me
With a mystical melody.

A water-maid rose singing
Before me, fair and pale;
And snow-white breasts were springing,
Like fountains, 'neath her veil.

She kissed me and she pressed me,
Till I wished her arms away:
"Why hast thou so caressed me,
Thou lovely water fay?"

"Oh, thou need'st not alarm thee,
That thus thy form I hold;
For I only seek to warm me,
And the night is black and cold."

"The wind to the waves is calling,
The moonlight is fading away;
And tears down thy cheek are falling,
Thou beautiful water fay!"

"The wind to the waves is calling,
And the moonlight grows dim on the rocks;
But no tears from mine eyes are falling,
'Tis [illegible]ater which drips from my locks."

"The [illegible]ean is heaving and sobbing,
The sea-mews scream in the spray;
And thy heart is wildly throbbing,
Thou beautiful water fay!"

"My heart is wildly swelling,
And it beats in burning truth;
For I love thee, past all telling—
Thou beautiful mortal youth."

CHARLES G. LELAND.

POEMS OF RELIGION.

SOME TIME.

SOME TIME, when all life's lessons
have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore
have set,
The things which our weak judg-
ments here have spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved
with lashes wet—
Will flash before us, out of life's
dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So, God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

MAY RILEY SMITH.

SIGHT THROUGH TEARS.

EARLY, alone, from shortened rest,
The woman of the Lord so blest,
Upheld, enlightened, comforted,
Went out to see where He was laid.

She came, and lo! a new surprise,
In the dim morning, met her eyes;
The stone, so set and sealed, behold!
Back from its place was strangely rolled,
And He was gone; O mocking fate!
O woman, crushed and desolate,
To whom the solace is denied
To weep her sacred dead beside!

Stunned, smitten, fearful, over-cast,
She wondering, trembling, fled in haste,
Bereaved and agonized to say,
"The Lord—they've taken Him away!"

They heard, His startled, chosen few,
Amazed—and she that bore Him too;
Heard with alarm that throbbing word,
"I know not where they've laid the Lord!"

Quick at the tidings Peter ran,
Eager, impetuous, like the man,
Pushed, in the gloaming, through the door,
Saw laid-off clothes and nothing more,
And turned away. But Mary stood,
As in the stress of orphanhood,
And wept for Him she saw not; then
She peered into the crypt again;

And, as if tears her eyes had cleared,
Dissolving all that interfered
With sight of forms unseen, divine,
She saw two angels sit and shine;
Then, questioning much and sore afraid,
Stepped backward, with averted head,
And saw the Lord who there had slept,
Shown first to her who stood and wept
Near by the tomb; waited alone,
When Peter and the rest were gone,
And sorrowed for the Crucified,
That rifled resting-place beside.

O Chrism blest of loving tears,
How often still, through thee appears
The grace of spirit forms divine,
Who by our dead still sit and shine!

Our eyes like Peter's feel thy touch—
Eyes curious, questioning overmuch—
And we see angels, where, before,
Was emptiness and nothing more.

Nay! Better, sweeter, gladder still,
Our darkened souls with light to fill,
We see the Lord, not lost nor dead,
But living, risen as He said;
In valleys over-shadowed found,
Revealed through tears and rainbow-crowned!

ALVAH LILLIE FRISBIE.

ART THOU WEARY?

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

JOHN MASON NEALE.

LIFE IN DEATH.

NEW being is from being ceased;
No life is but by death;
Something's expiring everywhere
To give some other breath.

There's not a flower that glads the spring
But blooms upon the grave
Of its dead parent seed, o'er which
Its forms of beauty wave.

The oak, that like an ancient tower
Stands massive on the heath,
Looks out upon a living world,
But strikes its roots in death.

The cattle on a thousand hills
Clip the sweet herbs that grow
Rank from the soil enriched by her
Sleeping long years below.

To-day is but a structure built
Upon dead yesterday;
And Progress hews her temple-stones
From wrecks of old decay.

Then mourn not death: 'tis but a stair
Built with divinest art,
Upon which the deathless footsteps climb
Of loved ones who depart.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

BEARING LIFE'S BURDENS.

OH, there are moments for us here, when, seeing
Life's inequalities, and woe, and care,
The burdens laid upon our mortal being
Seem heavier than the human heart can bear.

For there are ills that come without foreboding,
Lightnings that fall before the thunders roll,
And there are festering cares, that, by corroding,
Eat silently their way into the soul.

And for the evils that our race inherit,
What strength is given us that we may endure?
Surely the God and Father of our spirit
Sends not afflictions which He cannot cure!

No! there is a Physician, there is healing,
And light that beams upon life's darkest day,
To him whose heart is right with God, revealing
The wisdom and the justice of His way.

Not him who never lifts his thought to heaven,
Remembering whence his blessings have been sent
Nor yet to him are strength and wisdom given,
Whose days with profitless scourge and fast . . spent:

But him whose heart is as a temple holy,
Whose prayer in every act of right is said—
He shall be strong, whether life's ills wear slowly,
Or come like lightning down upon his head:

He who for his own good or for another
Ready to pray, and strive, and labor, stands—
Who loves his God by loving well his brother,
And worships Him by keeping His commands.

PHŒBE CARRY.

RELIQUES OF THE CHRIST.

I WONDER if in Nazareth,
By heedless feet o'errun,
There lingers still some dear relique
Of work by Joseph's Son;
Some carvéd thought, some tool of toil,
Some house with stones grown gray,
A home He built who had not where
His weary head to lay.

It were a thing most beautiful,
Of rare and rich design;
And something very true and strong,
Made by a skill divine;
The road-side stones at sight of Him
Could scarce their rapture hush·
What felt His touch and art must yet
With conscious beauty blush.

I visit Nazareth, ask each man,
Each mound, each stone, each wind;
"I pray ye, help some precious trace
Of your great Builder find;"
Alas! ye listeners to my plaint,
The startled silence saith:
"What once was false, is now too true—
No Christ in Nazareth!"

But, O my soul, why thus cast down?
A truer Nazareth scan;
What if thou find no time-spoiled work
Of Christ, the Son of Man?—
Joy yet to thee; lift up thy head,
Cast raptured gaze abroad,
See in this vast Christ-builded world
Signs of the Son of God.

So Nazareth may silent be,
But earth shall have her song;
And all things true and beautiful,
And all things grand and strong,
And very humblest, too, shall sing:
"Through Him have all things been;
And without Him was nothing made:
Praise ye the Lord! Amen."

How sacred all things now! Behold,
The sun more brightly gleams,
The night with softer quietude
And gentler radiance beams:
The wandering winds tone down their wild,
Weird notes to soothing lays,
The ocean's waves tumultuous leap,
Lifting their voice in praise.

The skies wave lordlier banner-clouds,
Fair fruits more savory seem.
The flowers breathe daintier fragrances,
Wild wastes with verdure teem;
The beauty is Christ's handiwork,
The light glows from His face,
The perfume is His spirit; all
Earth's sweetness is His grace.

Ah! Love is wisest alchemist,
And Faith the truest test;
By it bright Love discovers oft
In every worst a best;
From bitterness extracts a sweet,
And, by fond joy enticed,
She cameos out from flinted griefs
Choice keepsakes of the Christ.

DENIS WORTMAN.

FROM "LINES TO LUCRETIA."

Of the poem, written when the authoress was not fourteen years old, from which we here give an extract, Washington Irving remarks: "We may have read poetry more artificially perfect in its structure, but never any more truly divine in its inspiration."

MY sister! with this mortal eye,
I ne'er shall see thy form again;
And never shall this mortal ear
Drink in the sweetness of thy strain;

Yet fancy wild, and glowing love,
Reveal thee to my spirit's view,
Enwreathed with graces from above,
And decked in heaven's own fadeless hue.

I hear thee in the summer breeze,
See thee in all that's pure or fair;
Thy whisper in the murmuring trees,
Thy breath, thy spirit everywhere!

Thy fingers wake my youthful lyre,
And teach its softer strains to flow;
Thy spirit checks each vain desire,
And gilds the lowering brow of woe.

When all is still, and fancy's realm
Is opening to the eager view,
Mine eye full oft, in search of thee,
Roams o'er that vast expanse of blue.

I know that here thy harp is mute,
And quenched the bright poetic fire;
Yet still I bend my ear to catch
The hymnings of thy seraph lyre.

Oh! if this partial converse now
So joyous to my heart can be,
How must the streams of rapture flow
When both are chainless, both are free

MARGARET DAVIDSON.

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.

I DO not ask, O Lord! that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord! I plead:
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through peace to light.
I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord! till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

JUDGE NOT.

PERCHANCE the friend who cheered thy early years
Has yielded to the tempter's power:
Yet why shrink back and draw away thy skirt,
As though her very touch would do thee hurt?
Wilt thou prove stronger in temptation's hour?
Perchance the one thou trustest more than life
Has broken love's most sacred vow:
Yet judge him not—the victor in life's strife
Is he who beareth best the burden of life,
And leaveth God to judge, nor questions how.
Sing the great song of love to all, and not
The wailing anthem of thy woes;
So live thy life that thou may'st never feel
Afraid to say, as at His throne you kneel,
"Forgive me, God, as I forgive my foes."

HIS SWEET WILL.

I HAVE no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord; for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And calmly waits on Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take
The road that Thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's Will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THY WILL BE DONE.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro;
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA LETITIA WARING.

LIFE.

Of the poem entitled "Life," Wordsworth remarked to Henry Crabb Robinson, "Well, I am not given to envy other people their good things; but I do wish I had written that."

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know: when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.
Oh, whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell me where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be?
Oh, say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning.

ANNE LETITIA BARBAULD.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

SHE wears no jewel upon hand or brow,
No badge by which she may be known of men;
But though she walk in plain attire now,
She is the daughter of the King; and when
Her Father calls her at His throne to wait
She shall be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her Father sent her in His land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done;
And since the King loves all His people well,
Therefore she, too, cares for them every one.
Thus when she stoops to lift from want and sin
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect through dangers manifold,
While many sink and fall on either hand.
She dreads not summer's heat nor winter's cold,
For both are subject to the King's command.
She need not be afraid of anything,
Because she is a daughter of the King.

Even when the angel comes that men call Death
And name with terror, it appalls not her.
She turns to look at him with quickened breath,
Thinking it is the royal messenger.
Her heart rejoices that her Father calls
Her back to life within the palace walls.

For though the land she dwells in is most fair,
Set round with streams, a picture in its frame
Yet often in her heart deep longings are
For that imperial palace whence she came.
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because she is a daughter of the King.

REBECCA P. UTTER.

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.

AND now, behold! as at the approach of morning
Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,

Appeared to me—may I again behold it!
A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.

And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white, and underneath,
Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first brightness into wings unfolded;
But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,

He cried aloud: "Quick, quick, and bow the knee!
Behold the angel of God! fold up thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!

"See! how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores!

"See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"

And then, as nearer, and more near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his presence.

But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed nought thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot!
Beatitude seemed written in his face!
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.

"*In exitu Israel* out of Egypt!"
Thus sang they all together in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.

Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

O SLEEP DIVINE.

O SLEEP divine! surcease of pain!
The truce of God with care and strife!
Thy sweet forgetting who can gain
Has plucked the very flower of life.

We float to thee on drowsy wings,
When all the hard day's tasks are o'er;
And when for us thy wide door swings,
Our pain, our dread, they are no more.

Safe in thy wide encircling arms,
We dream perchance that we are blest;
Or, haply, drink the enthralling balms
That lead to deep unconscious rest.

Long, long, as lasts thy tender spell,
So long is sorrow put to rout,
All we forebode, desire as well,
In perfect peace is blotted out.

But sleep divine! surcease of pain!
One day there cometh when no more
We wake to all the strain and stress
And tumult of this mortal shore.

But at the last, by thee embraced,
We find at length how sweet, serene,
Their rest who all life's acts outplayed,
Wait at God's hands the new next scene.

HARRIET TYNG GRISWOLD.

HE RAN THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

I MET a little girl, one day.
Beyond the railroad bridge,
With pail of berries she had picked
Along the bank's high ridge.

"Where do you live, my child?" I said,
"And what may be your name?"
She looked at me with eyes askance,
And then her answer came:

"The house upon the bluff is ours;
They call me Bonnie Bess;
My father is an engineer,
And runs the night express."

A sparkle came into her face,
A dimple to her chin—
The father loved his little girl,
And she was proud of him.

"Ten-forty-nine, on schedule time
(Scarce e'er a minute late),
Around the curve his engine comes,
At quite a fearful rate.

"We watch the headlight through the gloom
Break like the dawn of day—
A roar, a flash, and then the train
Is miles upon its way.

"A lamp in mamma's window burns,
Placed there alone for him.
His face lights up, for then he knows
That all is well within.

"Sometimes a fog o'erhangs the gorge.
The light he cannot see,
Then twice he whistles for mamma,
And clangs the bell for me."

"And you are not afraid," I asked,
"That he may wreck the train?
That there may be a sad mishap,
And he no wise to blame?"

A pallor crept into her cheeks.
Her red lips curled in pain;
They parted, then serenely smiled—
Her heart was brave again.

"God watches over us," she said,
"And He knows what is best;
So we have but to pray and trust,
And leave to Him the rest."

How great that childish faith of hers!
It made my own seem weak;
I bent my head, with throbbing heart,
And kissed her on the cheek.

I said to her, in cheery tone,
"God bless you, Bonnie Bess!
God bless your mother and the man
Who runs the night express!"

FRANK H. STAUFFER.

THANKS.

A MOTHER gave her darling a fair gift,
The child no word expressed; he did out lift
His shining eyes to hers. She understood
The gladness in his heart; and this was good
To her as thanks.

A father toiled amid the city's din,
Pleasures and plenty for his home to win,

The children did not praise him; they were glad
And in their laughing happiness he had
Enough of thanks.

Unknown, one poured his life out through his pen,
And gave his best, himself, for love of men;
They never thought to thank him: but he heard
His words used freely when their hearts were stirred,
And he was thanked.

A rich man gave the people his green park,
Where they could see the daisies; hear the lark;
For rest and health tired men and women came,
And though they seldom spoke the donor's name,
He was well thanked.

Gift after gift does the great Father send,
Down to his children, for there is no end
To love that is eternal. But do they
On whom He spends His love, as often stay
To give Him thanks?

Sometimes there rises upward sweetest song,
Because in thankful hearts the love is strong.
He smiles upon the singers; and strange bliss
Comes back to them, as if the Father's kiss
Answered their thanks.

But is He quite unthanked should these forget
To speak His praises? Oh! I think, that yet
Himself is glad in all their plentitude,
And He can see that joy is gratitude
Which gives Him thanks.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.

LONGING already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day,

Withouten more delay I left the bank,
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.

A gently-breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,
No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze,

Whereat the tremulous branches readily
Did all of them bow downward towards that side
Where its first shadow cast the Holy Mountain;

Yet not from their upright direction bent
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art;

But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime
Singing received they in the midst of foliage
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,
When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.

Already my slow steps had led me on
Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could see no more the place where I had entered.

And lo! my farther course cut off a river,
Which, towards the left hand, with its little waves
Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid are,
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,

Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

'TIS midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young spring, bright summer, autumn's solemn form,
And winter with its aged locks—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

THE VALLEY OF UNREST.

ONCE it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,

In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless—
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye—
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave!
They wave:—from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dews come down in drops.
They weep:—from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

FAR, FAR AWAY.

HAD I the wings of a dove, I would fly
Far, far away; far, far away;
Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,
Far, far away; far, far away;
Fadeless the flowers in yon Eden that blow,
Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow,
Hearts, like their garments, as pure as the snow,
Far, far away; far away.

There never trembles a sigh of regret,
Far, far away; far, far away;
Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set,
Far, far away; far, far away;
There I from sorrow ever would rest,
Leaning in joy on Immanuel's breast;
Tears never fall in the homes of the blessed,
Far, far away; far away.

Friends, there united in glory, ne'er part,
Far, far away; far, far away;
One is their temple, their home, and their heart,
Far, far away; far, far away;
The river of crystal, the city of gold,
The portals of pearl, such glory unfold,
Thought cannot image, and tongue hath not told,
Far, far away; far away.

List! what yon harpers on golden harps play;
Come, come away; come, come away;
Falling and frail is your cottage of clay;
Come, come away; come, come away;
Come to these mansions, there's room yet for you,
Dwell with the Friend ever faithful and true;
Sing ye the song, ever old, ever new;
Come, come away; come away.

MARION PAUL AIRD.

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

IT isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heart-ache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heart-ache
At the setting of the sun.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HE GIVETH HIS LOVED ONES SLEEP.

HE sees when their footsteps falter, when their
hearts grow weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing, and
listens to each complaint:
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has
grown too steep;
And, folded in fair, green pastures,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn out children, that sigh for the
daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its
sweet repose;
So He calls them in from their labors, ere the shadows
round them creep,
And silently watching o'er them,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast.
Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep,
For with many a soothing promise
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! Friends the dearest can never this boon bestow;
But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow!
Their foes may gather about them, and storms may round them sweep,
But, guarding them safe from danger,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppress to-day,
Like mists that oppose the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away.
No call nor clamor can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep,
For only his voice can reach them,
Who giveth his loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over; weep not that their race is run;
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like theirs, is done!
Till then we would yield with gladness our treasures to Him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance—
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance—
Her thin pale fingers clasped within the hand
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And, as it stirred with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turned upon her pillow. He was there—
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she looked
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kissed it as she wept.

The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face;
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure—and he could not hear,
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils—and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse—and, at her mouth.
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ached with its deathly stillness.

It was night—
And, softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee,
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves played low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air.
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people. At his feet
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
And staff—for they had waited by the sea
Till He came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed
For his wont teachings as He came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,
As He leaned forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep—
And in his looks the same mild majesty—
And in his mien the sadness mixed with power—
Filled them with love and wonder. Suddenly,
As on his words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them stood
Jairus the Ruler. With his flowing robe
Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side;
And silently the people shrunk away,
And left the haughty Ruler in the midst
Alone. A moment longer on the face
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
And, as the twelve looked on him, by the light
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
Steal to his silver beard; and, drawing nigh
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands
Pressed it upon his lids, and murmured low,
"*Master! my daughter!*"

The same silvery light,
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,
Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals,
As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
Jesus and his disciples. All was still.
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,

As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
He trod the winding stairs; but ere he touched
The latchet, from within a whisper came,
"*Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!*"
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps faltered, and his broken voice
Choked in its utterance;—but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,
"*She is not dead—but sleepeth.*"

They passed in.
The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
Curled indolently on the chamber walls.
The silken curtains slumbered in their folds—
Not even a tassel stirring in the air—
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
And prayed inaudibly, the Ruler heard
The quickening division of his breath
As He grew earnest inwardly. There came
A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;
And, drawing nearer to the bed, He moved
The silken curtains silently apart,
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails,
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
"*Maiden! Arise!*" —and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance—arose!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

A PAUPER'S REVENGE.

ONE moment, oh, stay one moment, and give me
a coin for bread,
You're the first I've ever asked, sir, for beg-
ging's a thing I dread;
But I only left the workhouse a few short hours ago,
And I haven't a friend to help me—for God's sake,
don't say No.

I know that I'm presuming, but I'm suffering want
and pain,
And I'll never ask the Guardians to take me back
again—
The same old story? Nay, sir; my story is fresh and
true,
Will you linger just a moment while I tell my tale to
you?

Five long, long years ago, sir, I was happy and well-
to-do,
Not a thin and wasted creature, but as tall and strong
as you;
With a wife as fair as sunlight, and a home like
heaven below;
While, better than these, my name, sir, was pure as
the glistening snow.

I'd worked my business well, sir, then, thinking
'twould be for the best,
I took in a working partner, intending to take some
rest;
And I did, till I found the money was melting fast
away,
When I searched the books and found, sir, that the
business had gone astray.

That partner of mine soon vanished with all the
available cash;
He had ruined the firm in bills, sir, and naught could
avert a smash:
'Twas a blow that simply crushed me; my ruin was so
complete,
That within a month from then, sir, we had scarcely
food to eat.

Ah! many a time I've cursed him, the villain who
spoiled my life,
I prayed for vengeance once, sir, as I stood by my
poor dead wife,
For he, and he only, caused me the whole of my
awful woe,
And I prayed that God's wrath would follow wherever
the wretch should go.

Alone in the world, I glided down, down in the social
scale;
Unable to find employment, my courage began to
fail,
And weary of life and its burden, impelled by the
hand of fate,
I flew to my only shelter inside the workhouse gate.

Why did I leave it? I'll tell you. The reason is
strange though true.
I hope you'll not think I am trying to hatch up a
story for you.



GOOD BYE TO PAPA

And pray do not think for a moment, I'm wanting to brag of my acts,
I'll tell you the tale quite simply, confining it strictly to facts.

'Twas only to-day it happened, though it seems a month ago,
I was just outside of the gate, sir, a-sweeping away the snow,
When a tattered, shivering stranger, with an air of fallen pride,
Came up and asked me softly, was there room for him inside.

I started, and eyed the speaker, for I thought that voice I knew,
And he seemed to quail before me as I looked him through and through;
'Twas a mutual recognition, and there for a minute's space
We two old city partners stood silent face to face.

My blood grew hot, and I shouted, as I clutched and held him fast:
"You villain! till now you've 'scaped me, but my time has come at last;
I've a few old scores to settle before I can let you go."
And with that I raised my fist, sir, to strike him a crushing blow.

But just as the blow was falling, I fancied that I could trace
A mute appeal for mercy in his thin and careworn face,
And my blow went wide and harmless, for, bad as he once had been,
I couldn't resist his glances, whatever the man might mean.

With an effort, I curbed my temper, and instantly let him go,
When he fell right down before me, on his knees, in the pure white snow,
And he sobbed: "I crave forgiveness, the way has been sharp and rough;
For God's sake spare your anger, my punishment's hard enough!"

'Twas a struggle, but I forgave him, and showed him the way inside,
Though I knew he couldn't stay there, however much he tried.
The wards were full, they told him, there wasn't a vacant place,
And it went to my heart, that look, sir, on his pale and shrunken face.

Then straight from the spot I darted, right into the master's room,
Took my discharge and went, sir, away from the place of gloom,
Into a gloomier, maybe. You say, 'twas a foolish whim!
Nay, sir, I left that workhouse to give up my place to him.

That's all the revenge I've had, sir, a poor one you think, no doubt;
But I hope I shall never regret, sir, the morning that I came out.
Even now, I am proudly conscious that I did what I thought was right—
I thank you, kind sir, God bless you! A happy new year! Good night!

JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

THE END OF KING DAVID.

A LEGEND OF THE TALMUD.

"LORD, let me know mine end, and of my days
The number, that I may be certified
How long I have to live!" So prayed, in heat,
The monarch after God's own heart, whose son
Was wiser than himself. The Voice Divine
Made answer: "I have set behind a veil
From man the knowledge of his time of death.
That he must die, he knows, and knows enough."
But David wrestled with the Lord in prayer:
"Let me but know the measure of my days!"
And God said: "Of the measure of his days
May no man know." Yet David urged again
The Lord: "I do beseech Thee, let me know
When I shall cease to be?" "Thy time," said God,
"Shall come upon a Sabbath; ask no more."
"Nay; not upon thy Sabbath-day, O Lord,"
Cried David, "let thy servant meet his end;
Upon the morrow following let me die!"

And God once more made answer: "I have said!
The reigns of kings are preordained, nor may
By so much as the breadth of one thin hair
Be lengthened or diminished. Solomon,
Thy son, upon the Sabbath mounts thy throne;
I may not take from him to add to thee—"
"Nay, then," said David, "let me die, O Lord,
The day before; for in thy courts, one day
Is better than a thousand spent elsewhere!"
And God made final answer: "Nor from thee
To add to him. But know thou this, one day
Spent by thee in the study of my law,
Shall find more favor in my sight than steam
And savor of burnt offerings thousand-fold
That Solomon, thy son, shall sacrifice."
And the Lord ceased; and David held his peace
But ever after, when the Sabbath dawned,
Till sunset followed sunrise, sat the king—
The volume of the book upon his knees—
Absorbed in meditation and in prayer.
So to be found what time his hour shall come,
And many a week the Sabbath came and went.

About the rearward of the palace grew
An orchard trimly planted—to the sense
Pleasant with sight and smell and grateful shade
In summer noons—and, beyond this again,
Such lodgings as the king should give the steeds
That draw his royal chariot, and the hounds
That, for his pastime, in the forest rouse
The lion from his lair. And lo! it chanced
One Sabbath morn, the slave whose office 'twas
To tend King David's kennels, in his task
Had made default, and left the mated hounds
Howling for hunger. So their cry disturbed
The king, who knew it not. And David rose
And put aside the volume, and, in haste,
Passed through the postern to the orchard plot,
Seeking the uproar's cause. And as his foot
O'erstepped the threshold, there he fell down—dead!

Then straightway in hot haste the news was brought
To Solomon, who all the Rabbis called
To sudden council. "Tell me," said the king,
"Ye sages of the law; my father lies
Dead in his orchard, and the Sabbath yet
Lacks many hours of ending; were it well
To raise and bear the body now at once
To the corpse chamber, or to let it lie
There until set of sun? And lo! his hounds
Howl for the food; may I eat meat for them
Upon the Sabbath day?" And, with one voice,
The Rabbis answered: "Let the Sabbath close
Ere thou lift up the king, thy father's corpse;
But thou mayst carve their portion for the hounds."

So til' the sunset in the orchard lay
The king untended; but the hounds were fed,
And Solomon said only, "Yea! a dog
Alive is worthier than a lion dead!"

THE SOUL A HOLY LAND.

WHAT reverent soul loves not to tread
The soil of Palestine,
And breathe the air, and kiss the sod,
Where his worn feet have been?
Kneel in the mountains where He prayed,
Traverse the storm-calmed sea,
Weep in the garden, bear some cross
To sacred Calvary?

But O my soul, as I thy good
And evil ways explore,
I seem to see the Christ in thee
His earthly life live o'er,
Thou art another Holy Land,
(Ah, holy mightst thou be!)
The olden joys and griefs of Christ
Repeat themselves in thee.

No longing for his coming,
No greeting Him with scorn,
No mountain for his praying,
No sea by tempest torn,
No cheer of friends, nor wrath of foes,
From manger to the tree,
But finds its faithful counterpart,
Mysterious heart, in thee.

Thou art that Manger where we see
The infant Christ recline;
The living, throbbing, human breast,
Nursing the Babe divine;
Thy low-born thoughts the cattle are,
Thy high, the Magi wise;
Lo, o'er thee singing angels bend
And thrill with praise the skies.

Thou art that long-sought Nazarene work,
On which with love-taught skill
The Carpenter who is about
His Father's business still,
Doth toil through sunshine and through storm
And far into the night,
Building a house most beautiful
To crown some holy height.

Thou art that Temple where the Lord
Out-teacheth scribes of law,
Whence afterward with cords He makes
Coarse mammon-priests withdraw;
Thine inmost court, a holy place,
The Lord's own glory-home,
Thine outer sentencing Him oft
To shame and martyrdom.

Thou art most fair, Gennesaret,
With holy depths of calm,
Thy smile is heaven's portraiture,
Thy breath a tender psalm:
Oh! who could guess such rageful storms
Might spoil thy bright expanse?
Who think o'er such sweet lyre of God
Might thrum such dissonance?

But wot thou well, my soul, of One
Who can thy rage control;
Of One who sails serene the sea
When waves of wildness roll;
The Master speaks—the maniac winds
Pause, listening to his will;
Then all thy depths of calm return—
As He saith: "Peace, be still."

Thou art that upper chamber where
The Saviour is the guest;
Where Judas a vile treason hides,
But John leans on his breast;
Here breaketh He the mystic bread,
Here poureth mystic wine,
And in a human breast pours forth
A prayer, a love, divine.

Thou art the Garden, where the Christ
Perchance hath oft essayed
Sweet hours of rest in solitude
Beneath thine olive shade;
Yet, oh, that blood-sweat, oh, that deep,
That bitter agony
Of our dear Lord! my soul, thou art
His dark Gethsemane!

"Father, if it be possible,
Let this cup pass from me!"
My soul, that pleading prayer to God
Was made in truth to thee;
Thou would'st not make it possible;
"Not my will, then, but thine!"
Thou hast thy way; but, cruel soul,
What sin hast thou made mine?

What, wilful soul, was Calvary's Cross
But thine uplifted pride?
What save thine angered sin so pierced
His hands, his feet, his side?
Ay, what his thirst but for thy love?
And had the Saviour's heart
So missed the Father hadst thou but
Fulfilled the brother's part?

Lord, pardon me! love cannot be
By thee misunderstood;
Those nails and spear are tokens dear
They tell me of thy blood;
E'en from my sins my spirit wins
This tender, reverent thought;
Through sins of mine, by sufferings thine
Was my redemption wrought.

But, O my soul, I charge thee well,
Reliques more noble gain
Than those which jeopardize thy life,
And give the Lord such pain;
Where be thy tears of penitence,
Thine inward groans and sighs,
Thy restful trust, thy weeping love,
Thy quick self-sacrifice?

Dear Lord, the crucifer would
Be crucified by Thee;
Turn Thou thy love to instruments
Of torture sweet to me!
Thrice welcome, cross and nail and spear!
Oh, joy of agony!
I pardon him that slayeth me,
Pierced by his love, I die!

More precious now than wooden cross
The crosses daily borne;
Than thorns of old, the griefs by which
The heart's self-love is torn;
Sacred as Calvary's mournful road,
The rough paths daily trod;
But best of all, or cross, or crown,
As pleaseth Thee, my God!

So this I say, my soul, as I
Thy devious ways explore;
I seem to see the Christ in thee
His earthly life live o'er;
Thou art another Holy Land—
(Ah, holy mightst thou be!)
The olden joys and griefs of Christ
Repeat themselves in thee.

No longing for his coming,
No greeting him with scorn,
No mountain for his praying,
No sea by tempest torn;
No cheer of friend, no wrath of foe,
From manger to the tree,
But finds its faithful counterpart,
Mysterious heart, in thee!

DENIS WORTMAN.

A SUPPLICATION.

O LOVE Divine! lay on me burdens if thou wilt,
To break thy faithless one-hour watchman's shameful sleep!
Turn comforts into awful prophets to my guilt;
Close to thy garden-travail let me wake and weep!

For while the resurrection waved its signs august,
Like morning's dew-bright banners on a cloudless sky,
My weak feet clung enamored to the parching dust,
And the vain sand's poor pebbles lured my roving eye.

By loneliness or hunger turn and re-create me!
Ordain whatever masters in thy saving school.
Let the whole prosperous host of fashion's flatterers hate me,
So Thou wilt henceforth bless me with thy gracious rule.

I pray not to be saved, ascended Lord, from sorrow:
Redeem me only from my fond and mean self-love,
Let each long night of wrestling bring a mourning morrow,
If thus my heart ascend and dwell with Thee above!

Vales of repentance mount to hills of high desire;
Seven times seven suffering years gain the Sabbatic rest;
Earth's fickle, cruel lap, alternate frost and fire,
Tempers beloved disciples for the Master's breast.

Our work lies wide; men ache and doubt and die; thy ark
Shakes in our hands; reason and faith, God's son
And daughter, fight their futile battle in the dark.
Our sluggish eyelids slumber with our task half done.

Oh, bleeding Priest of silent, sad Gethsemane—
That second Eden where upsprings the Healing Vine,
Press from our careless foreheads drops of sweat for Thee!
Fill us with sacrificial love for souls, like thine.

Thou who didst promise cheer along with tribulation,
Hold up our trust and keep it firm by much enduring;
Feed fainting hearts with patient hopes of thy salvation:
Make glorious service, more than luxury's bed, alluring.

Hallow our wit with prayer; our mastery steep in meekness;
Pour on our stumbling studies Inspiration's light:
Hew out for thy dear Church a future without weakness,
Quarried from thine eternal order, beauty, might!

Met there mankind's great brotherhood of souls and powers,
Raise Thou full praises from its farthest corners dim;
Pour down, oh steadfast sun, thy beams on all its towers!
Roll through its world-wide space faith's eucharistic hymn!

O Way for all that live, win us by pain and loss!
Fill all our years with toil—and comfort with thy rod!
Through thy ascension cloud, beyond the cross,
Looms on our sight, in peace, the city of our God!

FREDERIC DAN HUNTINGTON.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

O DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

PEACEFUL REST.

This remarkable little poem was found under the pillow of a wounded soldier near Port Royal, 1864.

I LAY me down to sleep.
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now—
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart—

And grasp his banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

MRS. ROBERT S. HOWLAND.

AGNES THE MARTYR.

YOUNG Agnes stood before her judge;
"Speak! What is this I hear?
Thine ancient name is flung to shame,
Thy goods are scattered here and there;
Speak, if thy life is dear."

She lifted up untroubled eyes,
The sweet face smiled serene,
White lily leaf, untouched by grief,
Has never worn a fairer sheen
Blooming the thorns between.

She said, "I bear a new, strange name,
That none on earth may know,
My cups of ore, my golden store
Have fed my sisters, poor and old,
And love is more than gold."

They linked her small hands one to one,
In iron fetters fast;
In girlish glee, right playfully
Her hands from out the links she passed
And down the fetters cast.

The judge looked on, "Renounce this faith.
I know there waiteth thee
In royal grace, a bridegroom's face;
Thy form is fair, thy spirit free,
As Roman girl's should be."

She turned to the unclouded east
With face as free from cloud,
"The Bridegroom waits, by pearl-built gates,"
The rest she did not speak aloud,
Yet hushed to awe the crowd.

Beckoned the judge. The steel blue sword
Flashed in a man's strong hand:
As one content, her head she bent,
And kneeling gently on the sand
Smiled on the brand.

From small round throat, she drew aside
Each clustering golden curl,
Spoke but one word—"My Christ, my Lord."
The sword gleamed down; there lay the girl,
Earth's fairest purest pearl.

Oh, girls, who wear St. Agnes' face,
As fair, as pure as she;
Keep faith unstrained, keep soul unstained
And live your lives as perfectly
That yours, her heaven may be.

ELLEN MURRAY.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

LET'S oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.

We were not made to fret and sigh
And when grief sleeps, to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.

Oh, there's the slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then, here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them;
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.

Oh, this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

DAVID'S GRIEF FOR HIS CHILD.

'TWAS daybreak, and the fingers of the dawn
Drew the night's curtain, and touched silently
The eyelids of the king. And David woke,
And robed himself, and prayed. The inmates now,
Of the vast palace were astir, and feet
Glided along the tesselated floors
With a pervading murmur, and the fount
Whose music had been all the night unheard,
Played as if light had made it audible;
And each one, waking, blessed it unaware.

The fragrant strife of sunshine with the morn
Sweetened the air to ecstasy! and now
The king's wont was to lie upon his couch
Beneath the sky-roof of the inner court,
And, shut in from the world, but not from heaven,
Play with his loved son by the fountain's lip;
For, with idolatry confessed alone
To the rapt wires of his reproofless harp,
He loved the child of Bathsheba. And when
The golden selvedge of his robe was heard
Sweeping the marble pavement, from within
Broke forth a child's laugh suddenly, and words—
Articulate, perhaps, to *his* heart only—
Pleading to come to him. They brought the boy—
An infant cherub, leaping as if used
To hover with that motion upon wings,
And marvellously beautiful! His brow
Had the inspired up-lift of the king's,
And kingly was his infantine regard;
But his ripe mouth was of the ravishing mould
Of Bathsheba's—the hue and type of love,
Rosy and passionate—and oh, the moist
Unfathomable blue of his large eyes
Gave out its light as twilight shows a star,
And drew the heart of the beholder in!—
And this was like his mother.

David's lips
Moved with unuttered blessings, and a while
He closed the lids upon his moistened eyes,
And, with the round cheek of the nestling boy
Pressed to his bosom, sat as if afraid
That but the lifting of his lids might jar
The heart-cup's over-fullness. Unobserved,
A servant of the outer court had knelt
Waiting before him; and a cloud the while
Had rapidly spread o'er the summer heaven;
And, as the chill of the withdrawing sun
Fell on the king, he lifted up his eyes
And frowned upon the servant—for that hour
Was hallowed to his heart and his fair child,
And none might seek him. And the king arose,

And with a troubled countenance looked up
To the fast-gathering darkness; and, behold,
The servant bowed himself to earth, and said,
"Nathan the prophet cometh from the Lord!"
And David's lips grew white, and with a clasp
Which wrung a murmur from the frighted child,
He drew him to his breast, and covered him
With the long foldings of his robe, and said,
"I will come forth. Go now!" And lingeringly
With kisses on the fair uplifted brow,
And mingled words of tenderness and prayer
Breaking in tremulous accents from his lips,
He gave to them the child, and bowed his head
Upon his breast with agony. And so,
To hear the errand of the man of God,
He fearfully went forth.

It was the morning of the seventh day.
A hush was in the palace, for all eyes
Had woke before the morn; and they who drew
The curtains to let in the welcome light,
Moved in their chambers with unslippered feet,
And listened breathlessly. And still no stir!
The servants who kept watch without the door
Sat motionless; the purple casement-shades
From the low windows had been rolled away,
To give the child air; and the flickering light
That, all the night, within the spacious court,
Had drawn the watcher's eyes to one spot only,
Paled with the sunrise and fled in.

And hushed
With more than stillness was the room where lay
The king's son on his mother's breast. His locks
Slept at the lips of Bathsheba unstirred—
So fearfully, with heart and pulse kept down,
She watched his breathless slumber. The low moan
That from his lips all night broke fitfully,
Had silenced with the daybreak; and a smile—
Or something that would fain have been a smile—
Played in his parted mouth; and though his lids
Hid not the blue of his unconscious eyes,
His senses seemed all peacefully asleep,
And Bathsheba in silence blessed the morn
That brought back hope to her! But when the king
Heard not the voice of the complaining child,
Nor breath from out the room, nor foot astir—
But morning there—so welcomeless and still—
He groaned and turned upon his face. The nights
Had wasted; and the mornings come; and days
Crept through the sky, unnumbered by the k[illegible]
Since the child sickened; and, without the door,
Upon the bare earth prostrate, he had lain—
Listening only to the moans that brought
Their inarticulate tidings, and the voice
Of Bathsheba, whose pity and caress,
In loving utterance all broke with tears,
Spoke as his heart would speak if he were there,
And filled his prayer with agony. O God!
To thy bright mercy seat the way is far!
How fail the weak words while the heart keeps on!
And when the spirit, mournfully, at last,
Kneels at thy throne, how cold, how distantly
The comforting of friends fall on the ear—
The anguish they would speak to, gone to Thee!

But suddenly the watchers at the door
Rose up, and they who ministered within
Crept to the threshold and looked earnestly
Where the king lay. And still while Bathsheba
Held the unmoving child upon her knees,
The curtains were let down, and all came forth,
And, gathering with fearful looks apart,
Whispered together.

And the king arose
And gazed on them a moment, and with voice
Of quick, uncertain utterance, he asked,
"Is the child dead?" They answered, "He is dead!"
But when they looked to see him fall again
Upon his face, and rend himself and weep—
For, while the child was sick, his agony
Would bear no comforters, and they had thought
His heart strings with the tidings must give away—
Behold! his face grew calm, and with his robe
Gathered together like his kingly wont,
He silently went in.

And David came,
Robed and anointed, forth, and to the house
Of God went up to pray. And he returned,
And they set bread before him, and he ate—
And when they marvelled, he said, "Wherefore mourn?
The child is dead, and I shall go to him—
But he will not return to me."

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

I CAN TRUST.

I CANNOT see, with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know He hath said: "Child, follow Me!"
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before,
I only know God could keep wide the door.
But I can trust.

I find no answer; often, when beset
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,
And often have but strength to faintly pray.
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened fruit for God will there be found;
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
But this I know, God watches all my path—
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my si
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light.
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To see while here the land beyond the river;
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;
So I can trust.

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

MORN breaketh in the east. The purple clouds
Are putting on their gold and violet,
To look the meeter for the sun's bright coming.
Sleep is upon the waters and the wind;
And nature, from the wavy forest-leaf
To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet
There is no mist upon the deep blue sky,
And the clear dew is on the blushing bosoms
Of crimson roses in a holy rest.
How hallowed is the hour of morning! meet—
Ay, beautifully meet—for the pure prayer.
The patriarch standeth at his tented door,
With his white locks uncovered. 'Tis his wont
To gaze upon that gorgeous Orient;
And at that hour the awful majesty
Of man who talketh often with his God,
Is wont to come again, and clothe his brow
As at his fourscore strength. But, now, he seemeth
To be forgetful of his vigorous frame,
And boweth to his staff as at the hour
Of noontide sultriness. And that bright sun—
He looketh at its penciled messengers,
Coming in golden raiment, as if all
Were but a graven scroll of fearfulness.
Ah, he is waiting till it herald in
The hour to sacrifice his much-loved son!

Light poureth on the world. And Sarah stands
Watching the steps of Abraham and her child
Along the dewy sides of the far hills,
And pra[y] that her sunny boy faint not.
Would she have watched their path so silently,
If she had known that he was going up,
E'en in his fair-haired beauty, to be slain
As a white lamb for sacrifice? They trod
Together onward, patriarch and child—
The bright sun throwing back the old man's shade
In straight and fair porportions, as of one
Whose years were freshly numbered. He stood up
Tall in his vigorous strength; and, like a tree
Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not.
His thin white hairs had yielded to the wind,
And left his brow uncovered; and his face,
Impressed with the stern majesty of grief
Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth
Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.
But the young boy—he of the laughing eye
And ruby lip—the pride of life was on him,
He seemed to drink the morning. Sun and dew
And the aroma of the spicy trees,
And all that giveth the delicious east
Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light
Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts
With love and beauty. Everything he met,
Buoyant or beautiful, the lightest wing
Of bird or insect, or the palest dye
Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path;
And joyously broke forth his tiny shout,
As he flung back his silken hair, and sprung
Away to some green spot or clustering vine,
To pluck his infant trophies. Every tree
And fragrant shrub was a new hiding-pla[ce]
And he would crouch till the old man came by,
Then bound before him with his childish laugh,
Stealing a look behind him playfully,
To see if he had made his father smile.
The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up
From the fresh daughters of the earth, and heat
Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves,
And bent them with the blossoms to their dreams.
Still trod the patriarch on, with that same step,
Firm and unfaltering; turning not aside
To seek the olive shades, or lave their lips
In the sweet waters of the Syrian wells,
Whose gush hath so much music. Weariness
Stole on the gentle boy, and he forgot
To toss his sunny hair from off his brow,
And spring for the fresh flowers and light wings
As in the early morning; but he kept
Close by his father's side, and bent his head
Upon his bosom like a drooping bud,
Lifting it not, save now and then, to steal
A look up to the face whose sternness awed
His childishness to silence.

It was noon—
And Abraham on Moriah bowed himself,
And buried up his face, and prayed for strength.
He could not look upon his son, and pray,
But, with his hand upon the clustering curls
Of the fair, kneeling boy, he prayed that God
Would nerve him for that hour.

He rose up, and laid
The wood upon the altar. All was done.
He stood a moment—and a deep, quick flush
Passed o'er his countenance; and then he nerved
His spirit with a bitter strength, and spoke—
"Isaac! my o[wn] son!"—the boy looked up:
"Where is the lamb, m[y] father?"—Oh, the tones
The sweet, familiar voice of a loved child!—
What would its music seem at such an hou[r]
It was the last deep struggle. Abraham [fell]

His loved, his beautiful, his only son,
And lifted up his arm, and called on God—
And lo! God's angel stayed him—and he fell
Upon his face, and wept.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again,
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

THERE'S never an always cloudless sky,
There's never a vale so fair,
But over it sometimes shadows lie
In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhung the day,
And flung its shadows down,
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray,
Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side:
Though rage the tempest loud,
And scatter its terrors far and wide,
There's light upon the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,
Shutting the landscape out,
And only the chilly east-winds blow
From the foggy seas of doubt,

There'll come a time, near the setting sun,
When the joys of life seem few,
A rift will break in the evening dun,
And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make
Out of the golden bars,
And all its priceless treasures take
Where shine the eternal stars.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

ABRAM AND ZIMRI.

ABRAM and Zimri owned a field together—
A level field hid in a happy vale;
They ploughed it with one plough, and in the spring
Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.
In harvest, when the glad earth smiles with grain,
Each carried to his home one-half the sheaves,
And stored them with much labor in his barns.
Now Abram had a wife and seven sons,
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,
As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed
And counted in his mind his little gains,
He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
And said, "I dwell alone within my house,
But Abram hath a wife and seven sons,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
He surely needeth more for life than I;
I will arise, and gird myself, and go
Down to the field, and add to his from mine."

So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field;
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,
The branches waved and whispered in the wind.
So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Went down the mountain path, and found the field
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap,
And then went back to sleep and happy dreams.

Now, that same night, as Abram lay in bed,
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said, "He dwells within his house alone,
He goeth forth to toil with few to help,
He goeth home at night to a cold house,
And hath few other friends but me and mine"
(For these two tilled the happy vale alone);
"While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,
Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,
Who aid me in my toil and make it light,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
This surely is not pleasing unto God;
I will arise and gird myself, and go
Out to the field, and borrow from my store,
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field;
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the starry sky,
The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze

So Abram guided by the doubtful light,
Passed down the mountain path and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And added them unto his brother's heap;
Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.
So the next morning with the early sun
The brothers rose, and went out to their toil;
And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,
Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,
Though he had given a third, was still the same.

Now the next night went Zimri to the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous share
And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,
And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,
The cedars stood up black against the sky,
The olive-branches whispered in the wind;
Then Abram came down softly from his home,
And, looking to the right and left, went on,
Took from his ample store a generous third,
And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
Then Zimri rose and caught him in his arms,
And wept upon his neck, and kissed his cheek,
And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak,
Neither could Zimri. So they walked along
Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer
That he had bound them in such loving bands.

CLARENCE COOK.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now—
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet:
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die!

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

DESIRE.

THOU, who dost dwell alone;
Thou, who dost know thine own;
Thou, to whom all are known,
From the cradle to the grave—
Save, O, save!

From the world's temptations;
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave—
Save, O, save!

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature;
From grief, that is but passion,
From mirth, that is but feigning;
From tears, that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining—
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, O save!

From doubt, where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust;
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea;
O, set us free!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

DYING WORDS OF A LITTLE GIRL.

"DEAR Jesus, let me sleep," she said;
The Saviour heard her cry:
"Lay down, dear child, thy weary head"—
How sweet the mild reply.

"Dear Jesus, let me sleep," she said.
Her gentle spirit flown
To swell the numbers of the blest,
Who stand around the throne.

"He giveth his beloved sleep,'
O blessed promise given:
We gave to Him our lamb to keep,
Our treasure's now in heaven.

O happy they, who with the Lamb
Shall stand on Zion's hill,
With palms of victory in their hand,
Beyond the fear of ill.

Yes, happy they who in the Lord
This blessed sleep shall share—
A sleep unruffled by a sigh,
Untroubled by a care.

MAGGIE STUART PATRICK.

TRIUMPHANT FAITH.

AMIDST the city's din are heard
The bells of Sabbath ringing,
And through the factory's buzz and hum
The songs of children singing:
Through the deep solemn chimes of war
The hymns of home are gliding;
Behind resounding thunder-blasts
The timid choirs are hiding.

Faith is that wondrous instrument
Whereby the soul may hear
Amid the woes and wails of life
The songs of hope and cheer:
We stand among the myriad sounds
That fill the troubled earth,
And ever choose the strains we will
Of sadness or of mirth.

We sit beside the groaning sea
Of human fear and sorrow,
And catch immortal symphonies
From God's eternal Morrow;
Within us fares the fearful fray
Of many hosts contending,
Yet well we hear the victor-cries
O'er contests grandly ending.

Oh! hoarse the shouts and wild the fray
Where fight the good and ill,
And how shall we keep courage up
With God so far, so still?
And human breasts are filled with dread,
As, mingling in the din,
They wonder when the Lord shall bid
Grace to o'ermaster sin.

God! hear what dreadful wraths and cries
Threaten thy noblest plan;
What wicked powers and plots of hell!
What fateful schemes of man!
Huge wrong stands ofttimes uppermost,
And right lies humbled low;
And to discouraged ones it seems
That Thou wilt have it so!

Great songs of God are fast inclosed
In the world-organ vast,
The winds sweep up the quivering pipes
In stormy, angry blast;
But faith sits at the organ-boards
And deftly strikes the keys,
'Tis weird, 'tis grand, how earthly reeds
Breathe heavenly melodies!

Blow slow, blow fast, thou maddened blast,
Thou shalt but Christ-songs bring
To trusting minds! Blow, winter winds,
Blow hard—ye speed the spring.
Wild hurricanes, the tender strains
Of love faith makes ye blow;
As though the angels, strong and strange,
Hosannas flung below.

Give me the ear, my God, to hear
The songs the angels sing me,
Give me the eye that shall descry
With joy the joys they bring me!
To my poor heart the power impart
To know that Thou art near me;
And let love listen to the Christ
Who longs with love to cheer me.

Oh, for the ear that hearkening
In stillness rapt and holy,
Misses no undertone of song
Howe'er so soft and lowly;
The ear that notes the mystic psalms
The mystic choirs are singing;
God louder in his silences
Than clouds when thunders flinging!

Oh, for the eye that out beyond
The stars spies others gleaming,
That scans the unbeheld as real,
The seen as only seeming;
The eye that earthly blindness helps
To spiritual seeing,
And deep within the inmost finds
The richer, fuller being!

Through all thy myriad crowding worlds,
In vain I search for Thee,
Till by thy clearer vision Thou
Searchest and savest me;
Then, Master, I essay no more
To find the holy spot
Where dwellest Thou; I wondering ask,
Where shall I find Thee not?

Dear Christ, in this unworthy heart
Dwell with celestial grace,
Let the whole world be splendent with
The glory of thy face;
While we below far upward press
Our arduous, ardent way,
Thy heavens, O Lord of Hosts, bring down,
And here thy power display!

Here be the radiant glory,
And here the rapture-song,
Here multitudinous angels,
And the full-ransomed throng;
The city fair and golden,
Life's river, broad and pure;
Thy New Jerusalem sounding
Redemption's overture!

DENIS WORTMAN.

MORE THAN WE ASK.

THERE are deep things of God: push out from shore!
Hast thou found much? Give thanks and seek for more.
Doth fear the generous Giver to offend?
Then think his store and bounty know no end.
He needeth not to be implored, nor teased;
The more we take, the better He is pleased.

Nor is it alms, dispensed in high disdain;
He loses nothing: 'tis his only gain
To make thee rich. What can He do but give?
Since there's not one from whom He may receive.
He parts with nothing. What's bestowed on thee,
Immortal child! stays in the family.

This exercise of giving out his wealth
Preserves Him fresh in everlasting health,
For how should Goodness be the Perfect Good,
If Goodness slept, nor cared for his own brood?
But love and wisdom, kept in circulation,
Are life and light and law for all creation.

What service can we render Thee, kind Heaven!
But freely take what is so freely given?
Thy best of gifts is wit to keep the cup,
Wherein Thou pourest blessings, right-side-up.
Dwell Thou within us, Lord of Charity!
And we, from Thee, shall endless givers be.

CHARLES G. AMES.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

STRENGTH for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measures of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With much sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day—What a precious boon
For earnest souls who labor!
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend and neighbor.

Strength for to-day—that the hearts
In the battle for right may quail not,
And the eyes bedimmed by bitter tears
In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day on the down-hill track
For the travellers near the valley,
That up, far up, on the other side,
Ere long, they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day, that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build, from the rise to the set of sun,
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day, in house and home,
To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measures of joy and sorrow.

A DAY TO COME.

THERE'LL come a day when the supremest splendor
Of earth, or sky, or sea,
Whate'er their miracles, sublime or tender,
Will wake no joys in me.

There'll come a day when all the aspiration
Now with such fervor fraught,
As lifts to heights of breathless exaltation,
Will seem a thing of naught.

There'll come a day when riches, honor, glory,
Music and song and art,
Will look like puppets in a worn-out story,
Where each has played his part.

There'll come a day when human love, the sweetest
Gift that includes the whole
Of God's grand giving—sovereignest, completest—
Shall fail to fill my soul.

There'll come a day—I shall not care how passes
The cloud across my sight,
If only, lark-like, from earth's nested grasses,
I spring to meet its light.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

HE LEADS US ON.

HE leads us on
By paths we did not know,
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on.
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days
We know his will is done;
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreadliness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

IN THE DARK.

The author's last poem; written a few days before his death.

ALL moveless stand the ancient cedar-trees
Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow;
And from the dark west comes a wandering breeze,
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,
Where bright the sunbeams of the morning shone,
And the eye vainly seeks by sea and land
Some light to rest upon.

No large pale star its glimmering vigil keeps;
An inky sea reflects an inky sky;
And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps
To where its black piers lie.

Strange salty odors through the darkness steal,
And through the dark the ocean-thunders roll:
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel
Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hands out in the empty air;
I strain my eyes into the heavy night;
Blackness of darkness!—Father, hear my prayer!
Grant me to see the light!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

NOT DEAD.

I THINK her living yet;
It cannot, ought not, must not be
That death hath conquered utterly;
That in the swift and fell surprise
That stilled her heart and sealed her eyes,
All died that we had loved and known—
All died that knew and loved her own;
I think her living yet.

I think her living yet
Somewhere in God's infinity;
Somewhere, though hidden quite from me,
She being has—she walks in white—
She knows the joy, she sees the light
Of those who reach the higher planes,
By secret ways of mortal pains;
I think her living yet.

I think her living yet;
An angel bright, God's minister
All-beautiful, I think of her.
She so divinely formed to bless,
So rich in woman's tenderness,
God's hand might be to wipe a tear—
His voice, with words of holy cheer.
I think her living yet.

I think her living yet.
Two little ones her mother-love
Asks for and finds and clasps above.
Their infant spirit speech she hears,
And on her mother-heart she bears
Them fondly where the Shepherd leads—
Where by still streams His flock He feeds.
I think her living yet.

I think her living yet.
In glad rejoicings round the Throne
She serves and sings—she, still my own
Goes with the shining companies—
The Great King in his beauty sees—
A child gone home, she is not dead!
Her portion she's inherited.
I think her living yet.

I think her living yet.
And when, in God's time, I pass on
To the good land where she has gone,
She'll meet me at the portal bright—
She'll lead to Him who is the light
Of the King's city—ever mine,
She'll walk with me the ways divine
Where she is living yet.

ALVAH LILLIE FRISBIE.

NOTHING TO GIVE.

NOTHING to give save a crust of bread,
But that was freely given;
Nothing to say but a kindly word;
Yet that was heard in heaven.

Nothing to bear but the petty load
Of daily toil and pain,
Yet that was borne with a smiling face,
And it was not borne in vain.

Nothing to do that was grand or great,
But only to work alone,
To lighten the toil of the fatherless,
And the weary widow's moan.

Nothing to leave but a worn-out frame,
And a name without a stain,
Nothing to leave but an empty place,
That nothing could fill again.

CYRUS THORNTON.

ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine:
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed;
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

"FOR RIGHT IS RIGHT, SINCE GOD IS GOD."

WORKMAN of God! oh, lose not heart.
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave
From what men reckon shame,
In his own world He is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

"FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."

THE way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about;
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
And reaching down
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

HENRY N. COBB.

THE GRACIOUS ANSWER.

THE way is dark, my child! but leads to light.
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand.
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to Me than day? In Me is light!
Keep close to Me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child!

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With Me shall rest
My child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side
Thy Father walks: then be not terrified,
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child!

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee; my Son,
My well-beloved. For Him bear thine; and stand
With Him at last; and, from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child!

HENRY N. COBB.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's Plain,
When a young mother with her first-born thence
Went up to Zion, for the boy was vowed
Unto the Temple-service;—by the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God. So passed they on,
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart. And where a fount
Lay like a twilight-star 'midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There too she lingered, from the diamond wave
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow. At last the Fane was reached,
The Earth's One Sanctuary—and rapture hushed
Her bosom, as before her, through the day,
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped
In light, like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
Clung as the ivy clings—the deep spring tide
Of nature then swelled high, and o'er her child
Bending, her soul i[illegible] forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song—"Alas," she cried,

"Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me:

And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?

"How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing
So late, along the mountains, at my side?
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair
Beholding thee so fair!

'And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away?
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still
Went like a singing rill?

"Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn;
Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

"And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?

"What have I said, my child?—Will He not hear thee,
Who the young ravens beareth from their nest?
Shall He not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

"I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be his child.

"Therefore, farewell!—I go, my soul may fail me,
As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks—
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me;
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell
The Rock of Strength—Farewell!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

IT SHALL BE WELL.

IF thou shalt be in heart a child,
Forgiving, tender, meek, and mild,
Though with light stains of earth defiled,
O soul, it shall be well.

It shall be well with thee indeed,
Whate'er thy race, thy tongue, thy creed,
Thou shalt not lose thy fitting meed;
It shall be surely well.

Not where, nor how, nor when we know,
Nor by what stages thou shalt grow;
We may but whisper faint and low,
It shall be surely well.

It shall be well with thee, oh, soul,
Though the heavens wither like a scroll,
Though sun and moon forget to roll—
O soul, it shall be well.

LEWIS MORRIS.

THE NECKLACE OF PEARLS.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

"GOD'S name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public—
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.

"But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and erelong a suspicion

Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

"Gretchen!" murmured the sufferer; and instantly a dark-eyed, middle-aged lady bent over him, taking his fervent hand in hers.
"Brother, I am here. Can I do anything for you?"
"Nothing more, sister. All is done!"
Then pressing her hand fondly, he said, in low, distinct tones:
"Gretchen, I am weary! Let us go home. Good-night!"
They were his farewell words. As they left his lips the spirit of Neander, the great church historian, entered the Celestial City.

SISTER, it is growing late; the sun, I think, is set;
A gentle fragrance fills the room from rose and mignonette;
I cannot see the flowers or the shadows on the wall.
For I am blind and faint and ill. I weary of them all.

Let us go home, dear Gretchen. Sweet home for us awaits;
I'm drifting toward its crystal sea and toward its pearly gates;
Exquisite forms, celestial scenes, are opening to my sight—
I move from darkness into light; so Gretchen, dear, good-night!

Good-night! I gladly float away on toward the heavenly shore.
Where blind men and where sick men will be blind and sick no more;
Sorrow and pain and labor resigned for endless light;
My Jesus beckons to me; so Gretchen, dear, good-night!

SOPHIE L. SCHENCK.

IF WE KNEW.

IF we knew the cares and crosses
Crowded round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our hearts a stain?

If we knew that clouds above us,
Held our gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of vice and shame?
Life has many a tangled crossing,
Joy has many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest;
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellow-men.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting.

I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the gathering and the strowing,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the frost chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

HORATIUS BONAR.

PRAYING FOR SHOES.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

ON a dark November morning
A lady walked slowly down
The thronged, tumultuous thoroughfare
Of an ancient seaport town.

Of a winning and gracious beauty,
The peace of her pure young face
Was soft as the gleam of an angel's dream
In the calms of a heavenly place.

Her eyes were fountains of pity,
And the sensitive mouth expressed
A longing to set the kind thoughts free
In music that filled her breast.

She met, by a bright shop window,
An urchin, timid and thin,
Who, with limbs that shook and a yearning look,
Was mistily glancing in

At the rows and varied clusters
Of slippers and shoes outspread,
Some shimmering keen, but of sombre sheen,
Some purple and green and red.

His pale lips moved and murmured;
But of what, she could not hear.
And oft on 'us folded hands would fall
The round of a bitter tear

"What troubles you, child?" she asked him,
In a voice like the May-wind sweet.
He turned, and while pointing dolefully
To his naked and bleeding feet,

"I was praying for shoes," he answered;
"Just look at the splendid show!
I was praying to God for a single pair,
The sharp stones hurt me so!"

She led him, in museful silence,
At once through the open door,
And his hope grew bright, like a fairy light,
That flickered and danced before!

And there he was washed and tended
And his small, brown feet were shod:
And he pondered there on his childish prayer
And the marvelous answer of God.

Above them his keen gaze wandered,
How strangely from shop to shelf,
Till it almost seemed that he fondly dreamed
Of looking on God Himself.

The lady bent over, and whispered,
"Are you happier now, my lad?"
He started, and all his soul flashed forth
In a gratitude swift and glad.

"Happy?—Oh, yes!—I am happy!"
Then (wonder with reverence rife,
His eyes aglow, and his voice sunk low),
"Please tell me! Are you God's wife?"

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

IN THE MIST.

SITTING all day in a silver mist,
In silver silence all the day,
Save for the low, soft kiss of spray
And the lisp of sands by waters kissed,
As the tide draws up the bay.

Little I hear and nothing I see,
Wrapped in that veil by fairies spun;
The solid earth is vanished for me,
And the shining hours speed noiselessly,
A woof of shadow and sun.

Suddenly out of the shifting veil
A magical bark, by the sunbeams lit,
Flits like a dream—or seems to flit—
With a golden prow and a gossamer sail
And the waves make room for it.

A fair, swift bark from some radiant realm—
Its diamond cordage cuts the sky
In glittering lines; all silently
A seeming spirit holds the helm,
And steers. Will he pass me by?

Ah! not for me is the vessel here;
  Noiseless and swift as a sea-bird's flight
She swerves and vanishes from the sight;
No flap of sail, no parting cheer—
  She has passed into the light.

Sitting some day in a deeper mist,
  Silent, alone, some other day,
An unknown bark, from an unknown bay,
By unknown waters lapped and kissed,
  Shall near me through the spray.

No flap of sail, no scraping of keel,
  Shadowy, dim, with a banner dark,
It will hover, will pause, and I shall feel
A hand which grasps me, and shivering steal
  To the cold strand and embark—

Embark for that far, mysterious realm
  Where the fathomless, trackless waters flow.
Shall I feel a Presence dim, and know
Thy dear hand, Lord, upon the helm,
  Nor be afraid to go?

And through black waves and stormy blast
  And out of the fog-wreaths, dense and dun,
Guided by thee, shall the vessel run,
Gain the fair haven, night being past,
  And anchor in the sun?

SARAH WOOLSEY (*Susan Coolidge*).

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

This old poem, which was altered and enlarged by David Dickson, a Scotch clergyman (1583–1662), seems to have been by no means improved by the enlargement; and we give it here in its earlier form. Probably the hymn has received contributions from various hands, and it would seem to be partly derived from translations from the Latin.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
  When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
  Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of the saints!
  O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
  No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness may be seen,
  Nor hurt, nor ache, nor sore;
There is no death, nor ugly dole,
  But life for evermore.
There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
  There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
  But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
  Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
  Exceeding rich and rare.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
  With carbuncles do shine;

Thy very streets are paved with gold,
  Surpassing clear and fine.
Thy houses are of ivory,
  Thy windows crystal clear;
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold;—
  O God, that I were there!
Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem!
  Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
  Thy joys that I might see!

Thy saints are crowned with glory great;
  They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice;
  Most happy is their case.
We that are here in banishment
  Continually do moan;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
  Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
  Our pleasure is but pain;
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
  Our sorrows still remain.
But there they live in such delight,
  Such pleasure, and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
  Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
  Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
  As nowhere else are seen.
Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
  The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
  The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
  And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
  And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
  Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
  Thy joys that I might see!

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
  My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
  In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
  The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart?
  But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
  And all my wants redressed.
When in the silent womb I lay,
  And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face,
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

JOSEPH ADDISON.

HOW TO LIVE.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give;
Else is that being but a dream:
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go:
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

HORATIUS BONAR.

WAIT AND WORK.

We shall not die until our work be done;
We shall not cease until our course be run;
We shall not fade or fail
While heart and faith prevail,
Or aught is to be won
Beneath the constant sun.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garments of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And everything that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light,
And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were singing as if life
Were a new thing to them; but music came
Upon her ear like discord, and she felt
That pang of the unreasonable heart,
That, bleeding amid things it loved so well,
Would have some sign of sadness as they pass.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood started; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,

Which made its language legible, shot back,
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.
Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandalled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigor is not there; and though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand
In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak has shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
O no! by all her loveliness—by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But oh! estrange her once—it boots not how—
By wrong or silence—anything that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness—
And there is not a feeling out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow—
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,
As if it were a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; for he had read
The dark look of his mother, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning passed, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest! but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water; but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky—
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines—and tried to comfort him;
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him further on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourned:

"God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?

"I did not dream of this when thou wast straying
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
Or wiling the soft hours
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

"Oh no! and when I watched by thee the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
A heritage for thee!

"And now the grave for its cold breast hath wor thee,
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
And oh! my last caress
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair!"

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

THE NINETY AND NINE.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me.
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

THE BORDER LAND.

And now men see not the bright light that is in the clouds.—Job xxxvii. 21.

WE are living in the border land,
You and I;
Where the shadows lengthen for a while,
And the sun hath hid his noonday smile,
While soft twilight doth the hours beguile.

Yet at evening time it shall be light!
You and I
Have that promise from the far-off land,
Where are gathered the ransomed band,
Who in robes of white resplendent stand.

While we, passing through the border land,
You and I,
Shall have left all shadows far behind,
We shall wonder that we were so blind,
While our clouds were ever silver-lined.

THE MYSTICAL BODY.

ONE, in the living link
Of Christ's unbroken chain,
How far soe'er o'er land and sea
Dissevered we remain;
One, as the pathless deep
That breaks in myriad waves;
One with the loved and lost who sleep
In near or distant graves;

One in his holy bond of hearts—as in the Father's home.
Their names are murmured oftenest who in far regions roam.

One on the saintly roll
Of those whose life is hid
In his dear life, and spotless tread
The world's dark maze amid;
As those of old who through the flame
Without a cloud passed unscathed;
And one the fountain of his grace
Their fevered foreheads bathed.

One, in the mystic tie
Of hearts that know no chill;
One Lord, one faith, one victory,
O'er all the hosts of ill;
One band unbroken at his board
In these his courts behold
One endless feast of blessings stored
In those far courts of gold.

Oh! as in each bright festival
We sadly count the roll
Of those whom love shall ne'er recall,
To mingle soul with soul;
Still gazing toward the changeless skies,
Beyond the sunset's glow,
Behold, beyond life's mysteries,
His band unbroken now!

WILLIAM B. CHISHOLM.

WEARY.

I WOULD have gone; God bade me stay:
I would have worked; God bade me rest.
He broke my will from day to day;
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go:
Now I would rest; God bids me work.
He breaks my heart tossed to and fro;
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so!

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me;
Day after day I plod and moil;
But, Christ my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil,
And rest with Thee?

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

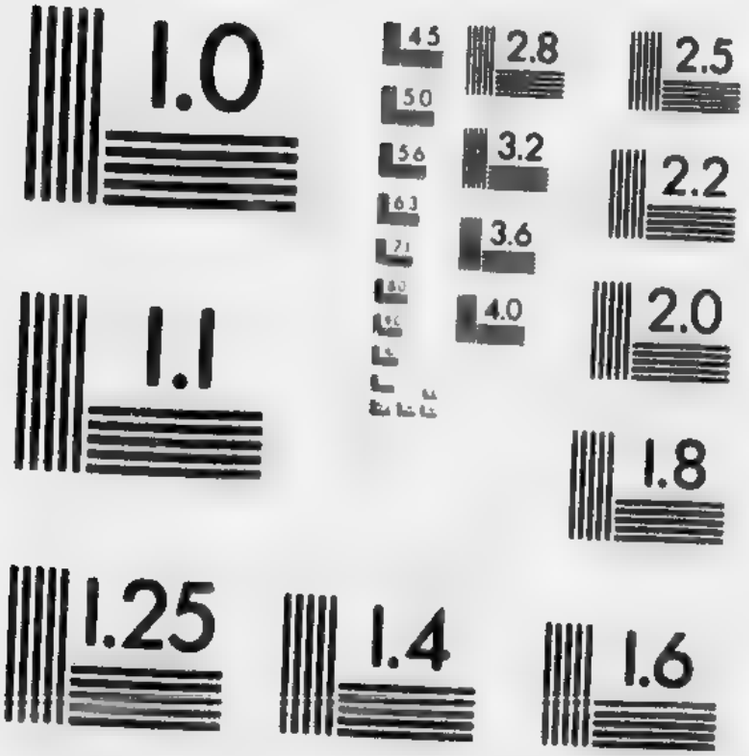
GOING HOME.

"HEIMGANG!" so the German people
Whisper, when they hear the bell
Tolling from some grand old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell.
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,



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And the singers' chanting service,
"*Heimgang!*" always going home.

"*Heimgang!*" quaint and tender saying,
In the grand old German tongue,
That hath shaped Melanchthon's praying,
And the hymns that Luther sung;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey toward "God's acre"—
"*Heimgang!*" always going home.

"*Heimgang!*" we are all so weary;
And the willows as they wave,
Softly sighing, in the breezes,
Woo us to the tranquil grave;
When the golden pitcher's broken
With its dregs or with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"*Heimgang!*" we are going home!

THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

LOW hung the moon, the wind was still,
As slow I climbed the midnight hill,
And passed the ruined garden o'er,
And gained the barred and silent door,
Sad welcome by the lingering rose
That, startled, shed its waning snows.

The bolt flew back with sudden clang,
I entered, wall and rafter rang,
Down dropped the moon, and clear and high
September's wind went wailing by;
"Alas!" I sighed, "the love and glow
That lit this mansion long ago!"

And groping up the threshold stair,
And past the chambers cold and bare,
I sought the room where, glad of yore,
We sat the blazing fire before,
And heard the tales a father told,
Till glow was gone and evening old.

Where were those rosy children three?
The boy beneath the moaning sea;
Sweet Margaret, down where violets hide,
Slept, tranquil by that father's side,
And I, alone, a pilgrim still,
Was left to climb the midnight hill.

My hand was on the latch, when, lo!
'Twas lifted from within! I know
I was not wild, and could I dream?
Within, I saw the wood-fire gleam,
And smiling, waiting, beckoning there,
My father in his ancient chair!

O the long rapture, perfect rest,
As close he clasped me to his breast!
Put back the braids the wind had blown,
Said I had like my mother grown,
And bade me tell him, frank as she,
All the long years had brought to me.

Then, by his side, his hand in mine,
I tasted joy serene, divine,
And saw my griefs unfolding fair
As flowers, in June's enchanted air,
So warm his words, so soft his sighs,
Such tender lovelight in his eyes!

"O Death!" I cried, "if these be thine,
For me the asphodels entwine,
Fold me within thy perfect calm;
Leave on my lips the bliss of balm,
And let me slumber, pillowed low,
With Margaret, where the violets blow."

And still we talked. O'er cloudy bars
Orion bore his pomp of stars;
Within, the wood-fire fainter glowed,
Weird on the wall the shadows showed,
Till, in the east, a pallor born,
Told midnight melting into morn.

'Tis true, his rest this many a year
Has made the village church-yard dear;
'Tis true, his stone is graven fair,
"Here lies, remote from mortal care."
I cannot tell how this may be,
But well I know he talked with me.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

JACOB'S LADDER.

AH, many a time we look on the starlit nights
Up to the sky, as Jacob did of old,
Look longing up to the eternal lights,
To spell their lines in gold.

But never more, as to the Hebrew boy,
Each on his way the angels walk abroad;
And never more we hear, with awful joy,
The audible voice of God.

Yet, to pure eyes the ladder still is set,
And angel visitants still come and go;
Many bright messengers are moving yet
From the dark world below.

Spirits elect, through suffering rendered meet
For those high mansions; from the nursery door,
Bright babes that climb up with their clay-cold feet,
Unto the golden door.

These are the messengers, forever wending
From earth to heaven, that faith alone may scan;
These are the angels of our God, ascending
Upon the Son of Man.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

PERSONAL POEMS.

TO MARK TWAIN ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

AH Clemens, when I saw thee last—
We both of us were younger—
How fondly mumbling o'er the past
Is Memory's toothless hunger!

So fifty years have fled, they say,
Since first you took to drinking—
I mean in Nature's milky way—
Of course no ill I'm thinking.

But while on life's uneven road
Your track you've been pursuing,
What fountains from your wit have flowed—
What drinks you have been brewing!"

I know whence all your magic came—
Your secret I've discovered—
The source that fed your inward flame—
The dreams that round you hovered.

Before you learned to bite or munch,
Still kicking in your cradle,
The Muses mixed a bowl of punch,
And Hebe seized the ladle.

Dear babe, whose fiftieth year to-day
Your ripe half-century rounded,
Your books the precious draught betray
The laughing Nine compounded.

So mixed, the sweet, the sharp, the strong,
Each finds its faults amended,
The virtues that to each belong
In happier union blended.

And what the flavor can surpass
Of sugar, spirit, lemons?
So while one health fills every glass
Mark Twain for Baby Clemens!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

HE wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone;
He who could teach home's matchless worth
Ne'er had one of his own.
'Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,
Along the hilly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load;

And wheresoever in his round
He went with weary tread,
His sweet pathetic song he found
Had floated on ahead!

He heard the melodies it made
Come pealing o'er and o'er,
From royal music bands that played
Before the palace door;
He heard its gentle tones of love
From many a cottage creep,
When tender crooning mothers strove
To sing their babes to sleep;
And wheresoe'er true love had birth
This thrilling song had flown,
But he who taught home's matchless worth
Had no home of his own.

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote home's sweetest song
Shall have a home at last!
And he shall rest where laurels wave
And fragrant grasses twine;
His sweetly kept and honored grave
Shall be a sacred shrine,
And pilgrims with glad eyes grown dim
Will fondly bend above
The man who sung the triumph hymn
Of earth's divinest love.

WILL CARLETON

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Read at the unveiling of the bust at Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

TO him who sang of "Home, sweet home,"
In strains so sweet, the simple lay
Has thrilled a million hearts, we come
A nation's grateful debt to pay.
Yet, not for him the bust we raise;
Ah, no! can lifeless lips prolong
Fame's trumpet voice? The poet's praise
Lives in the music of his song!

The noble dead we fondly seek
To honor with applauding breath;
Unheeded fall the words we speak,
Upon "the dull, cold ear of death."
Yet, not in vain the spoken word;
Nor vain the monument we raise;
With quicker throbs our hearts are stirred
To catch the nobleness we praise!

Columbia's sons—we share his fame;
'Tis for ourselves the bust we rear,
That they who mark the graven name
May know that name to us is dear;
Dear as the home the exile sees—
The fairest spot beneath the sky—
Where, first—upon a mother's knees—
He slept, and where he yearns to die.

But not alone the lyric fire
Was his, the drama's muse can tell;
His genius could a Kean inspire;
A Kemble owned his magic spell;
A Kean, to "Brutus'" self so true
(As true to art and nature's laws),
He seemed the man the poet drew,
And shared with him the town's applause.

Kind hearts and brave with truth severe
He drew, unconscious, from his own;
O nature rare! But pilgrims here
Will oft' nest say, in pensive tone,
With reverend face and lifted hand,
"'Twas he—by fortune forced to roam—
Who, homeless in a foreign land,
So sweetly sang the joys of home!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THERE in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ODE TO WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Stockton, of New Jersey, author of "The Triumph of Mildness," and who wrote in the latter half of the eighteenth century, addressed some of her poetry to Washington, whose reply, from which the following is an extract, shows he was not so austere that he could not indulge, on occasion, in the playful gallantry of the old school:

"ROCKY HILL, September 2d, 1783.

"You apply to me, my dear madam, for absolution, as though I were your father-confessor. If it is a crime to write elegant poetry, and if you will come and dine with me on Thursday, and go through the proper course of penitence, I will strive hard to acquit you of your poetical trespasses

"Your most obedient and obliged servant,
"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"TO MRS. STOCKTON."

WITH all thy country's blessings on thy head,
And all the glory that encircles man—
Thy deathless fame to distant nations spread,
And realms unblessed by freedom's genial plan;—
Addressed by statesmen, legislators, kings,
Revered by thousands as you pass along,
While every muse with ardor spreads her wings,
To greet our hero in immortal song:—
Say, can a woman's voice an audience gain,
And stop a moment thy triumphal car?
And wilt thou listen to a peaceful strain—
Unskilled to paint the horrid wrack of war?
For what is glory? What are martial deeds,
Unpurified at virtue's awful shrine?
Full oft remorse a glorious day succeeds—
The motive only stamps the deed divine,
But thy last legacy, renownéd chief,
Hath decked thy brow with honors more sublime:—
Twined in thy wreath the Christian's firm belief,
And nobly owned thy faith to future time!

MRS. ANNIS BOUDINOT STOCKTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY broad Potomac's silent shore
Better than Trajan lowly lies,
Gilding her green declivities
With glory now and evermore;
Art to his fame no aid hath lent;
His country is his monument.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Among the gifted author's latest utterances was the following noble ode, written for Washington's birthday, February 22, 1878, for one our religious journals.

PALE is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints her glowing woods,
No month can boast a prouder day.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows,
By snow-clad hill and frozen field
Broadening the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."

ROME had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain
was on his wreath:
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the
tyrant's death.
France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty
they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in
murder's gore.
Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have
chained the waves—
Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a
world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still
fiercely waded on,
Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Wash-
ington!

England, my heart is truly thine—my loved, my na-
tive earth—
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that
mother birth!
Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from
thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed "Farewell for
evermore!"
But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to
dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's
song to tell.
"Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, "and bear me
swiftly on;
But bear me from my own, fair land to that of Wash-
ington."

ELIZA COOK.

TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY, 1867.

I NEED not praise the sweetness of his song,
Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he
wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

As I muse backward up the checkered years,
Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,
Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears—
But hush! this is not for profaner ears;
Let them drink molten pearls nor dream the cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core,
As naught but nightshade grew upon earth's ground;
Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and the more
Fate tried his bastions, she but forced a door,
Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade
Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with sun,
So through his trial faith translucent rayed,
Till darkness, half disnatured so, betrayed
A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay,
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
If our poor life he lengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, although his presence may,
And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet
As gracious natures find his song to be;
May Age steal on with softly cadenced feet
Falling in music, as for him were meet
Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Read at the unveiling of his statue in Central Park, New-York, May, 1877.

AMONG their graven shapes to whom
Thy civic wreaths belong,
O city of his love! make room
For one whose gift was song.

Not his the soldier's sword to wield,
Nor his the helm of state,
Nor glory of the stricken field,
Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,
He served his race and time
As well as if his clerkly pen
Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,
The Muses found their son,
Could any say his tuneful art
A duty left undone?

He toiled and sang; and year by year
Men found their homes more sweet,
And through a tenderer atmosphere
Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall Street knew;
The Red King walked Broadway;
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew
From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea! upraise
His veil with reverent hands;
And mingle with thy own the praise
And pride of other lands.

Let Greece his fiery lyrics breathe
Above her hero-urns;
And Scotland, with her holly, wreathe
The flower he culled for Burns.

O, stately stand thy palace walls,
Thy tall ships ride the seas;
To-day thy poet's name recalls
A prouder thought than these.

Not less thy pulse of trade shall beat,
Nor less thy tall fleets swim,
That shaded square and dusty street
Are classic ground through him.

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,
The echoes of his song;
Too late the tardy meed we bring,
The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas!—Of all who knew
The living man, to-day
Before his unveiled face, how few
Make bare their locks of gray!

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,
Our grateful eyes be dim;
O, brothers of the days to come,
Take tender charge of him!

New hands the wires of song may sweep,
New voices challenge fame;
But let no moss of years o'ercreep
The lines of Halleck's name.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This tribute appeared in the London *Punch*, which, up to the time of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, had ridiculed and maligned him with all its well-known powers of pen and pencil.

YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet, how hopeful, he could be;
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude nature's thwarting mights;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame:
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR.

COLUMBUS.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honor to pursue:
So, when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to soothe the heart-sick or confront
Sedition, schooled with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief, and the base pangs of want.
But when he saw that promised land arise
In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod;
Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God:
And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

GREAT keeper of the magic keys
That could unlock the magic gates
Where science like a monarch stands,
And sacred knowledge waits—

Thine ashes rest on Auburn's banks,
Thy memory all the world contains,
For thou couldst bind in human love
All hearts in golden chains!

Thine was the heaven-born spell that sets
Our warm and deep affections free—
Who knew thee best must love thee best,
And longest mourn for thee!

JAMES T. FIELDS

TO THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT,

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, APRIL 6, 1865.

THE mightiest of the Hebrew seers,
Clear-eyed and hale at eighty years,
From Pisgah saw the hills and plains
Of Canaan, green with brooks and rains.

Our poet, strong in frame and mind,
Leaves eighty well-spent years behind;
And forward looks to fields more bright
Than Moses saw from Pisgah's height.

Yet be our Pierpont's voice and pen
Long potent with the sons of men;
And late his summons to the shore
Where he shall meet his youth once more.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

WHEN, stricken by the freezing blast,
A nation's living pillars fall,
How rich the storied page, how vast,
A word, a whisper, can recall!

No medal lifts its fretted face,
Nor speaking marble cheats your eye;
Yet, while these pictured lines I trace,
A living image passes by:

A roof beneath the mountain pines;
The cloisters of a hill-girt plain;
The front of life's embattled lines;
A mound beside the heaving main.

These are the scenes: a boy appears;
Set life's round dial in the sun,
Count the swift arc of seventy years,
His frame is dust; his task is done.

Yet pause upon the noontide hour,
Ere the declining sun has laid
His bleaching rays on manhood's power
And look upon the mighty shade.

No gloom that stately shape can hide,
No change uncrown his brow: behold!
Dark, calm, large-fronted, lightning-eyed,
Earth has no double from its mould!

Ere from the fields by valor won
The battle-smoke had rolled away,
And bared the blood-red setting sun,
His eyes were opened on the day.

His land was but a shelving strip,
Black with the strife that made it free;
He lived to see its banners dip
Their fringes in the western sea.

The boundless prairies learned his name,
His words the mountain echoes knew;
The northern breezes swept his fame
From icy lake to warm bayou.

In toil he lived; in peace he died;
When life's full cycle was complete,
Put off his robes of power and pride,
And laid them at his Master's feet.

His rest is by the storm-swept waves,
Whom life's wild tempests roughly tried,
Whose heart was like the streaming caves
Of ocean, throbbing at his side.

Death's cold white hand is like the snow
Laid softly on the furrowed hill;
It hides the broken seams below,
And leaves the summit brighter still.

In vain the envious tongue upbraids;
His name a nation's heart shall keep,
Till morning's latest sunlight fades
On the blue tablet of the deep!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE LOVELY NORTH STAR.

Written on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark, 1863.

THERE'S a star in the north that can guide
The wand'rer, where'er he may roam;
In the waste of the desert, or tide,
That star tells the path to his home.
Though others in clusters are bright
Still changeful, as radiant, they are,
But faithful as truth, through the night,
Is the beam of the lovely North Star.

There's a land that presides o'er the sea;
When its prince would embark on love's tide,
With sailor-like prudence then he
Sought the star that in safety would guide.
So he looked to the north, and he found
A ray answ'ring bright from afar:
And may every blessing abound
On his course with his lovely North Star.

SAMUEL LOVER.

CHARACTER OF LORD CHATHAM.

IN him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave, that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;
And every venal stickler for the yoke
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

WILLIAM COWPER.

ON DR. JOHNSON.

I OWN I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile;
Casts of manure a wagon-load around
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly, or brain a gnat!
Creates a whirlwind, from the earth to draw
A goose's feather, or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter!—
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labor with tremendous roar
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore:
Alike in every theme his pon'rous art—
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!

JOHN WOLCOT.

KING CHARLES II.

Written on the bedchamber door of Charles II.

HERE lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WHOSE humor, as gay as the firefly's light,
Played round every subject, and shone as it played;—
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle, as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on his blade;—

Whose eloquence—brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave—
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
As ever bore freedom aloft on its wave!

THOMAS MOORE.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

YE men of wit and social eloquence!
He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!
While powers of mind almost of boundless range,
Complete in kind, as various in their change—
While eloquence, wit, poesy, and mirth,
That humbler harmonist of care on earth,
Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
Of pride in merit's proud pre-eminence,
Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan!

LORD BYRON.

JOHN MILTON.

London, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour,
England hath need of thee. She is a fen
Of stagnant waters. Altar, sword, and pen.
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower.

Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh, raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

JOHN MILTON.

NOR second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstacy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze.
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

THOMAS GRAY.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Doth God exact day labor, light denied,
I fondly ask? but patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

JOHN MILTON.

WICKLIFFE'S DUST.

In Daniel Webster's address before the "Sons of New Hampshire," 1849, occurs the following:

"SOME prophet of that day said:
'The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be.'"

TO SHAKESPEARE.

THE soul of man is larger than the sky;
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that Ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

JOHN WICKLIFFE.

AS thou these ashes, little brook! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO A ROSE BROUGHT FROM AYRSHIRE, BURNS' RESIDENCE.

WILD rose of Alloway! my thanks:
Thou mind'st me of that autumn noon
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief;
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou
Art withered—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—
The doom of all things wrought of clay?
And withered my life's leaf like thine,
Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory for whose sake
My bosom bore thee far and long—
His who a humbler flower could make
Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she's canonized his mind
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of humankind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed
Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath.
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To that Bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
And know, however low his lot,
A poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong:

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair:—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak—
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The poet's mastery?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm;
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers;
O'er passion's moments bright and warm;
O'er reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do;"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth!

What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with the Cotter's hymn of praise;
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frame of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee—
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived—died—in form and soul a man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal—
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel—

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward, and of slave—

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! His words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! A nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lived upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages with wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the west,
My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

ROBBY BURNS.

NO more by Lugar, Ayr or Doon—
When heathers bloom and linnets sing,
Shall he the sweetest poet, join,
With them to hail the coming spring.

As fair thy blooming heaths may spread
As sweet thy woodbines still may twine,
But, all thy charms with him are fled,
Who was the sweetest grace of thine.

Admiring nature's wildest grace;
No more he'll trace thy winding shore,
Delighted with thy wildest waste,
When howling wintery tempests roar.

Sweet stream to him that was so dear—
Thy murmurs now must be forgot,
Thy murmurs now no more shall cheer
Or raise in him sublimest thought.

Who now shall tell of harmless mirth,
Of sports that haunt thy humble green,
Or who shall tell of Scotia's worth—
Improve and brighten every scene.

Though his wild harp no more he plies;—
No more he forms the melting strain,
Though on his breast it mouldering lies
The sweet vibration still remains.

Though many a year have daisies drest
The sod that wraps his gentle head,
On distant plains the pensive breast
For him the mournful tear doth shed,

Though howling winds the forest tear,
And every flow'ret finds its doom—
The wreath he won shall flourish fair,
And memory hover round his tomb.

Yes! thy sweet wreath shall flourish fair
With "polished leaves and berries red,"
No frost shall fade or rival tear,
Sweet Burns! the wreath that bound thy head.

JOSEPH DE PREFONTAINE.

TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

MUTE is thy wild harp now, O bard sublime!
Whom amid Scotia's mountain solitude
Great Nature taught to "build the lofty rhyme;"
And even beneath the daily pressure, rude,
Of laboring poverty, thy generous blood
Fired with the love of freedom, not subdued
Wert thou by thy low fortune. But a time
Like this we live in, when the abject chime
Of echoing parasite is best approved,
Was not for thee. Indignantly is fled
Thy noble spirit, and, no longer moved
By all the ills o'er which thine heart has bled,
Associate worthy of the illustrious dead,
Enjoys with them "the liberty it loved."

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

ROBERT EMMET.

Robert Emmet, the celebrated Irish revolutionist, at his trial for high treason, which resulted in his conviction and execution, September 20, 1803, made an eloquent and pathetic defence, concluding with these words: "Let there be no inscription upon my tomb. Let no man write my epitaph. Let my character and my motives repose in security and peace till other times and other men can do them justice. Then shall my character be vindicated; then may my epitaph be written. I have done."

OBREATHE not his name! let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THOMAS MOORE.

MARSHAL MURAT.

THERE, where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strewed beneath the advancing banner
Of the eagle's burning crest—
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest—
Victory beaming from her breast?)—

While the broken line enlarging
Fell, or fled along the plain:—
There be sure Murat was charging!
There he ne'er shall charge again!

LORD BYRON.

TO THE LORD-GENERAL CROMWELL.

WRITTEN ABOUT MAY, 1652.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued:
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

JOHN MILTON.

AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

LONG, long ago, in the sweet Roman spring,
Through the bright morning air, we slowly strolled,
And in the blue heaven heard the skylark sing
Above the ruins old—

Beyond the Forum's crumbling grass-grown piles,
Through high-walled lanes, o'erhung with blossoms white
That opened on the far Campagna's miles
Of verdure and of light;

Till by the grave of Keats we stood, and found
A rose—a single rose left blooming there,
Making more sacred still that hallowed ground
And that enchanted air.

A single rose, whose fading petals drooped,
And seemed to wait for us to gather them.
So, kneeling on the humble mound, we stooped
And plucked it from its stem.

One rose, and nothing more. We shared its leaves
Between us, as we shared the thoughts of one
Culled from the field before his unripe sheaves
Could feel the harvest sun.

That rose's fragrance is forever fled
For us, dear friend—but not the poet's lay.
He is the rose, deathless among the dead,
Whose perfume lives to-day.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den—
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow.
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee—air, earth, and skies.
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee. Thou hast great allies,
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

IT is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying,
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying;
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through brimming tears the story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be in praise by wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learned to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him.

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to his own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars harmonious influences:
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

While timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses;
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him true and loving.

But though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy-desolated,
Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,
That turns his fevered eyes around: "My mother? where's my mother?"
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other!

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him:
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, that closed in death to save him!

Thus? oh, not thus! no type of earth can image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,
Or felt the new, immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew "My Saviour: not deserted!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled
The fierce Epirot and the African bold:
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled;
Then to advise how war may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage; besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil—what each means,
What severs each—thou hast learned, which few have done:
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe,
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

JOHN MILTON.

LORD BYRON.

WHEN Byron's eyes were shut in death
We bowed our head and held our breath.
He taught us little; but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE RECEPTION OF THE POET WORDSWORTH AT OXFORD.

OH, never did a mighty truth prevail
With such felicities of place and time
As i. those shouts sent forth with joy sublime
From the full heart of England's youth, to hail
Her once neglected [illegible] within the pale
Of learning's fairest citadel! That voice,
In which the future thunders, bids rejoice
Some who through wintry fortunes did not fail
To bless with love as deep as life the name
Thus welcomed;—who in happy silence share
The triumph; while their fondest musings claim
Unhoped for echoes in the joyous air,
That to their long-loved poet's spirit bear
A nation's promise of undying fame.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

DAVID GARRICK.

HERE lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man:
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine:
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He [illegible] and he varied full ten times a day.
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO WORDSWORTH.

THERE have been poets that in verse display
The elemental forms of human passions:
Poets have been, to whom the fickle fashions
And all the wilful humors of the day
Have furnished matter for a polished lay:
And many are the smooth, elaborate tribe
Who, emulous of thee, the shape describe,
And fain would every shifting hue portray
Of restless nature. But thou, mighty seer!
'Tis thine to celebrate the thoughts that make
The life of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake
We to ourselves and to our God are dear.
Of nature's inner shrine thou art the priest,
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

DIRGE OF ALARIC.

Alaric stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live.
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes;
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

My course is run, my errand done;
I go to Him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done;
But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient, round the eternal throne,
And in the caves of vengeance, wait:
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

EDWARD EVERETT.

FROM "LINES ON THE DEATH OF HOGG."

SWEET bard of Ettrick's glen!
Where art thou wandering?
Missed is thy foot on the mountain and lea!
Why round yon craggy rocks
Wander thy heedless flocks,
While lambies are listening and bleating for thee?
Cold as the mountain-stream,
Pale as the moonlight beam,
Still is thy bosom, and closed is thine e'e.
Wild may the tempest's wave
Sweep o'er thy lonely grave:
Thou'rt deaf to the storm—it is harmless to thee.

Cold on Benlomond's brow
Flickers the drifted snow,
While down its sides the wild cataracts foam;
Winter's mad winds may sweep
Fierce o'er each glen and steep,
Thy rest is unbroken, and peaceful thy home.
And when on dewy wing
Comes the sweet bird of spring,
Chanting its notes on the bush or the tree,
The bird of the wilderness,
Low in the waving grass,
Shall, cowering, sing sadly its farewell to thee.

MARGARET MAXWELL INGLIS.

DOCTOR ARNOLD.

O STRONG soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left in vain:
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast,
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live,
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraiseth with zeal
The humble good from the ground,

Sternly repressest the bad,
Still, like a trumpet dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim

'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succorest—this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE DEAD CZAR NICHOLAS.

LAY him beneath his snows,
The great Norse giant who in these last days
Troubled the nations. Gather decently
The imperial robes about him. 'Tis but man,
This demi-god. Or rather it *was* man,
And is—a little dust, that will corrupt
As fast as any nameless dust which sleeps
'Neath Alma's grass or Balaklava's vines.

Self-glorifying sinners! Why, this man
Was but like other men—you, Levite small,
Who shut your saintly ears, and prate of hell
And heretics, because outside church-doors,
Your church-doors, congregations poor and small
Praise heaven in their own way; you, autocrat
Of all the hamlets, who add field to field
And house to house, whose slavish children cower
Before your tyrant footsteps; you, foul-tongued
Fanatic or ambitious egotist,
Who think God stoops from his high majesty
To lay his finger on your puny head,
And crown it, that you henceforth may parade
Your maggotship throughout the wondering world—
"I am the Lord's anointed!"

[illegible]ols and blind!
This czar, this emperor, this dist[illegible]ed corpse,
Lying so straightly in an icy calm
Grander than sovereignty, was but as ye—
No better and no worse: Heaven mend us all!

Carry him forth and bury him. Death's peace
Rest on his memory! Mercy by his bier
Sits silent, or says only these few words—
"Let him who is without sin 'mongst ye all
Cast the first stone."

MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

THE KING'S RIDE.

ABOVE the city of Berlin
Shines soft the summer day,
And near the royal palace shout
The school-boys at their play.

Sudden the mighty palace gates
Unclasp their portals wide,
And forth into the sunshine see
A single horseman ride.

A bent old man in plain attire;
No glittering courtiers wait,
No armèd guard attend the steps
Of Frederick the Great!

The boys have spied him, and with shouts
The summer breezes ring:
The merry urchins haste to greet
Their well-belovéd king.

Impeding e'en his horse's tread,
Presses the joyous train;
And Prussia's despot frowns his best,
And shakes his stick in vain.

The frowning look, the angry tone
Are feigned, full well they know;
They do not fear his stick—that hand
Ne'er struck a coward blow.

"Be off to school, you boys!" he cries.
"Ho! ho!" the laughers say,
"A pretty king you not to know
We've holiday to-day!"

And so upon that summer day,
These children at his side,
The symbol of his nation's love,
Did royal Frederick ride.

O Kings! your thrones are tottering now!
Dark frowns the brow of fate!
When did you ride as rode that day
King Frederick the Great?

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

FROM "THE MOTHER OF THE KINGS."

In the *London Keepsake* for 1837, the authoress describes a visit to Madame Letitia, mother of Napoleon, then in her eighty-fourth year. She was on her bed, and her room was hung around with large, full-length portraits of the members of her illustrious family.

STRANGE looked that lady old, reclined
Upon her lonely bed
In that vast chamber, echoing not
To page or maiden's tread;
And stranger still the gorgeous forms,
In portrait, that glanced round
From the high walls, with cold bright looks
More eloquent than sound.

They were her children:—never yet,
Since, with the primal beam,
Fair painting brought on rainbow wings
Its own immortal dream,
Did one fond mother give such race
Beneath its smile to grow
As they who now, back on her brow,
Their pictured glories throw.

Her daughters there—the beautiful!
Looked down in dazzling sheen:
One lovelier than the Queen of Love—
One crowned an earthly queen!
Her sons—the proud—the Paladins!
With diadem and plume,
Each leaning on his sceptred arm,
Made empire of that room!

But right before her couch's foot,
One mightiest picture blazed—
One form august, to which her eyes
Incessantly were raised :—
A monarch's, too !—and monarch-like,
The artist's hand had bound him
With jewelled belt, imperial sword,
And ermined purple round him.

One well might deem, from the white flags
That o'er him flashed and rolled,
Where the puissant lily laughed
And waved its bannered gold,
And from the Lombard's iron crown
Beneath his hand which lay,
That Charlemagne had burst death's reign
And leaped again to-day !

How gleamed that awful countenance,
Magnificently stern !
In its dark smile and smiting look,
What destiny we learn !—
The laurel simply wreathes that brow,
While nations watch its nod,
As though he scoffed all pomp below
The thunder-bolt of God.

Such was the scene—the noontide hour—
Which, after many a year,
Had swept above the memory
Of his meteor-like career—
Saw the mother of the mightiest—
Napoleon's mother—lie
With the living dead around her,
With the past before her eye !

LADY EMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.

FLUTES in the sunny air,
And harps in the porphyry halls !
And a low, deep hum, like a people's prayer,
With its heart-breathed swells and falls !
And an echo, like the desert's call,
Flung back to the shouting shores !
And the river's ripple, heard through all,
As it plays with the silver oars !—
The sky is a gleam of gold,
And the amber breezes float,
Like thoughts to be dreamed of, but never told,
Around the dancing boat !

She has stepped on the burning sand—
And the thousand tongues are mute,
And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,
The strings of his gilded lute !
And the Ethiop's heart throbs loud and high,
Beneath his white symar,
And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye,
Like the flash of an eastern star !
The gales may not be heard,
Yet the silken streamers quiver,
And the vessel shoots, like a bright-plumed bird,
Away down the golden river !

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying !—SHAKESPEARE.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying !
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast ;
And the dark, Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O Queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear :
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
Though my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore ;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will—
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low ;
'Twas no foeman's hand that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow :—
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home—
Seek her ; say the gods bear witness—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorcerer of the Nile,
Light my path through Stygian darkness
With the splendor of thy smile.
Give to Cæsar thrones and kingdoms,
Let his brow the laurel twine ;
I can scorn all meaner triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying !
Hark ! the insulting foeman's cry ;
They are coming—quick, my falchion !
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah ! no more amid the battle
Shall my soul exulting swell ;
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
Cleopatra ! Rome ! farewell !

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb,
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;

Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!
Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,

As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE MESSENGER'S ACCOUNT OF SAMSON.

FROM "SAMSON AGONISTES."

OCCASIONS drew me early to this city;
And as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street: little I had despatched
When all abroad was rumored that this day
Samson should be brought forth to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at the spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre,
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats, where all the lords and each degree
Of sort might sit in order to behold:
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad: before him pipes
And timbrels; on each side went armèd guards,
Both horse and foot: before him and behind,
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He, patient but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission's sake, they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
As over-tired, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars
That to the archèd roof gave main support.
He, unsuspicious, led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,
And eyes fast fixed, he stood as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved.

At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:—
Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld;
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.

This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed:
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these unmixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

JOHN MILTON.

SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

The editor of "Beautiful Gems of Thought and Sentiment" takes pleasure in presenting to the reader a rare collection of songs, which have proved, by their popularity in the past, their fitness to appear in this volume. There are songs which, at one time or another, have been sung at almost every fireside, hummed by almost every lip, and now live as pleasant echoes of the time gone by; and not a few readers will be glad to get back, in permanent form, the words which touched their hearts in other days. A number of the following songs had, in their time, a national interest and popularity. They were born of special occasions: the tragedies of war, the heroism of patriots, or the sorrows that wept over the slain. Other songs in this collection date back to the time when quaint negro melodies were universally popular.



OLD DOG TRAY.

THE morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last—
It brings me a dream of a once happy day;
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

Old dog Tray's ever faithful;
Grief cannot drive him away,
He's gentle, he's kind, I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own
Have vanished one by one—
The loved ones, the dear ones, have all passed away:
Their happy smiles have flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.

When thoughts recall the past
His eyes are on me cast,
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say:
Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek
A better friend than old dog Tray.

MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

ROUND the meadows am a-ringing
De darkies' mournful song,
While de mocking bird is singing
Happy as de day am long;
Whar de ivy am a creeping
O'er de grassy mound,
Dar old massa am a sleeping
In de cold, cold ground.

Down in de cornfield
Hear dat mournful sound,
All de darkies am a weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear ole massa calling,
'Case he was so weak and old;
Now de orange tree am blooming
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming
Massa nebber calls no more.

Massa make de darkies love him
'Case he was so kind,
Now dey sadly weep above him
Mourning 'case he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow
'Case de tear-drops flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow
Pickin' on de old banjo.

BANKS OF THE DEE.

AN ENGLISH BALLAD OF THE REVOLUTION.

This beautiful song was very popular, both in England and the colonies. It was composed by Judge Tait, a writer to the *Signet*, and, for some time, a judge in one of the minor courts at Edinburgh. It was first printed in the Pennsylvania *Ledger*, at Philadelphia, and also inserted in Wilson's collection, published at Edinburgh, 1779.

'TWAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sang from the tree.
At the foot of a hill, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever,
For there I first gained the affection and favor
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
But ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee:

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the rude roaring billows,
The kindest, the sweetest, of all his brave fellows;
And left me to stray 'mongst these once beloved willows,
The loneliest lass on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear lover to me,
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then will flow, all its beauty displaying,
The lambs on its banks will again be seen playing,
Whilst I, with my Jamie, am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

JOHN TAIT.

BLUE AND GRAY.

SPOKEN.

YOU ask me why upon my breast,
Unchanged from day to day,
Linked side by side on this broad band,
I wear the blue and gray.

SONG.

I had two brothers long ago,
Two brothers young and gay;
One wore a suit of northern blue,
The other wore a southern gray.
One heard the roll-call of the drum,
And linked his fate with Lee;
And one marched with the stars and stripes,
With Sherman to the sea.

CHORUS.

And that is why upon my breast,
Unchanged from day to day,
Linked side by side on this broad band,
I wear a knot of blue and gray.

Each fought for what he deemed was right,
And fell with sword in hand;
One sleeps among Virginia's hills,
And one by Georgia's strand.
The same sun shines on both their graves
That shines o'er hill and plain;
But in my dreams of vanished days
Both brothers live again.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

THE dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,
Their magic fails to bind me,
And my heart flies back to Erin's isle,
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,
And purer than its water,
But she refused to be my bride
Though many a year I sought her;
Yet, since to France I sailed away,
Her letters oft remind me
That I promised never to gainsay
The girl I left behind me.

She says—"My own dear love, come home,
My friends are rich and many,
Or else abroad with you I'll roam
A soldier stout as any;
If you'll not come, nor let me go,
I'll think you have resigned me."
My heart nigh broke when I answered—No!
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave
A life of war and toiling;
And never as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on;
But, were it free or to be freed,
The battle's close would find me
To Ireland bound—nor message need
From the girl I left behind me.

THOMAS DAVIS.

ANNIE O' THE BANKS O' DEE.

IT may not be, it cannot be,
That such a gem was made for me;
But, O, gin it had been my lot,
A palace, not a highland cot,
That bonnie, simple gem had thrown
Bright lustre round a jewelled crown!
For, O, the sweetest lass to me
Is Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

I love her for her artless truth:
I love her wi' the heart o' youth,
When a' the golden dreams o' love
Bring wingéd angels from above.
A stolen glance from Annie snares
My heart away from all its cares;
For, O, the sweetest lass to me
Is Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

MEET me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale,
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale.
You must promise to come, for I said
I would show the night flowers their queen;
Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,
'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.
Oh! meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;
But there's something about the moon's ray
That is sweeter to you and to me.
Oh! remember—be sure to be there;
For though dearly the moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air
If I want the sweet light of your eyes.
So meet me by moonlight alone.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a good old song,
Made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman,
Who had an old estate,
And who kept up his old mansion
At a bountiful old rate;
With a good old porter to relieve
The old poor at his gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around
With pikes, and guns, and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers
That had stood against old foes;
'Twas there "his worship" sat in state,
In doublet and trunk hose,
And quaffed his cup of good old sack,
To warm his good old nose.

When winter's cold brought frost and snow,
He opened his house to all;
And though threescore and ten his years,
He featly led the ball;
Nor was the houseless wanderer
E'er driven from his hall;
For while he feasted all the great,
He ne'er forgot the small.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight,
And years roll swiftly by;
And autumn's falling leaves proclaimed
The old man—he must die!
He laid him down quite tranquilly,
Gave up his latest sigh;
And mournful stillness reigned around,
And tears bedewed each eye.

Now surely this is better far
Than all the new parade
Of theatres and fancy balls,
"At home," and masquerade;
And much more economical,
For all his bills were paid;
Then leave your new vagaries quite,
And take up the old trade
Of a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

THERE was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee,
He danced and sang from morn till night, no lark so blithe as he,
And this the burden of his song forever used to be,
"I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me.

"I live by my mill, God bless her! she's kindred, child, and wife,
I would not change my station for any other in life:
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me,
I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me."

When spring begins his merry career, oh! how his heart grows gay,
No summer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's cold decay:
No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to sing and say,
"Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and sing,
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the wing;
This song shall pass from me to thee, along the jovial ring,
Let heart and voice, and all agree, to say "Long live the King."

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

Another version of the "Miller of the Dee."

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee,
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy none, no, no, not I,
And no one envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be,
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
But tell me, now, what makes thee sing,
With heart so light and free,
While I am sad, though I am King,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled and doffed his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three.

I owe no pence I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, sighing the while,
"Farewell and happy be,
But say no more, if thoud'st be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy meally cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee,
Such men as thou art England's boast,
Oh miller of the Dee."

THE VACANT CHAIR.

WE shall meet, but we shall miss him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening prayer.
When a year ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye;
But a golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

At our fireside sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble Willie fell;
How he strove to bear our banner
Through the thickest of the fight,
And upheld our country's honor
With the strength of manhood's might

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow,
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now
Sleep to-day, oh, early fallen!
In thy green and narrow bed:
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

OLD CABIN HOME.

I AM going far away,
Far away to leave you now,
To the Mississippi I am going,
I will take my old banjo
And I'll sing this little song,
Away down in my old cabin home.

Here is my old cabin home,
Here is my sister and my brother;
Here lies my wife, the joy of life,
And my child in the grave with its mother.

I am going to leave this land,
With this our darkey band,
To travel all the wide world over,
And when I get tired
I will settle down to rest,
Away down in my old cabin home.

When old age comes on us,
And my hair is turning gray;
I will hang up the banjo all alone;
I'll sit by the fire,
And I'll pass the time away,
Away down in my old cabin home.

'Tis there where I roam,
Away down on the old farm,
Where all the darkies am free.
Oh, merrily sound the banjo,
For the white folks round de room,
Away down in my old cabin home.

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

LET' us pause in life's pleasure and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
Oh! hard times come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary:
Hard times, hard times come again no more:
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh! hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,
Oh! hard times come again no more.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lonely grave,
Oh! hard times come again no more.

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD?

I WOULD ask of you, my darling,
A question, soft and low,
That gives me many a heartache,
As the moments come and go.
Your love I know is truthful,
But the truest love grows cold;
It is this that I would ask you—
Will you love me when I'm old?

Life's morn will soon be waning,
And its ev'ning bells be tolled;
But my heart will know no sadness
If you'll love me when I'm old.

Down the stream of life together
We are sailing side by side,

Hoping some bright day to anchor
Safe beyond the surging tide.
To-day our sky is cloudless,
But the night may clouds unfold,
And its storms may gather round us;
Will you love me when I'm old?

When my hair shall shame the snowdrift,
And mine eye shall dimmer grow,
I would lean upon some loved one
In the valley as I go.
I would claim of you a promise,
Worth to me a world of gold;
It is only this, my darling—
That you'll love me when I'm old.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND.

WE'RE tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts—a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease.
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by.
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-bye!"

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground.
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who left their homes:
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground.
Many are lying near;
Some are with the dying, some are with the dead.
And many are in tears.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease.
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

WALTER KETTREDGE.

YANKEE DOODLE.

FATHER and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding;
There we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day
I wish it could be saved.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder;
It makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself,
As 'Siah's under-pinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it:
It scared me so I streaked it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

But Captain Davis has a gun,
He kind of clapped his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron,
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell,
As big as mother's basin,
And every time they touched it off,
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knocked on it with little clubs,
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in their hats,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted plaguily to get,
To give to my Jemima.

I see another snarl of men,
A diggin' graves they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember;
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

THE OLD BARN.

OH! a jolly old place is grandpa's barn,
Where the doors stand open throughout the day,
And the cooing doves fly in and out,
And the air is sweet with the fragrant hay;

Where the grain lies over the oaken floor,
And the hens are busily scratching around,
And the sunbeams flicker, and dance, and shine,
And the breeze blows through with a merry sound.

The swallows twitter and chirp all day
With fluttering wings in the old brown eaves,
And the robins sing in the trees which lean
To brush the roof with their rustling leaves.

The timid mice in the corner glean
A harvest sly from the scattered grain,
And the insects hum in the well-filled lofts,
And build their nests on the window-pane.

Oh! dear old barn, where my childish days
Were passed full oft, how I long to be
Only a child again, to play
Beneath thy roof with the old-time glee!

ROSALIE, THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

ON the distant prairie, where the heather wild
In its quiet beauty lived and smiled,
Stands a little cottage, and a creeping vine
Loves round its porch to twine;
In that peaceful dwelling was a lovely child,
With her blue eyes beaming, soft and mild,
And the wavy ringlets of her flaxen hair
Floating in the summer air.

Fair as a lily, joyous and free,
Light of that prairie home was she.
Every one who knew her felt the gentle power
Of Rosalie the prairie flower.

On the distant prairie, when the days were long,
Tripping like a fairy, sweet her song,
With the sunny blossoms and the birds at play,
Beautiful and bright as they:
When the twilight shadows gather in the west,
And the voice of nature sunk to rest,
Like a cherub kneeling seemed the lovely child,
With her gentle eyes so mild.

But the summer faded, and a chilly blast
O'er that happy cottage swept at last;
When autumn song-birds woke the dewy morn,
Little Prairie Flower was gone:
For the angels whispered softly in her ear,
"Child, thy Father calls thee, stay not here,"
And they gently bore her, robed in spotless white,
To their blissful home of light.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

JUST before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave, around me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God,
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again,
But oh! you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh! I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors all around you
That their cruel words we know
In every battle kill our soldiers,
By the help they give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugle sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight.
Now may God protect us, mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear the battle cry of freedom,
How it swells upon the air.
Yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or will perish nobly there.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll—
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine

Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA T. WILLARD.

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.

This song is apparently the original which suggested to Herrick the lines entitled "Cherry Ripe." Having been somewhat altered and adapted to a pleasing melody by Mr. Charles Horn, the song of "Cherry Ripe" became very popular about the year 1825.

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow:
There cherries grow that none may buy
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes, like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

CHERRY RIPE.

CHERRY ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile
There's the land, or cherry isle.

Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy:
There plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.
Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy.

GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

GOOD news from home—good news for me,
Has come across the deep blue sea.
From friends that I have left in tears,
From friends that I've not seen for years;
And since we parted, long ago,
My life has been a scene of woe;
But now a joyful hour has come,
For I have heard good news from home.

Good news from home—good news for me,
Has come across the deep blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears,
From friends that I've not seen for years.

No father's near to guide me now,
No mother's tear to soothe my brow,
No sister's voice falls on mine ear,
No brother's smile to give me cheer;
But though I wander far away,
My heart is full of joy to-day,
For friends across the ocean's foam
Have sent to me good news from home.

When shall I see that cottage door,
Where I've spent years of joy before?
'Twas there I knew no grief nor care,
My heart was always happy there.
Though I may never see it more,
Nor stand upon my native shore,
Where'er on earth I'm doomed to roam,
My heart will be with those at home.

WEARING OF THE GREEN.

OH, Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground.
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep—the color can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law against the wearing of the green.
I met with Nappy Tander, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen,
They are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed.
You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
It will take root and flourish there, though under foot it's trod.
When the law can keep the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

But if at last the color should be torn from Ireland's heart.
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old soil will part.

I've heard whispers of a country that lies beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.
Oh, Erin, must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange but happy land?
Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom never shall be seen,
And where, thank God! we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY PRAYER.

O THOU, to whom this heart ne'er yet
Turned in anguish or regret,
The past forgive, the future spare—
Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!
Oh! leave me not alone in grief,
Send this blighted heart relief—
Send this blighted heart relief!
Make thou my life thy future care—
Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!
Ah! make my life thy future care—
Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!
Hear, oh! hear my prayer!
Ah! hear my prayer!

O Thou, to whom my thoughts are known,
Calm, oh, calm these trembling fears;
Oh! turn away the world's cold frown,
And dry these falling tears.
Oh! leave me not alone in grief,
Send this blighted heart relief—
Send this blighted heart relief!
Make Thou my life thy future care,
Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!
Oh! make my life thy future care,
Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!
Hear, oh! hear my prayer!
Ah! hear my prayer!

KITTY CLYDE.

O WHO does not know Kitty Clyde!
She lives at the foot of the hill,
In a sly little nook by the babbling brook,
That carries her father's old mill.
O who does not love Kitty Clyde?
That sunny-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass,
With a cute dimpled chin that looks roguish as sin,
And she has always a smile as you pass.

Dear Kitty, sweet Kitty,
My own dear Kitty Clyde,
In a sly little nook by the babbling brook,
There lives my own Kitty Clyde.

With a basket to put in her fish,
Every morning with a line and a hook
This sunny-eyed lass through the tall heavy grass
Steals along by the clear running brook.
She throws her line in the stream,
Then trips it along the brookside;
O how I do wish that I were a fish,
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.

O I wish that I were a bee,
I'd not gather honey from flowers,
But would steal a sweet sip from dear Kitty's lip
And make my own hive in her bowers;
Or if I were some little bird
I'd not build my nest in the air,
Keep close by the side of sweet Kitty Clyde,
And build in her soft silken hair.

THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN.

I HAVE wandered on through many a clime,
Where flowers of beauty grew,
Where all was blissful to the heart
And lovely to the view;
I have seen them in their twilight pride
And in the dress of morn,
But none appeared so sweet to me
As the spot where I was born.

I have wandered on through many a clime,
And gazed on palace walls,
Yet never wished that step of mine
Should tread those stately halls;
For 'midst the pomp that circled me,
I still should be forlorn;
Give me, give me the lowliest cot,
On the spot where I was born.

HANNAH'S AT THE WINDOW BINDING SHOES.

POOR, lone Hannah! sitting at the window binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled, sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree.
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor passing, nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper, "Is there from the fishers any news?"
O, her heart's adrift with one,
On an endless voyage gone.
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah, Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes.
Tall and clever, for a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!

For her wedding,
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing. 'Mong the apple boughs a pigeon coos:
Hannah shudders; for the wild sou'wester mischief brews.
And the rocks off Marblehead,
That [illegible] round, a schooner sped.
Silence, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November: now to tear her cheek bedews;
From Newfoundland, not a sail returning will she lose;
Whispering hoarsely, "O fishermen, have ye heard of Ben?
O fishermen, have ye heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters wear and tear the rugged shores she views,
Twenty summers—never one has brought her any news;
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea.
Hapless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

KATIE'S SECRET.

THE sunlight is beautiful, mother,
And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day,
And birds in the branches of hawthorn
Are carolling ever so gay;
And down by the rock in the meadow
The rill ripples by with a song;
And, mother, I, too, have been singing
The merriest all the day long.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,
Last night I was weeping alone;
The world was so dark and dreary,
My heart it grew heavy as stone;
I thought of the lonely and loveless,
All lonely and loveless was I;
I scarcely could tell why it was, mother,
But, oh! I was wishing to die.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,
But Willie came down by the gate,
And whispered: Come out in the moonlight,
I've something to say to you, Kate.
Oh! mother, to him I am dearer
Than all in the wide world beside;
He told me so, out in the moonlight;
And called me his darling, his bride.

So now I will gather my roses
And twine in my long, braided hair;
Then Willie will come in the evening
And smile when he sees me so fair;
And out in the moonlight we'll wander,
Way down by the old hawthorn tree—
Oh! mother, I wonder if any
Were ever so happy as we!

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

YOU think I have a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay;
But oh! they all were taught to me
By friends now far away:
The bird retains his silver note,
Though bondage chains his wing;
His song is not a happy one,
I'm saddest when I sing!

I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive turn for me!
Alas! 'tis vain in winter time
To mock the songs of spring,
Each note recalls some withered leaf,
I'm saddest when I sing!

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone,
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own:
My tears, when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its string;
Yet those who hear me, little think
I'm saddest when I sing!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

FAREWELL! BUT NOT FOREVER.

FAREWELL! my love, nay do not weep,
Those tears become not beauty;
One kind embrace before we part,
One kiss, and then to duty.

Behold! our vessel's anchor weighed,
Her topsails how they shiver!
One kiss, my love, and then farewell!
But not farewell forever.

Those sighs, my love, unman my heart
Though doomed I am to leave you;
My only treasure, do not grieve,
Nor think I would deceive you.

But when the sails their bosom swell,
Alas! we then must sever;
One kiss, my love, and then farewell!
But not farewell forever.

Forever means time out of date,
Of which men make but laughter,
For if we part forever here,
We surely meet hereafter.

Then dry those tears, my lovely maid!
In life we only sever;
For though we now must say farewell!
'Tis not farewell forever.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

DO they miss me at home? do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear
To know at this moment some loved one
Were saying, I wish he were here!
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam;
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss me at home.

When twilight approaches the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music,
That's missed when my voice is away,
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table,
When evenings home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "good-nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "good-night" while they sleep?

Do they miss me at home? do they miss me?
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

HOME AGAIN.

HOME again, home again,
From a foreign shore,
And, oh, it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more;
Here I dropped the parting tear
To cross the ocean's foam,
But now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.

Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore,
And, oh, it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more.

Happy hearts, happy hearts,
With mine have laughed in glee:
But, oh, the friends I loved in youth,
Seem happier to me.
And if my guide should be the fate
Which bids me longer roam:
But death alone can break the tie
That binds my heart to home.

Music sweet, music soft,
Lingers round the place;
And, oh, I feel the childhood charm
That time cannot efface.
Then give me but my homestead roof,
I'll ask no palace dome,
For I can live a happy life
With those I love at home.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING.

PAUL.

WHAT are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long?
That ever, amid our playing,
I hear but their low, lone song;
Not by the sea-side only—
There it sounds loud and free—
But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still with me

FLORENCE.

Brother! I hear no singing!
'Tis but the rolling wave,
Ever its lone course winging
Over some ocean cave;
'Tis but the noise of water
Dashing against the shore,
And the wind from some bleaker quarter
Mingling with its roar.

BOTH.

No, no! it is something greater,
That speaks to the heart alone:
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone!

WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

JENNY, my own true loved one,
I'm going far from thee,
Out on the bounding billows,
Out on the dark blue sea.
How I will miss you, my darling,
There, when the storm is raging high,
Jenny, my own true loved one,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Wait till the clouds roll by,
Jenny, wait till the clouds roll by;
Jenny, my own true loved one,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Jenny, when far from thee, love,
I'm on the ocean deep,
Will you then dream of me, love?
Will you your promise keep?
And I will come to you, darling,
Take courage, dear, and never sigh,
Gladness will follow sorrow,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Jenny, I'll keep your image,
Within my heart so true;
Each thought of mine forever,
Still, love, shall be of you.
Dry, then, your tear-drops, my darling,
Soon will the night of sorrow fly;
Cheer up, and don't be lonely,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

MY grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor;
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering (tick, tick, tick, tick),
His life seconds numbering (tick, tick, tick),
It stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent while a boy;
In childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,
And to share both his grief and his joy,
For it struck twenty-four when he entered the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

My grandfather said that of those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found;
For it wasted no time, and had but one desire—
At the close of each week to be wound.
It was kept in its place—not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight—
That his hour for departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft chime,
As we silently stood by his side;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

HENRY C. WORK.

PEEK-A-BOO.

ON a cold winter's ev'ning, when business is done,
And to your home you retire;
What a pleasure it is to have a bright bouncing boy,
One whom you love to admire.
You hug him, you kiss him, you press him to your heart,
What a joy to your bosom 'twill bring;
Then you place him on the carpet, and you'll hide behind the chair,
And to please him you'll commence to sing:

Peek-a-boo! peek-a-boo!
Come from behind the chair,
Peek-a-boo! peek-a-boo!
I see you hiding there,
Oh! you rascal, *there.*

Oh, my heart's always light, when at home with my wife,
There joy and peace ever reign;
With my boy on my knee, I'm as happy as can be,
I never know care or pain;
He's pretty, he's gentle, he's kind and he's good,
And ev'rything nice him I bring;
Oh, if he attempts to cry when I'm standing by,
Just to please him I commence to sing:
Peek-a-boo! peek-a-boo!

WILLIAM J. SCANLAN.

ROLL ON, SILVER MOON.

AS I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,
About the beginning of June,
'Neath a jessamine shade I espied a fair maid,
And she sadly complained to the moon.
Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveller's way,
When the nightingale's song is in tune,
But never, never more, with my lover I'll stray,
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

As the hart on the mountain my lover was brave,
So handsome, so manly and clever;
So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear,
Oh, Edwin, thy equal was never.
But now he is dead, and gone to death's bed,
He's cut down like a rose in full bloom;
He's fallen to sleep, and poor Jane's left to weep
By the sweet silver light of the moon.

But his grave I'll seek out until morning appears,
And weep for my lover so brave,



THE SISTERS.

I'll embrace the cold turf, and wash with my tears
The flowers that bloom o'er his grave;
But never again shall my bosom know joy,
With my Edwin I hope to be soon;
Lovers shall weep o'er the grave where we sleep,
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

WATCH ON THE RHINE.

A ROAR like thunder strikes the ear,
Like clang of arms or breakers near,
Rush forward for the German Rhine!
Who shields thee, dear beloved Rhine?

Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here!
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear—
Thy watch, thy Rhineland watch, stands firmly there.

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
The flash darts forth from ev'ry eye,
For Teutons brave, inured by toil,
Protect their country's holy soil.

When heavenward ascends the eye,
Our heroes' ghosts look down from high;
We swear to guard our dear bequest,
And shield it with the German breast.

As long as German blood still glows,
The German sword strikes mighty blows,
The German marksmen take their stand,
No foe shall tread our native land!

HAZEL DELL.

IN the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping,
Nelly loved so long;
And my lonely, lonely watch I'm keeping,
Nelly lost and gone;
Here in moonlight often we have wandered
Through the silent shade,
Now where leafy branches drooping
Downward, little Nelly's laid.

All alone my watch I'm keeping,
In the Hazel Dell;
For my darling Nelly's near me sleeping,
Nelly, dear, farewell!

In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping,
Where the flowers wave,
And the silent stars are nightly weeping
O'er poor Nelly's grave;
Hopes that once my bosom fondly cherished,
Smile no more for me—
Every dream of joy, alas! has perished,
Nelly, dear, with thee.

Now I'm weary, friendless and forsaken,
Watching here alone;
Nelly, thou no more wilt fondly cheer me
With thy loving tone.

Yet forever shall thy gentle image
In my mem'ry dwell,
And my tears thy lonely grave shall moisten,
Nelly, dear, farewell!

COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.

COME where my love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the happy hours away;
In visions bright redeeming
The fleeting joys of day.
Dreaming the happy hours,
Dreaming the happy hours away,
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

Come where my love lies dreaming,
Is sweetly dreaming, her beauty beaming;
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.
Come with a lute, come with a lay,
My own love is sweetly dreaming,
Her beauty beaming,
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Is sweetly dreaming her happy hours away.

Soft is her slumber, thoughts bright and free
Dance through her dreams, like gushing melody;
Light is her young heart, light may it be,
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the happy hours,
Dreaming the happy hours away;
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

BEAUTIFUL STAR.

STAR of the twilight, beautiful star,
Gladly I hail thee, shining afar;
Rest from your labors, children of toil,
Night closes o'er ye, rest ye a while;
This is the greeting, signall'd afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.
Star of the twilight, beautiful star,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.

Eagerly watching, waiting for thee,
Looks the lone maiden, o'er the dark sea;
Soon as thou shinest, soft on the air,
Borne by the light breeze, floateth her prayer;
Watch o'er him kindly, home from afar,
Light thou his pathway, beautiful star.

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

I CANNOT sing the old songs
I sung long years ago,
For heart and voice would fail me
And foolish tears would flow;
For bygone hours come o'er my heart
With each familiar strain,

I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again.
I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again.

I cannot sing the old songs,
Their charms are sad and deep;
Their melodies would waken
Old sorrows from their sleep;
And though all unforgotten still,
And sadly sweet they be,
I cannot sing the old songs,
They are too dear to me.
I cannot sing the old songs,
They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs,
For visions come again
Of golden dreams departed,
And years of weary pain;
Perhaps when earthly fetters shall
Have set my spirit free,
My voice may know the old songs
For all eternity.
My voice may know the old songs
For all eternity.

HARK! I HEAR AN ANGEL SING!

HARK! I hear an angel sing—
Angels now are on the wing;
And their voices singing clear
Tell us that the spring is near.
Dost thou hear them, gentle one?
Dost thou see the glorious sun
Rising higher in the sky,
As each day, as each day it passes by?

Hark! I hear an angel sing—
Angels now are on the wing;
And their voices singing clear
Tell us that the spring is near.

Just beyond yon cliffs of snow
Silver rivers brightly flow;
Smiling woods and fields are seen,
Mantled in a robe of green.
Birds and bees, and brooks and flowers,
Tell us of all vernal hours.
There the birds are weaving lays,
For the happy, happy spring-time days.

Look! oh, look! the southern sky
Mirrors flowers of every dye;
Children tripping o'er the plain:
Spring is coming back again—
Spring is coming! Shouts of glee;
Singing birds on bush and tree;
And the bees—their merry hums,
For the spring-time comes! it comes! it comes!

WHITE WINGS.

SAIL home as straight as an arrow!
My yacht shoots along on the crest of the sea;
Sail home, to sweet Maggie Darrow,
In her dear little home she is waiting for me!
High up! where the cliffs they are craggy,
That's where the girl of my heart waits for me!
Heigho, ho! I long for you, Maggie,
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.
Yo, ho! how we go! oh, how the winds blow!

White wings, they never grow weary,
They carry me cheerily over the sea,
Night comes, I long for my dearie,
I'll spread out my white wings, and sail home to thee.

Sail home to love and caresses!
When Maggie, my darling, is there at my side;
Sail home, blue eyes and gold tresses,
The fairest of all is my own little bride.
Sail home, to part from thee never,
Always together life's voyage shall be,
Sail home, to love thee forever!
I'll spread out my white wings, and sail home to thee.
Yo, ho! how we go! oh, how the winds blow!

BANKS WINTER.

NANCY LEE.

OF all the wives as e'er you know,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho!
There's none like Nancy Lee I trow,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
See there she stand an' waves her hands, upon the quay;
An' ev'ry day, when I'm away,
She'll watch for me;
An' whisper low, when tempests blow,
For Jack at sea.
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!

The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall be!
Yeo ho! we go across the sea.
The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall be!
The sailor's wife, his star shall be!

The harbor's past, the breezes blow,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho!
'Tis long ere we come back I know,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
But true an' bright, from morn 'till night, my home will be;
An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet,
For Jack at sea;
An' Nancy's face to bless the place,
An' welcome me.
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!

The boa'sn pipes the watch below,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho!
Then here's a health afore we go,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
A long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea;
An' keep our bones from Davy Jones,
Wher'er we be,
An' may you meet a mate as sweet
As Nancy Lee.
Yeo ho! lads, oh! yeo ho!

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

WHEN the charms of spring awaken, awaken, awaken,
When the charms of spring awaken,
And the mocking bird is singing on the bough,
I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,
I feel like one forsaken, since my Hally is no longer with me now.

Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave,
Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally, sweet Hally,
I'm dreaming now of Hally,
For the thought of her is one that never dies.
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

Ah, well I yet remember, remember, remember,
Ah, well I yet remember,
When we gathered the cotton side by side.
'Twas in mild September, September, September,
'Twas in mild September,
And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

I HEARD a mother singing to her babe upon her knee,
An old familiar childish strain that had been sung to me,
It brought to my mind my mother, she long has passed away,
I think I hear her tender words as softly she would say:

"Little boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn,
Where's the little boy that tends the sheep?"
He's under the haystack fast asleep! fast asleep!
Go, wake him, go, wake him, no, not I,
For if I do he will surely cry!

My dear, my gentle mother, I look back to her with love.
And think of all the lessons taught by her who's now above,
And oft times when temptation assails me on my way,
I can resist them for I think I hear my mother say:

"Little boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn,
Where's the little boy that tends the sheep?"
He's under the haystack fast asleep! fast asleep!
Go, wake him, go, wake him, no, not I,
For if I do he will surely cry!

ANNA MARBLE.

FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

I'VE been caught in a net by a dear little pet,
And her eyes are as blue as the deep rolling sea;
She's a fisherman's daughter—she lives o'er the water—
She's going to be married next Sunday to me.
She's as rare as the salmon, there's really no gammon;
As sweet as shrimps newly served up for tea:
My soul she has caught, and a place I have bought,
Where a ray of bright sunshine forever will be.
And—she's a fisherman's daughter, she lives o'er the water,
She's going to be married next Sunday to me.

She's barefooted and pretty, she's lively and witty,
She sings her wild songs to the murmuring sea:
She'll dance on the sands where the fisherman stands,
And join in the music of a wild swelling glee;
She sits in her boat and scuds o'er the billows,
And flirts with the spray like a sea-skimming gull;
She laughs at the winds—whose revels are music,
And beats to the time with the stroke of her scull.

The bells they shall ring and the sailors shall sing;
"Y-heave ho! y-heave ho, boys! for time's on the wing,
To see pretty Sarah, the pride of the sea!"
Who's going to be married next Sunday to me.
Her hair I will deck with a wreath of bright sea-weed,
I'll plant in her bosom a blooming moss rose:
She shall go like a fairy with sweet tinkling music,
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

UNCLE NED.

I ONCE knew a darkey, and his name was Uncle Ned,
Oh he died long ago—long ago,
He had no hair on the top of his head,
De place where de wool ought to grow.

Lay down de shovel and de hoe,
Hang up de fiddle and de bow,
There's no more work for poor old Ned,
He's gone where de good darkies go.

His fingers were long like de cane in de brake,
And he had no eyes for to see,
He had no teeth for to eat de hoe cake,
So he had to let de hoe cake be.

One cold frosty morning old Ned died,
De tears down massa's face run like rain,
For he knew when Ned was laid in de ground,
He'd nebber see his like again.

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

There is a little green mound and a marble slab in a secluded corner of Otterbein cemetery, about twelve miles north of Columbus, Ohio, which marks the grave of the author of that famous ballad, "Darling Nelly Gray." The seclusion of the tomb, the neglect shown it by all save a few relatives, and the general ignorance of its location, form another illustration of the forgetfulness of the human race. Notwithstanding the grave of the author of "Darling Nelly Gray" is forgotten and neglected, his own beautiful ballad has sculptured out for him a monument of memory which will endure the changes of centuries to come.

THERE'S a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled the many happy hours away,
A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling, Nelly Gray.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more.
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day;
For you've gone from old Kentucky shore.

When the moon has climbed the mountain, and the stars are shining too,
Then I'd take my darling, Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little canoe—
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone, the neighbors say,
The white man bound her with his chain—
They have taken her to Georgia, to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and cane.

My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more;
My eyes shall look adown, my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blind, and I cannot see my way,
Hark! there's something knocking at the door,
Oh, I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray!
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Oh, my Nelly Gray, up in heaven, there they say,
That they will never take you from me any more;
I'm coming, coming, coming as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to old Kentucky shore.

BENJAMIN RUSSELL HANBY.

NELLY WAS A LADY.

DOWN on de Mississippi floatin',
Long time I trabbled on de way,
At night de cotton wood a totin',
Singin' for my true lub all de way.
Nelly was a lady, last night she died,
Toll de bell for lubly Nell, my dark Virginny's bride.

Now I'm unhappy an' I'm weary,
Can't tote de cotton wood no more,
Last night while Nelly was a sleepin',
Death came a knockin' at de door.

When I saw my Nelly in de mornin',
She smiled, till she opened up her eyes,
And seemed like de light ob day adornin',
Just 'fore de sun begin to rise.

Down on de margin ob de water,
Whar de lone weepin' willows grow,
Dar libed Virginny's lubly daughter,
Dar she in death may find repose.

Down in de meadows 'mongst de clober,
Walkin' wid Nelly by my side,
Now all dem happy days are ober,
Farewell, my dark Virginny's bride.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

OF all the mighty nations in the east or in the west,
Oh, this glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best,
We have room for all creation, and our banner is unfurled,
Here's a general invitation to the people of the world

Then come along, come along, make no delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way,
Our lands, they are broad enough, don't be alarmed,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

St. Lawrence marks our northern line, as fast her waters flow,
And the Rio Grande our southern bound way down to Mexico,
From the great Atlantic Ocean where the sun begins to dawn,
Leap across the Rocky Mountains, far away to Oregon.

While the south shall raise the cotton, and the west the corn and pork,
New England's manufactories shall do up the fine work,

For the deep and flowing waterfalls that course along our hills
Are just the thing for washing sheep, and driving cotton mills.

Our fathers gave us liberty, but little did they dream
The grand results that pour along this mighty age of steam,
For our mountains, lakes, and rivers are all a blaze of fire,
And we send our news by lightning on the telegraphic wire.

Yes, we are bound to beat the nations, for our motto's go ahead,
And we'll tell the foreign paupers that our people are well fed,
For the nations must remember that Uncle Sam is not a fool,
For the people do the voting, and the children go to school.

BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.

BY the blue Alsatian mountains,
Dwelt a maiden young and fair,
Like the careless flowing fountains
Were the ripples of her hair,
Were the ripples of her hair.
Angel mild, her eyes so winning,
Angel bright, her happy smile;
When beneath the fountains spinning
You could hear her song the while—
A-de! A-de! A-de!
Such songs will pass away,
Tho' the blue Alsatian mountains
Seem to watch and wait alway.

By the blue Alsatian mountains
Came a stranger in the spring,
And he lingered by the fountains
Just to hear the maiden sing,
Just to hear the maiden sing;
Just to whisper in the moonlight
Words the sweetest she had known,
Just to charm away the hours
Till her heart was all his own.
A-de! A-de! A-de!
Such dreams must pass away,
But the blue Alsatian mountains
Seem to watch and wait alway.

By the blue Alsatian mountains,
Many springtimes bloomed and passed,
And the maiden by the fountains
Saw she lost her hopes at last,
Lost her hopes at last;
And she withered like a flower
That is waiting for the rain,
She will never see the stranger
Where the fountains fall again.

A-de! A-de! A-de!
The years have passed away,
But the blue Alsatian mountains
Ever watch and wait alway.

A-de! A-de! A-de!
The years have passed away,
But the blue Alsatian mountains
Seem to watch and wait alway.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

YE sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary;
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms, to arms, ye brave,
Th' avenging sword unsheath:
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous k[illegible].gs' confederates raise:
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our walls and cities blaze!
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?

O liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whip thy noble spirit tame?
Or whip thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield—
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

BAY OF BISCAY.

LOUD roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers,
The night both drear and dark.
Our poor devoted bark
Till next day there she lay
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
Her opening timbers creak,
Each fears a wat'ry pillow—
None stop the dreadful leak.

To cling to slippery shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky,
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, all that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent.
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON Braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like the winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

LILLY DALE.

'TWAS on a calm still night,
When the moon's pale light
Shone o'er hill and vale,
When friends mute with grief,
Stood around the death-bed
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

Oh, Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly Dale,
Now the wild rose blossoms
O'er her little green grave,
'Neath the tree in the flowery vale.

Her cheeks that once glowed
With the rose tint of health,
By the hand of disease had turned pale,
And the death damp
Was on the pure white brow
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

I'll go, she said,
To the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail,
I must tell you where,
Near my own loved home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale.

'Neath the chestnut tree,
Where the wild flowers grow,
And the stream ripples forth through the vale,
Where the wild birds shall warble
Their songs in spring,
There lies poor Lilly Dale.

WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

WILL you come with me, my Phillis, to yon blue mountain free?
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest, come, rove along with me.
It's every Sunday morning, when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon and all take a ride.

Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds they sing so sweet,
I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good to eat
Come, listen to my story, it will relieve my heart
So jump into the wagon and off we will start.

Do you believe, my Phillis dear, old Mike, with all his wealth?
Could make you half so happy as I with youth and health,
We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig, and a cow,
And you will mind the dairy, while I do guide the plough.

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick and neat,
All braided up with dahlias and hollyhocks so sweet.
It's every Sunday morning, when I am by your side
We'll jump into the wagon and all take a ride.

Together on life's journey we'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no troubles we'll reach the happy top,
Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely bride,
We'll jump into the wagon and all take a ride.

DOWN IN THE COAL MINE.

I AM a jovial collier lad,
As blithe as blithe can be,
For let the times be good or bad,
They're all the same to me;
'Tis little of the world I know,
And careless for its ways,
For where the dog-star never glows,
I wear away my days.

Chorus.

Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground,
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found;
Digging dusky diamonds all the season round,
Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

My hands are horny, hard and black
With working in the ve'n,
And like the clothes upon my back,
My speech is rough and plain;
Well, if I stumble with my tongue,
I've one excuse to say,
'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong,
'Tis the head that goes astray.

At every shift, be't soon or late,
I haste my bread to earn,
And anxiously my kindred wait,
And watch for my return;
For death that levels all alike,
Whate'er their rank may be,
Amid the fire and damp may strike,
And fling his darts at me.

How little do the great ones care
Who sit at home secure,
What hidden dangers colliers dare—
What hardships they endure!
The very fires their mansions boast
To cheer themselves and wives,
Mayhap were kindled at the cost
Of jovial colliers' lives.

Then cheer up, lads, and make ye much
Of every joy ye can,
But let your mirth be always such
As best becomes a man;
However fortune turns about,
We'll still be jovial souls,
For what would nations be without
The lads that look for coals.

J. B. GEOGHEGAN.

THE OLD BAND.

IT'S mighty good to git back to the old town, shore,
Considerin' I've be'n away twenty year and more,
Sence I moved then to Kansas, of course I see a change,
A-comin' back, and notice things that's new to me and strange;
Especially at evenin' when yer new band fellers meet,
In fancy uniforms and all, and play out on the street—
What's come of old Bill Lindsey and the Sax-horn fellers—say?
I want to hear the old band play.

What's come of Eastman, and Nat Snow? And where's War Barnett at?
And Nate and Bony Meek; Bill Hart; Sam Richa'son and that
Air brother of him played the drum as twicet as big as Jim;
And old Hi Kerns, the carpenter—say, what's become o' him?
I make no doubt yer new band now's a competenter band,
And plays their music more by note than what they play by hand,
And stylisher and grander tunes; but somehow—anyway
I want to hear the old band play.

Sich tunes as "John Brown's Body," and "Sweet Alice," don't you know,
And "The Camels is A-comin'," and "John Anderson, my Jo;"
And a dozent others of 'em—"Number Nine" and "Number 'Leven"
Was favo-rites that fairly made a feller 'dream o' heaven,
And when the boys 'u'd saranade, I've laid so still in bed
I've even heered the locus' blossoms droppin' on the shed
When "Lily Dale," er "Hazel Dell," had sobbed and died away—
I want to hear the old band play.

The new band maybe beats it, but the old band's what I said—
It allus 'peared to kind o' chord with somepin' in my head;
And, whilse I'm no musicianer, when my blame eyes is jes
Nigh drownded out, and mem'ry squares her jaws and sort o' says
She won't ner never will fergit, I want to jes turn in
And take and light right out o' here and git back west ag'in—
And stay there, when I git there, where I never haf to say
I want to hear the old band play.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

TRAGEDY.

THE SISTERS.

THE stainless snow descends from Russian skies,
Hides hill and lowland under its white fleece,
Yet cannot bury out of sight the plot
To slay a monarch. Blood noble and low
Boils hot together, and the boldest men
Are not more cool and brave than are fair maids,
Eager for patriot deeds of high renown.
O tempered steel, O dagger sharp as death,
Soft breast of woman warms thy gleaming blade,
And woman's hand directs the fatal blow!

NELL.

YOU'RE a kind woman, Nan! ay, kind and true!
God will be good to faithful folk like you!
You knew my Ned!
A better, kinder lad never drew breath.
We loved each other true, and we were wed
In church, like some who took him to his death;
A lad as gentle as a lamb, but lost
His senses when he took a drop too much.

Drink did it all—drink made him mad when crossed—
He was a poor man, and they're hard on such.
O Nan! that night! that night!
When I was sitting in this very chair,
Watching and waiting in the candle-light,
And heard his foot come creaking up the stair,
And turned, and saw him standing yonder, white
And wild, with staring eyes and rumpled hair!
And when I caught his arm and called, in fright,
He pushed me, swore, and to the door he passed
To lock and bar it fast.
Then down he drops just like a lump of lead,
Holding his brow, shaking, and growing whiter,
And—Nan!—just then the light seemed growing brighter,
And I could see the hands that held his head,
All red! all bloody red!
What could I do but scream? He groaned to hear,
Jumped to his feet, and gripped me by the wrist;
"Be still, or I shall kill thee, Nell!" he hissed.
And I *was* still, for fear.
"They're after me—I've knifed a man!" he said.
"Be still—the drink—drink did it!—he is dead!"

Then we grew still, dead still. I couldn't weep;
All I could do was cling to Ned and hark,
And Ned was cold, cold, cold, as if asleep,
But breathing hard and deep.
The candle flickered out—the room grew dark—
And—Nan!—although my heart was true and tried—
When all grew cold and dim,
I shuddered—not for fear of them outside,
But just afraid to be alone with *him*.
"Ned! Ned!" I whispered—and he moaned and shook,
But did not heed or look!
"Ned! Ned! speak, lad! tell me it is not true!"
At that he raised his head and looked so wild;
Then, with a stare that froze my blood, he threw
His arms around me, crying like a child,
And held me close—and not a word was spoken.
While I clung tighter to his heart, and pressed him
And did not fear him though my heart was broken,
But kissed his poor stained hands, and cried, and blessed him.

Then, Nan, the dreadful daylight, coming cold
With sound o' falling rain—
When I could see his face, and it looked old,
Like the pinched face of one that dies in pain;
Well, though we heard folk stirring in the sun,
We never thought to hide away or run,
Until we heard those voices in the street,
That hurrying of feet,
And Ned leaped up, and knew that they had come.
"Run, Ned!" I cried, but he was deaf and dumb!
"Hide, Ned!" I screamed, and held him; "hide thee, man!"
He stared with bloodshot eyes, and hearkened, Nan!
And all the rest is like a dream—the sound
Of knocking at the door—
A rush of men—a struggle on the ground—
A mist—a tramp—a roar;
For when I got my senses back again,
The room was empty—and my head went round!

God help him! God *will* help him! Ay, no fear!
It was the drink, not Ned—he meant no wrong;
So kind! so good!—and I am useless here,
Now he is lost that loved me true and long.
That night before he died
I didn't cry—my heart was hard and dried;
But when the clocks went "one," I took my shawl
To cover up my face, and stole away,
And walked along the silent streets, where all
Looked cold and still and gray,

And on I went, and stood in Leicester Square,
But just as "three" was sounded close at hand
I started and turned east, before I knew,
Then down Saint Martin's Lane, along the Strand,
And through the toll-gate on to Waterloo.
Some men and lads went by,
And turning round, I gazed, and watched 'em go,
Then felt that they were going to see him die,
And drew my shawl more tight, and followed slow.
More people passed me, a country cart with hay
Stopped close beside me, and two or three
Talked about *it!* I moaned and crept away!

Next came a hollow sound I knew full well,
For something gripped me round the heart!—and then
There came the solemn tolling of a bell!
O God! O God! how could I sit close by,
And neither scream nor cry?
As if I had been stone, all hard and cold,
I listened, listened, listened, still and dumb,
While the folk murmured, and the death-bell tolled,
And the day brightened, and his time had come,
Till—Nan!—all else was silent, but the knell
Of the slow bell!
And I could only wait, and wait, and wait,
And what I waited for I couldn't tell—
At last there came a groaning deep and great—
Saint Paul's struck "eight"—
I screamed, and seemed to turn to fire, and fell!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

FROM THE LAST ACT OF "VIRGINIUS."

Scene—House of VIRGINIUS. *Present,* VIRGINIUS, NUMITORIUS, SERVIA.

Enter ICILIUS.

VIRGINIUS. Come, come, make ready. Brother, you and he
Go on before: I'll bring her after you.
Icilius. Ha!
Numitorius. My Icilius, what a sight is there!
Virginius' reason is a wreck, so stripped,
So broken by the wave and wind, you scarce
Would know it was the gallant bark you saw
Riding so late in safety.
Icil. (*taking* VIRGINIUS'S *hand*). Father, father!
That art no more a father!
Virg. Ha! what wet
Is this upon my hand? a tear, boy? Fie!
For shame! Is that the weapon you would guard
Your bride with? First assay what steel can do.
Num. Not a tear has blessed his eye since her death! No wonder!
The fever of his brain, that now burns out,
Has drunk the source of sorrow's torrents dry.
Icil. You would not have it otherwise? 'Twas fit
The bolt that struck the sole remaining branch,
And blasted it, should set the trunk on fire!
Num. If we could make him weep—
Icil. I have that will make him,

If [illegible] will do it. 'T[illegible] her urn. 'Twas that
W[illegible]rest drew ten[illegible]om me. I'll fetch it. But
I [illegible] think you w[illegible] to wake a man
W[illegible] he mercy o[illegible] a tempest. Better
You suffer him to sleep it through. (*Exit* Ici[illegible]
Virg. Gather your friends to[illegible]ether: tell the[illegible]
Dentatus' murder. Screw the [illegible]d of rage
To the topmost pitch. (*Laughs.*) Mine own[illegible]ot
mine own!
That's strange enough. Why does he not dispu[illegible]
My right to my own flesh, and tell my heart
Its blood is not its own? He might as well.
But I want my child.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Justice will be defeated!
Virg. Who says that?
He lies in the face of the gods! She is immutable,
Immaculate, and immortal. And, though all
The guilty globe should blaze, she will spring up
Through the fire, and soar above the crackling pile,
With not a downy feather ruffled by
Its fierceness!
Num. He is not himself. What new
Oppression comes to tell us to our teeth
We only mocked ourselves to think the days
Of thraldom past?
Luc. The friends of Appius
Beset the people with solicitations.
The fickle crowd, that change with every change,
Begin to doubt and soften. Every moment
That's lost, a friend is lost. Appear among
Your friends, or lose them.
Num. Lucius, you
Remain and watch Virginius.
[*Exit, followed by all but* LUCIUS *and* SERVIA.
Virg. You remember—
Don't you, nurse?
Servia. What, Virginius?
Virg. That she nursed
The child herself. Inquire among your gossips
Which of them saw it; and, with such of them
As can avouch the fact, without delay
Repair to the Forum. Will she come or not?
I'll call myself! She will not dare—
Oh, when did my Virginia dare? Virginia!—
Is it a voice, or nothing, answers me?
I hear a voice so fine there's nothing lives
'Twixt it and silence. Such a slender one
I've heard when I have talked with her in fancy!
A phantom sound! Aha! she is not here.
They told me she was here—they have deceived me—
And Appius was not made to give her up,
But keeps her, and effects his wicked purpose,
While I stand talking here, and ask you if
My daughter is my daughter! Though a legion
Sentried that brothel, which he calls his palace,
I'd tear her from him!
Luc. Hold, Virginius! Stay!
Appius is now in prison!

Virg. With my daughter?
He has secured her there? Ha! has he so?
Gay office for a dungeon! Hold me not,
Or I will dash you down, and spoil you for
My keeper. My Virginia, struggle with him!
Appal him with thy shrieks. Ne'er faint, ne'er faint—
I am coming to thee! I am coming to thee!

[*Rushes out, followed by* LUCIUS *and* SERVIA.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE FIRE-BELL'S STORY.

DONG—*Dong*—the bells rang out
Over the housetops; and then a shout
Of "Fire!" came echoing up the street,
With the sound of eager, hurrying feet.
Dong—Dong—the sonorous peal
Came mingled with clatter of engine-wheel
And whistle shrill, and horse's hoof;
And lo! from the summit of yonder roof
A flame bursts forth, with a sudden glare.
Dong—Dong—on the midnight air
The sound goes ringing out over the town;
And hundreds already are hurrying down,
Through the narrow streets, with breathless speed
Following whither the engines lead.
Dong—Dong—and from windows, high
Startled ones peer at the ruddy sky,
And still the warning loud doth swell
From the brazen throat of the iron-tongued bell,
Sending a shudder, and sending a start
To many a home, and many a heart.
Up in yon tenement, where the glare
Shines dimly forth on the starlit air
Through dingy windows; where flame and smoke
Already begin to singe and choke,
See the affrighted ones look out
In helpless terror, in horrible doubt,
Begging for succor. Now behold
The ladders, by arms so strong and bold,
Are reared; like squirrels the brave men climb
To the topmost story. 'Indeed, 'twere time—
"They all are saved!" said a voice below,
And a shout of triumph went up. But no—
"Not all—ah, no!"—'twas a mother's shriek;
The cry of a woman, agonized, weak,
Yet nerved to strength by her deep woe's power.
"*Great God, my child!*"—even strong men cower
'Neath such a cry. "*Oh, save my child!*"
She screamed in accents sorrowful, wild.

Up the ladders, a dozen men
Rushed in generous rivalry then,
Bravely facing a terrible fate.
Breathless the crowd below await.
See! There's one who has gained the sill
Of yonder window. Now, with a will,
He bursts the sash with his sturdy blow;
And it rattles down on the pave below.
Now, he has disappeared from sight—
Faces below are ashen and white,
In that terrible moment. Then a cry
Of joy goes up to the flame-lit sky—
Goes up to welcome him back to life.
God help him now in his terrible strife!
Once more he mounts the giddy sill,
Cool and steady and fearless still;
Once more he grasps the ladder—see!
What is it he holds so tenderly?
Thousands of tearful, upturned eyes
Are watching him now; and with eager cries
And sobs and cheerings, the air is rent
As he slowly retraces the long descent,
And the child is saved!

Ah! ye who mourn
For chivalry dead, in the days long gone,
And prate of the valor of olden time,
Remember this deed of love sublime,
And know that knightly deeds, and bold,
Are as plentiful now as in days of old.

GEORGE L. CATE'N.

FROM "DAMON AND PYTHIAS."

PYTHIAS. Calanthe here! My poor, fond girl!
Thou art the first to meet me at the block;
Thou'lt be the last to leave me at the grave!

Calanthe. O my Pythias, he yet may come!
Into the sinews of the horse that bears him
Put swiftness, gods!—let him outrace and shame
The galloping of clouds upon the storm!
Blow, breezes, with him; lend every feeble aid
Unto his motion!—and thou, thrice solid earth,
Forget thy immutable fixedness—become
Under his feet like flowing water, and
Hither flow with him!

Pyth. I have taken in
All the horizon's vast circumference
That, in the glory of the setting sun,
Opens its wide expanse, yet do I see
No signal of his coming—Nay, 'tis likely—
Oh no! he could not! It is impossible!

Cal. I say he is false! he is a murderer!
He will not come! the traitor doth prefer
Life, ignominious, dastard life!—Thou minister
Of light, and measurer of eternity
In this great purpose, stay thy going down,
Great sun, behind the confines of this world!
On yonder purple mountains make thy stand;
For while thine eye is opened on mankind,
Hope will abide within thy blessèd beams:
They dare not do the murder in thy presence!
Alas! all heedless of my frantic cry,
He plunges down the precipice of heaven!

Procles. Take a last farewell of your mistress, sir,
And look your last upon the setting sun;
And do both quickly, for your hour comes on.

Pyth. Come here, Calanthe—closer to me yet!
Ah! what a cold transition it will be
From this warm touch, all full of life and beauty!—

Cal. Hush! Stand back there!
There is a minute left: look there! look there!
But 'tis so far off, and the evening shades
Thicken so fast, there are no other eyes
But mine can catch it! Yet, 'tis there! I see it!
A shape as yet so vague and questionable,
'Tis something, just about to change and take
The form of something.

Pyth. Damon, I do forgive thee!—I but ask
Some tears unto my ashes. By the gods,
A horse and horseman!—Far upon the hill,
They wave their hats, and he returns it—yet
I know him not—his horse is at the stretch!
Why should they shout as he comes on? It is—
No!—that was too unlike—but there, now—there!
O Life! I scarcely dare to wish for thee;
And yet—that jutting rock has hid him from me.
No! let it not be Damon!—he has a wife
And child! Gods, keep him back!

Damon (without). Where is he? (*Rushes in.*)
Ha! he's alive, untouched!

Pyth. Damon, dear friend—

Dam. I can but laugh—I cannot speak to thee!
I can but play the maniac, and laugh.
Even in the very crisis to have come—
To have hit the very forehead of old Time!
By heavens! had I arrived an hour before,
I should not feel this agony of joy—
This triumph over Dionysius!
Ha, ha! But thou didst doubt me; come, thou didst—
Own it, and I'll forgive thee.

Pyth. For a moment.

Dam. O that false slave! Pythias, he slew my horse,
In the base thought to save me. I'd have killed him,
And to a precipice was dragging him,
When, from the very brink of the abyss,
I did behold a traveller afar,
Bestriding a good steed. I rushed upon him:
Choking with desperation, and yet loud,
In shrieking anguish, I command him
Down from his saddle: he denied me—but
Would I then be denied? As hungry tigers
Clutch their poor prey, I sprang upon his throat—
Thus, thus, I had him, Pythias! Come, your horse,
Your horse! I cried. Ha, ha!

JOHN BANIM.

ANTONY TO CÆSAR'S BODY.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

ANTONY: Oh, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
And, Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc* and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

ANTONY: Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious:
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent:
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up,
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SEARCHING FOR THE SLAIN.

FOLD the lantern aside, and shudder not so,
There's more blood to see than this stain on the snow;
There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over there,
And fixed faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked hair.
Did you think, when we came, you and I, out to-night
To search for our dead, you would be a fair sight?

You're his wife; you love him—you think so: and I
Am only his mother; my boy shall not lie
In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear
His form to a grave that mine own may soon share.
So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,
While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go! then no faintings! Give me the light,
And follow my footsteps—my heart will lead right.
Ah, God! what is here? a great heap of the slain,
All mangled and gory! what horrible pain
These beings have died in! Dear mothers, ye weep,
Ye weep, oh, ye weep o'er this terrible sleep!

More! more! Ah! I thought I could nevermore know
Grief, horror, or pity, for aught here below,
Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief tell
How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell.
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand?

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor fright,
That your red hands turn over toward this dim light
These dead men that stare so? Ah, if you had kept
Your senses this morning ere his comrades had left,
You had heard that his place was worst of them all—
Not 'mid the stragglers—where he fought he would fall.

There's the moon through the clouds: O Christ what a scene!
Dost thou from thy heavens o'er such visions lean,
And still call this cursed world a footstool of thine?

Hark! a groan! there another—here in this line
Piled close on each other! Ah, here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore;—bah! they died for this rag.

Here's the voice that we seek; poor soul, do not start;
We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er the heart!
Is there aught we can do? A message to give
To any beloved one? I swear, if I live,
To take it for sake of the words my boy said,
"Home," "mother," "wife," ere he reeled down 'mong the dead.

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood?
Speak, speak, man, or point; 'twas the Ninth. Oh, the blood
Is choking his voice! What a look of despair!
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the hair
From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my own,
My hands were both idle when you died alone.

He's dying—he's dead! Close his lids, let us go.
God's peace on his soul! If we only could know
Where our own dear one lies!—my soul has turned sick;
Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so thick?
I cannot! I cannot! How eager you are!
One might think you were nursed on the red lap of War.

He's not here—and not here. What wild hopes flash through
My thought, as, foot-deep, I stand in this dread dew,
And cast up a prayer to the blue, quiet sky!
Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face doth lie
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white?
O God, my brain reels! 'Tis a dream. My old sight

Is dimmed with these horrors. My son! oh, my son!
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!
There, lift off your arms; let him come to the breast
Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn, to rest.
Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss
As mine to his baby-touch; was it for this?

He was yours, too; he loved you? Yes, yes, you're right.
Forgive me, my daughter, I'm maddened to-night.
Don't moan so, dear child; you're young, and your years
May still hold fair hopes; but the old die of tears.
Yes, take him again;—ah! don't lay your face there;
See the blood from his wound has stained your loose hair.

How quiet you are! Has she fainted!—her cheek
Is cold as his now. Say a word to me—speak!
Am I crazed? Is she dead? Has *her* heart broke first?
Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.

I'm afraid, I'm afraid, all alone with these dead?
Those corpses are stirring; God help my poor he
I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home.
Why, the slain are all dancing! Dearest, don't move.
Keep away from my boy: he's guarded by love.
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep!

FROM "RICHELIEU."

RICHELIEU. Approach, Sir. Can you call to mind the hour,
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,
Your presence honor'd me?
De Mauprat. It is, my lord,
One of my most——
Rich. (*dryly*). Delightful recollections.
De Mau. (*aside*). St. Denis! doth he make a jest of axe
And headsman?
Rich. (*sternly*). I did then accord you
A mercy ill requited: you still live.
De Mau. To meet death face to face at last.
Rich. Your words
Are bold.
De Mau. My deeds have not belied them.
Rich. Deeds!
O miserable delusion of man's pride!
Deeds! cities sacked, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,
Men butchered! In your hour of doom behold
The *deeds* you boast of! From rank showers of blood,
And the red light of blazing roofs, you build
The rainbow glory, and the shuddering conscience
Cry: Lo, the Bridge to Heaven!
De Mau. If war be sinful,
Your hand the gauntlet cast.
Rich. It was so, Sir.
Note the distinction:—I weigh'd well the cause
Which made the standard holy; raised the war
But to secure the peace. France bled; I groan'd:
But looked beyond, and in the vista saw
France saved, and I exulted. You—but you
Were but the tool of slaughter—knowing nought,
Foreseeing nought, nought hoping, nought lamenting,
And for nought fit, save cutting throats for hire.
Deeds! marry, deeds!
De Mau. If you would deign to speak
Thus to your armies ere they march to battle,
Perchance your Eminence might have the pain
Of the throat-cutting to yourself.
Rich. (*aside*). He has wit.
This Mauprat. (*aloud*) Let it pass; there is against you
What you can less excuse. Messire de Mauprat,
Doomed to sure death, how hast thou since consumed
The time allotted thee for serious thought
And solemn penitence?

De Mau. (*embarrassed*). The time, my Lord?
Rich. Is not the question plain? I'll answer for thee.
Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine; no sackcloth chafed
Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's-head
Have not, with pious meditation, purged
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done,
Brief told; what done, a volume! Wild debauch,
Turbulent riot: for the morn the dice-box;
Noon claimed the duel; and the night the wassail:
These your most holy, pure preparatives
For death and judgment. Do I wrong you, Sir?
De Mau. I was not always thus: if changed my nature,
Blame that which changed my fate. Alas, my Lord,
Were you accursed with that which you inflicted—
By bed and board, dogged by one ghostly spectre,
The while within you youth beat high, and life
Grew lovelier from the neighboring frown of death;
The heart no bud, nor fruit, save in those seeds
Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear, and wither
In the same hour—were this your fate, perchance
You would have erred like me!
Rich. I might, like you,
Have been a brawler and a reveller;—not,
Like you, a trickster and a thief.
De Mau. (*advancing threateningly*). Lord Cardinal!
Unsay those words!
[*Huguet deliberately raises the carbine.*
Rich. (*waving his hand*). Not quite so quick, friend Huguet;
Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,
And he can wait!—
You have outrun your fortune;—
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar.
Each to his taste! But I do charge you, Sir,
That, being beggared, you would coin false moneys
Out of that crucible called *Debt*. To live
On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets; all
Not *yours;* ungiven, uninherited, unpaid for;
This is to be a trickster: and to filch
Men's art and labor, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread, quitting all scores with, "Friend,
You're troublesome!" Why this, forgive me,
Is what, when done with a less dainty grace,
Plain folks call "*Theft!*" You owe eight thousand pistoles,
Minus one crown two liards!
De Mau. (*aside*) The old conjurer!—
'Sdeath, he'll inform me next how many cups
I drank at dinner!
Rich. This is scandalous,
Shaming your birth and blood. I tell you, Sir,
That you must pay your debts.
De Mau. With all my heart,
My Lord. Where shall I borrow, then, the money?
Rich. (*aside, laughing*). A humorous dare-devil; the very man
To suit my purpose, ready, frank, and bold!
[*Rising and earnestly.*
Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;
I am not;—I am *just!* I found France rent asunder;
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion, and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have re-created France; and from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phœnix-like, to Jove!—What was my art?
Genius, some say; some, Fortune; Witchcraft, some.
Not so; my art was *Justice!* Force and Fraud
Misname it cruelty; you shall confute them!
My champion *you!* You met me as your foe;
Depart my friend. You shall not die. France needs you.
You shall wipe off all stains, be rich, be honored,
Be great.
[*De Mauprat falls on his knee. Richelieu raises him.*
I ask, Sir, in return, this hand,
To gift it with a bride, whose dower shall match
Yet not exceed her beauty.
De Mau. I, my Lord!—(*hesitating*)
I have no wish to marry.
Rich. Surely, Sir,
To die were worse!
De Mau. Scarcely: the poorest coward
Must die; but knowingly to march to marriage—
My Lord, it asks the courage of a lion!
Rich. Traitor, thou triflest with me!—I know *all!*
Thou hast dared to love my ward—my charge.
De Mau. As rivers
May love the sunlight—basking in the beams,
And hurrying on!
Rich. Thou hast told her of thy love?
De Mau. My Lord, if I had dared to love a maid,
Lowliest in France, I would not so have wronged her
As bid her link rich life and virgin hope
With one the deathman's gripe might from her side
Pluck at the nuptial altar.
Rich. I believe thee:
Yet since she knows not of thy love, renounce her;
Take life and fortune with another!—Silent?
De Mau. Your fate has been one triumph. You know not
How blessed a thing it was in my dark hour
To nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish
Love hath no need of words;—nor less within
That holiest temple—the heaven-builded soul—
Breathless the recorded vow. Base knight, false lover
Were he, who bartered all that brightened grief,
Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.
Revoke your mercy;—I prefer the fate
I looked for.
Rich. Huguet! to the tapestry chamber
Conduct your prisoner.

(*To Mauprat*) You will there behold
The executioner: your doom be private:
And Heaven have mercy on you!

LORD LYTTON.

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

CASSIUS.—That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians,
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Brutus.—You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius.—In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
Brutus.—Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cassius.—I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Brutus.—The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassius.—Chastisement!
Brutus.—Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed, for justice's sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cassius.—Brutus, bay not me.
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Brutus.—Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cassius.—I am.
Brutus.—I say you are not.
Cassius.—Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Brutus.—Away, slight man!
Cassius.—Is't possible?
Brutus.—Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?
Cassius.—O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Brutus.—All this? Aye, more; fret till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cassius.—Is it come to this?
Brutus.—You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well; for mine own part
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cassius.—You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better?"
Brutus.—If you did, I care not.
Cassius.—When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Brutus.—Peace, peace! you durst not thus have tempted him.
Cassius.—I durst not?
Brutus.—No.
Cassius.—What? Durst not tempt him?
Brutus.—For your life you durst not.
Cassius.—Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brutus.—You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cassius.—I denied you not.
Brutus.—You did.
Cassius.—I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Brutus.—I do not, till you practise them on me
Cassius.—You love me not.
Brutus.—I do not like your faults.
Cassius.—A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus.—A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius.—Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourself alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart,
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Brutus.—Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire:
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cassius.—Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Brutus.—When I spoke that I was ill-tempered, too.

Cassius.—Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus.—And my heart, too. [*Embracing.*]

Cassius.—O Brutus!

Brutus.—What's the matter?

Cassius.—Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus.—Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

INTERVIEW OF HADAD AND TAMAR.

FROM "HADAD."

The garden of ABSALOM'S *house on Mount Zion, near the palace overlooking the city.* TAMAR *sitting by a fountain.*

TAMAR. How aromatic evening grows! The flowers
And spicy shrubs exhale like onycha;
Spikenard and henna emulate in sweets.
Blessed hour! which He, who fashioned it so fair,
So softly glowing, so contemplative,
Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.
And lo! the smoke of evening sacrifice
Ascends from out the tabernacle. Heaven
Accept the expiation, and forgive
This day's offences!—Ha! the wonted strain,
Precursor of his coming!—Whence can this?
It seems to flow from some unearthly hand—

Enter HADAD.

Hadad. Does beauteous Tamar view in this clear fount
Herself or heaven?

Tam. Nay, Hadad, tell me whence
Those sad, mysterious sounds.

Had. What sounds, dear princess?

Tam. Surely, thou know'st; and now I almost think
Some spiritual creature waits on thee.

Had. I heard no sounds but such as evening sends
Up from the city to these quiet shades—
A blended murmur, sweetly harmonizing
With flowing fountains, feathered minstrelsy,
And voices from the hills.

Tam. The sounds I mean
Floated like mournful music round my head
From unseen fingers.

Had. When?

Tam. Now, as thou camest.

Had. 'Tis but thy fancy, wrought
To ecstasy; or else thy grandsire's harp
Resounding from his tower at even-tide.
I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones
Till the broad moon, that rose o'er Olivet,
Stood listening in the zenith; yea, have deemed
Viols and heavenly voices answer him.

Tam. But these—

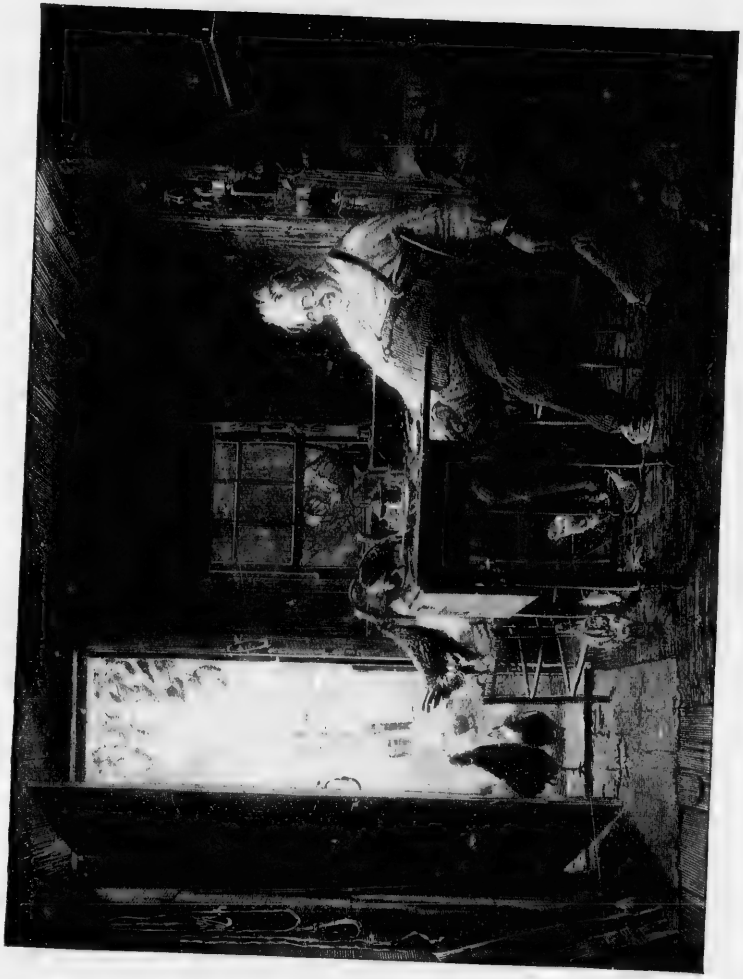
Had. Were we in Syria, I might say
The Naiad of the fount, or some sweet nymph,
The goddess of these shades, rejoiced in thee,
And gave thee salutations; but I fear
Judah would call me infidel to Moses.

Tam. How like my fancy! When these strains precede
Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think
Some gentle being who delights in us
Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming;
But they are dirge-like.

Had. Youthful fantasy
Attuned to sadness makes them seem so, lady;
So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever
As signs of rest and peace;—the watchman's call,
The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump
Announcing the returning moon, the pipe
Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing-bell,
Send melancholy to a drooping soul.

Tam. But how delicious are the pensive dreams
That steal upon the fancy at their call!

Had. Delicious to behold the world at rest!
Meek labor wipes his brow, and intermits
The curse to clasp the younglings of his cot;
Herdsmen and shepherds fold their flocks—and hark!
What merry strains they send from Olivet!
The jar of life is still; the city speaks
In gentle murmurs; voices chime with lutes



THE UNINVITED GUESTS.

Waked in the streets and gardens; loving pairs
Eye the red west in one another's arms;
And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields
A glimpse of happiness which He who formed
Earth and the stars hath power to make eternal.

JAMES HILLHOUSE.

THE HUNTER'S VISION.

UPON a rock that, high and sheer,
Rose from the mountain's breast
A weary hunter of the deer
Had sat him down to rest,
And bared to the soft summer air
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With dimmer vales between;
And rivers glimmered on their way,
By forests faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound,
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
A strain, so soft and low
That whether in the mind or ear
The listener scarce might know:
With such a tone, so sweet, so mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

"Thou weary huntsman," thus it said,
"Thou faint with toil and heat,
The pleasant land of rest is spread
Before thy very feet,
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee."

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky
Amid the noontide haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze,
As if the vapors of the air
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pheasant drank.
He saw the glittering streams; he heard
The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends, the dead, in boyhood dear,
There lived and walked again;
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
Right towards his resting place,
And stretched her hand and called his name,
With that sweet smiling face.
Forward with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned in act to rise:

Forward he leaned—and headlong down
Plunged from that craggy wall;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown
An instant, in his fall—
A frightful instant, and no more;
The dream and life at once were o'er.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

SLEEP!—The ghostly winds are blowing!
No moon abroad—no star is glowing;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
('Twas melted away by his looks of fire)—
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire;
But now we'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel—the world is untrue;
Our foes are many, our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for me to do,
But fly—fly
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps—and die?

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

WIT AND SATIRE.

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

THERE are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps from out a bush
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine—
Some filthy creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor, little, lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread—
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat
Beneath a cloudless moon;
You hear a sound, that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum;
You sit, in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "Home, Sweet Home," should seem to be
A very dismal place;
Your "Auld Acquaintance," all at once,
Is altered in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But, hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be—it is—it is—
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear,
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster, that has had
Your knuckles in his claw;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

EL DORADO, 1851.

I'VE just bin down ter Thompson's boys,
'N feelin' kind o' blue,
I thought I'd look in at "The Ranch,"
Ter find out what wuz new;
When I seed this sign a-hangin'
On a shanty by the lake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

I've seen a grizzly show his teeth,
I've seen Kentucky Pete
Draw out his shooter, 'n advise
A "tenderfoot" ter treat;
But nuthin' ever tuk me down,
'N made my benders shake,
Like that sign about the doughnuts
That my mother used ter make.

A sort o' mist shut out the ranch,
'N standin' thar instead,
I seen an old, white farm-house,
With its d... all painted red.
A whiff came through the open door—
Wuz I sleepin' or awake?
The smell wuz that of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

The bees wuz hummin' round the porch,
Whar honey-suckles grew;
A yellow dish of apple-sass
Wuz settin' thar in view.
'N on the table, by the stove,
An old-time "Johnny-cake,"
'N a platter full of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

A patient form I seemed ter see
In tidy dress of black,
I almost thought I heard the words
"When will my boy come back?"
'N then—the old sign creaked:
But now it wuz the boss who spake;
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

Well, boys, that kind o' broke me up,
'N ez I've "struck pay gravel,"
I ruther think I'll pack my kit,
Vamose the ranch, 'n travel.
I'll make the old folks jubilant,
'N if I don't mistake,
I'll try some o' them doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

MY FIRST PAIR OF BOOTS.

HOW dear to my heart were the boots of my boyhood,
My first pair of boots with the bright copper toes.
I prized them as highly as ever a boy could,
And boldly I ventured through floods and through snows.
The tops were illumined with pretty red leather,
Whose exquisite beauty I cherished with joy,
I kept them agoing in all sorts of weather,
The first pair of boots that I wore when a boy.
The copper-toed treasures, the bright red-topped treasures—
The man-making boots that I wore when a boy.

I've gems from the land of the Emerald mountain,
I've pearls from the coral caves under the waves,
And sapphires found by far India's fountain,
And rubies that came from a Pharaoh's grave.
I've diamonds I prize and rich jewels I treasure,
I've silver and gold free from dross and alloy,
But nothing I hold can afford me the pleasure
The first pair of boots that I wore when a boy.
The copper-toed beauties, the bright red-topped beauties—
The first pair of boots that I wore when a boy.

BEAUTY—A YANKEE IDEAL.

OH, weak alike are pen and tongue
To picture pretty Mary's graces;
The amorous poets who have sung
Of fairy forms and angel faces
Ne'er looked upon a face so sweet,
An eye so bright, a cheek so rosy,
A form so lovely, so complete,
Of female charms so fair a posy.

The beauty of her face outvies
The summer garden's rich adorning,
The tint her velvet cheek that dyes
Is like the new-blown rose of morning.
Her tresses, black as jet, caress
A neck as white as alabaster;
Who looks upon her loveliness
Looks surely to his heart's disaster.

But not the beauty of her form
Or face, which every eye enriches,
Is lovely Mary's sweetest charm;
Her sweet demeanor more bewitches;
Her smile is like the morning's eye
When opening spring the earth rejoices
And like the richest melody
Of birds, the music of her voice is.

But was there ever woman yet
Could stand a critical inspection?
Since Eve was made, who ever met
One wholly free from imperfection?
And Mary, darling, muses weep:
This maiden fairer than Aurora
Has her defect—when she's asleep
She's a most tremendous snorer!

A BAD CASE OF INFLUENZA.

THE nose of Miss Dolly, as ev'ry one knows,
Is good as the best that kind nature bestows
Or any young lady persistently blows,
With a hand that is dainty and fair.
And taking her face for the shore by the sea
A bold promontory her nose would be,
And somewhat conspicuous, all would agree,
As it towers aloft in the air.

We talk of the beauty of form and of cheek,
But seldom, indeed, does any one speak
Of a nose that is red and rosy.
This blooming accomplishment Dolly has now,
And under the white of her elegant brow,
Adjacent to cheeks that are pure as the snow,
Her nose is a crimson posy.

To pronounce the plain statement a fib, when I say
That she uses ten handkerchiefs every day,
Lace-bordered and scented with lavender spray,
Would be but a piece of folly.
"Dear mother," she said, with asthmatical sigh,
"Ten big muslin sheets, were they ironed and dry,
Would hardly suffice for a day—O my!"
Thus spoke the dejected Miss Dolly.

If any young fellow denied, on his word,
That her voice is the loveliest ever you heard,
He'd be reckoned a cold-blooded joker.
But her hideous voice has of late been so coarse,
That no bullfrog who bellows his big gullet hoarse
Could be ranked as so horrid a croaker.

Those eyes of Miss Dolly—how fair to the sight!
Oh, glittering stars in the crown of the night,
Emblazoned with heaven's immaculate light,
Compared with those eyes you are not half so bright
As through the deep spaces you're flying.
But now they're so dull, with a passionless blink,
So red and so tearful, you really would think
An onion had set them a-crying.

Beneath those fair eyes, with their dreamy romance,
Their tender expression and coquettish glance,
Full many a beau has been wilted.
Yet a lover about to fall down on his knees,
Stretch out his warm hand and implore just a squeeze,
Felt a chill seize his frame and his very heart freeze,
For all of a sudden she gave such a sneeze
That he jumped as if fatally jilted.

Then he glanced at her nose and her watery eyes,
Heard the sound of her voice with unmingled surprise,
And seemed to have mastered his frenzy.
He wanted a girl, he protested, to love,
A dear little duck or a sweet turtle-dove,
But no girl with the—influenza.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

NOT WILLIN'.

SAYS bould Barney Milligan
To Biddy McSnilligan,
"Och, faith! it's mesilf wud be loikin' a kiss."
Cries Biddy McSnilligan,
"Ye'd betther be still agin,
Oi'll not be endoorin' sich tratement as this."

"Arrah! dearest Biddy,
Be aisy, be stiddy,
Indade, it's no use to be actin' loike this;
Och! scratch a man's nose off,
An' tear all his clo'es off,
It's a bit uv a row to be gittin' a kiss."

"Go way, Mr. Barney,
No more of your blarney,
Or instid uv a kiss yo'll be gittin' a kick.
Ould red-headed Barney,
Yer wastin' yer blarney,
Fur here comes the missis! Ach! Barney, be quick!"

NO FOLLOWERS.

WHAT'S the hardest of all things to follow?
An ostrich, I'm told, tries our mettle;
But there's something that beats that quite hollow,
As, in singing, a 'ack beats a kettle.

A chamois, they say, 's not a trifle
In steep Alpine passes to follow,
But a chamois you'll "down" with a rifle,
There's that beats the chamois quite hollow.

A fox is a puzzle sometimes,
That baffles the best in a chase;
Or, sound-led by far-away chimes,
One wanders a wearisome pace.

A lady's a hard thing to follow,
Coquettish and full of vagaries,
Who feeds you with snubs, hard to swallow,
And acts by "the rule of contraries."

To follow professional starving
Is very hard following, I guess,
Yet harder than mere want of carving
Is the thing on your notice I press.

To follow a Nimrod is hard,
When plashing through puddles you spank it;
Or to follow a lead, when the card
Is not in your hand—the deuce thank it.

And I've heard that a flea in a blanket
Is a very hard matter to follow;
And very hard driving they rank it
A certain brute, given to wallow.

I know many hard things to do:
'Tis hard, when you're wronged, to say "thankee."
'Tis hard to bamboozle a Jew—
But very much harder, a Yankee.

And hard 'tis to take up your bills
Without money; and hard to get credit
When your failure the newspapers fills,
And all your acquaintance have read it.

Tis then hard to follow, I grant,
The remains of a wealthy relation.

Who has left his "own people" in want,
And his millions has willed to the nation.

But I see you are wearied with guessing,
I'll tell you what 'tis and be done,
Perplexity's always distressing,
So here is the answer, my son:

Of all things we know, great or small,
In sea or in air, hill or hollow,
On this here terrestrial ball,
Good advice is the hardest to follow.

SAMUEL LOVER.

BACK-YARD OPERA.

O YE feline brutes erotic,
Is there not some strong narcotic,
Some refined and rare hypnotic,
Some potent spell,
Soothing catnip, helleborus,
Anything to still the chorus
Of your piercing, wild, sonorous
Nocturnal yell,

Stirring wrath in souls pacific,
Thwarting agents soporific,
Blighting visions beatific
With horrid din;
Moving even spirits saintly
To utter, almost, low and faintly,
Words divided very scantly
From words of sin?

O ye brutes, my windows under,
Me and sleep ye widely sunder.
O for power, for once, to thunder
Annihilation!
O for boot-jacks half a hundred—
O for hand that never blundered,
Hurling, while the neighbors wondered,
Pacification!

O for catapults to smite ye!
O let catalepsy blight ye!
All catastrophes invite ye,
Cataclysmal!
Cataracts be on ye falling!
Curse, concatenate, appalling,
Stop your ghoulish caterwauling,
Paroxysmal!

ALVAH LILLIE FRISBIE.

THE IMPUDENCE OF STEAM.

OVER the billows and over the brine,
Over the water to Palestine!
Am I awake, or do I dream?
Over the ocean to Syria by steam!
My say is sooth, by this right hand;
A steamer brave
Is on the wave,
Bound positively for the Holy Land!
Godfrey of Bulogine, and thou
Richard, lion-hearted king,
Candidly inform us, now,
Did you ever?
No, you never
Could have fancied such a thing.
Never such vociferations
Entered your imaginations
As the ensuing—
"Ease her, stop her!"
"Any gentleman for Joppa?
"'Mascus, 'Mascus?" "Ticket, please, sir!"
"Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her, ease her!"
"Jerusalem, 'lem! 'lem!"—"Shur! Shur!"
"Do you go on to Egypt, sir?"
"Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"
"Now look alive there! Who's for Cairo?"
"Back her!" "Stand clear, I say, old file!"
"What gent or lady's for the Nile,
Or Pyramids?" "Thebes! Thebes, sir!" Steady!"
"Now where's that party for Engedi!"
Pilgrims holy, Red Cross Knights,
Had ye e'er the least idea,
Even in your wildest flights,
Of a steam trip to Judea?
What next marvel Time will show,
It is difficult to say:
"'Buss," perchance, to Jericho;
"Only sixpence all the way."
Cabs in Solyma may ply,
—'Tis a not unlikely tale—
And from Dan the tourist hie
Unto Beersheba by "rail."

THOMAS HOOD.

THE MEN WHO MISS THE TRAIN.

I LOAF aroun' the deepo just to see the Pullmar scoot,
An' to see the people scamper w'en they hear the engine toot:
But what makes the most impression on my som'w'at active brain
Is the careless men who get there jest in time to miss the train.

An' some cuss the railroad comp'ny an' some loudly cuss their stars,
An' some jess gallop down the track an' try to catch the cars:
An' some with a loud laff an' joke will poultice up their pain;
Var'us kin's er people get there jest in time to miss the train.

An' there is many deepos an' flag-stations 'ithout name,
Along the Grand Trunk railroad that leads to wealth and fame;

An' men rush to these deepos as fast as they can fly,
As the train of Opportunity jest goes a-thunderin' by.

They rush down to the station with their hair all stood on end,
As the platform of the tail-end car goes whirlin' 'roun' the bend;
An some men groan' an' cry aloud, an' some conceal their pain,
W'en they find that they have got there jest in time to miss the train.

But the cars puff through the valleys an' go a-whirlin' by,
An' float their banners of w'ite smoke like flags of victory.
They leap the flowin' rivers an' through the tunnels grope,
An' cross the Mountains of Despair to the Table-land of Hope.

The Grand Trunk Railroad of Success, it runs through every clime,
But the cars of Opportunity they go on schedule time,
An' never are their brakes reversed; they won't back up again,
To take the men who got there jest in time to miss the train.

S. W. FOSS.

A VALENTINE.

I STOOD at Rimmel's window, and I saw that there were signs
That the festival approaching was the bold St. Valentine's;
There were lots of little Cupids in a cloud of dainty lace,
They were podgy in the stomach, they were chubby in the face!
And a dicky-bird I noticed, in its beak a little ring,
Just the bird to drop the present in a lady's hand and sing.
Then I suddenly remembered that the worthy Mrs. D.
Last year had very kindly sent a valentine to me,
So I stepped up to the counter, and a smiling maiden brought
All the best of the collection, thinking one of them I sought.
"For a sweetheart," said she, coyly, "here's a beautiful design;"
'Twas a fan with painted roses, and the legend, "I am thine."
"No, it isn't for a sweetheart, but my wife," I shyly said.
Back that damsel put the boxes, and she tossed her little head,
Crying, "Oh, I beg your pardon!" while she smiled at the mistake;
"That's the sort of thing you want, sir—it's the cheapest one we make."

GEORGE R. SIMS.

PAT'S WISDOM.

TIM DOLAN and his wife, wan night,
Were drinkin' av the crayture,
Whin something started up a fight,
And they wint at it right an' tight,
According to their nature.

O'Grady and mesilf stood near,
Expecting bloody murther.
Says he to me: "Let's interfere."
But I, pretending not to hear,
Moved off a little further.

"Lave off, ye brute," says he to Tim;
"No man wud sthrike a lady."
But both the Dolans turned on him,
And in a whist the two av them
Were wallopin' O'Grady.

That night whin I was home, in bed,
Remimbering this token,
I took the notion in my head
That the wisest word I iver said
Was the one that wasn't spoken.

EPITAPH ON A LEG LOST AT WATERLOO.

HERE rests, and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer and laugh,
To learn that mouldering in the grave
Is laid a British Calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole
Will find such laugh was premature,
For here, too, lies a sole.

And here five little ones repose,
Twin born with other five,
Unheeded by their brother toes,
Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
Rests here of one commanding;
Who, though his wits he might retain,
Lost half his understanding;

And when the guns, with thunder fraught,
Poured bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught
To give the foe leg-bail;

And now in England, just as gay
As in the battle brave,
Goes to a rout, review, or play,
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here showed her spite,
For he will still be found,
Should England's sons engage in fight,
Resolved to stand his ground.

But Fortune's pardon I must beg;
She meant not to disarm,
For when she lopped the hero's leg,
She did not seek his harm.

And but indulged a harmless whim;
Since he could walk with one,
She saw two legs where lost on him,
Who never meant to run.

GEORGE CANNING.

THE PLEASURE OF WINTER.

IN meadows where lambkins used to sport
No sportive lambs we see;
The nights are long, the days are short
And so, alas, are we.

At morn the rooster later crows,
Paid off's the yachting crew,
Again the nor', nor'-easter blows,
The politician too.

Against the pane the rain-drops beat,
The hunter beats the wood,
In cosy parlor lovers meet,
And it is meet they should.

And close together there they sit,
A situation grand,
And while her gentle heart goes pit-
A-pat he pats her hand.

He smooths her silken locks and locks
Her to his bosom there,
And as she has the rocks he rocks
Her in the rocking chair.

He is a youth of good address,
For he is dressed to woo,
And as he's there his suit to pres
Her suit he presses too.

To press his suit he is not slow,
[illegible] moments fly,
When he turns the lamp down low
Her color rises high.

To kiss her lips, those rosebuds rare,
Rare bliss, he thinks, would be,
And he would freely kiss her were
She with her kisses free.

But in the gloom, from eight to ten,
From eight to ten takes he;
They see as well to court as when
They courted by the sea.

Oh, witching hours! oh, honeyed love!
Who cares that summer's flown
When one beside that parlor stove
Can sit and hold his own?

HER REPLY.

"THE fools are not all dead," said he.
Her answer took him quite aback;
"I'm very glad of it," said she:
I never did look well in black."

BILL VERSUS COO.

THEY bill and coo before they're wed,
They joy in lovers' laughter;
But when the marriage words are said
It's mostly bill thereafter.

HOW MICKEY GOT KILT IN THE WAR.

A PINSION claim agent! Will, then, sor,
You're the mon that I'm wanting to see!
I've a claim for a pinsion that's due me,
And I want yez to get it for me.

Well, no, sor, I niver was wounded,
For the fact is I didn't inlist;
Though I would have been off to the army,
Had I not had a boil on me fist.

But me b'y, me poor Mickey, was kilt, sor;
An', whin poets the story shall tell,
Sure the counthry will then be erectin'
A monument there where he fell.

He was not cut in two wid a sabre,
Nor struck wid a big cannon ball:
But he lepped from a four-story windy,
An' bedad! he got kilt in the fall.

Yis, it was a rash le'p to be making;
But, in faith, thin, he had to, I'm sure;
For he heard them a shlamming an' banging
An' thrying to break in the dure.

They were going to capture poor Mickey;
An' to kape from their clutches, poor b'y,
He had to le'p out of the windy,
An' indeed it was four-stories high.

No, it was not the fall, sor, that kilt him;
It was stopping so sudden, you see,
Whin he got to the bottom it jarred him,
An' that kilt him as dead as could be.

Och! he loved the owld flag, did brave Mickey
An' he died for his counthry, although
He was not killed in battle exactly;
He was lepping the bounties, you know.

'T-as the marshal was after him—yis, sor,
An', in fact, he was right at the dure,
When he made the le'p out of the windy,
An' he never lepped bounties no more.

So av coorse, I'm intitled to a pinsion,
An' the owld woman too is, because

We were both, sor, depindent on Mickey,
The darlin' brave b'y that he was.

Av coorse ye'll not 'av any trouble,
So go on wid yez now, sor, an' fill
Out a lot of thim blank affidavits,
An' I'll swear to thim all, so I will.

It's swate, yis, to die for wan's counthry;
But, bedad! I can't help but abhor
Thim battles where people get hurted,
Since Mickey got kilt in the war.

PARODY ON LONGFELLOW'S "HIAWATHA."

HE killed the noble Mudjakiwis;
With the skin he made him mittens—
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside.
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

SAME OLD GAME.

The attempt of the United States Senate to keep its transactions secret gave rise to the following satire. What is done in "secret sessions" is as fully known as if the sessions were public, although persistent efforts have been made to discover and stop the leak.

DO you call to mind the meeting in the village years ago
Where the ladies used to gather just to chat a while and sew:
How they gave the news in toto and discussed the latest theme,
And told each other divers things of which "you'd never dream!"
The doors were always tightly closed 'gainst any would-be guests
And solemn secrecy was sought through most impressive tests,
But without fail the news got out—none knew how it befell,
Though each secret was preceded by
"Don't
You
Tell!"

In the Senate they are seated, portly, dignified and gray,
The patriarchs discussing in an animated way,
With closely shut, well-guarded doors and voices half suppressed,
The characters of men 'gainst whom their foes some doubts suggest.
And ever and anon they turn with careful eyes to scan
The place, lest in concealment there should be a horrid man.
Yet daily are their secrets told; the public knows them well,
But they stick to their old customs and their
"Don't
You
Tell!"

A GREAT INVENTION.

HE made a new invention nearly every other week,
But something always ailed it, and it always seemed to shirk;
Its functional activity, somehow, was very weak,
Its whole vitality was low—the blame thing wouldn't work.

He made perpetual motion things—but they would never move;
And then he made a big machine for flying through the sky,
But there was a slight obstruction in the piston-rod or groove,
And the only trouble with it—he could never make it fly.

And he made marine toboggans for sliding on the sea,
A very pretty compromise of bicycle and boat,
And on the second trial trip, he said 'twas his "idee."
The thing would slide tremendously, if he could make it float.

And he made a panacea that would cure every ill—
The long sought life elixir, to the world so long denied;
He took the medicine himself, a large, green-looking pill,
And twenty minutes later he laid him down and died.

BIDDY AN' TIM.

WHIN the marnin' is foine an' early
I git out av me conftherble bed,
An' I shouldher me pick-ax an' shovel,
An' put me ould tile on me head,
Thin it's aff to the aqueduct workin',
Wid a kiss from me Biddy an' Tim;
An' bechune you an' me an' the lamp-post
I'd not do it at all but fer thim.

It's hard work an' mane work an' dirthy,
An' the shweat's dhropping' aff uv me chin;
There be's days whin I make no advancement,
No matther how well I begin.

There be's days whin I'd spind fer the lager
Enough so me thirst it cud shwim,
If bechune you an' me an' the lamp-post
It wasn't fer Biddy an' Tim!

But when I git home in the avenin'
The broth av a bye is awake,
An' hollers an' howls fer his daddy
Till the ceilin's beginnin' ter shake;
An' Biddy comes round wid her blarney
Till backaches an' troubles grow dim—
Oh, the world would be impty an' lonesome
If it wasn't fer Biddy an' Tim!

FLORENCE E. PRATT.

LITTLE BILLEE.

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea,
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest, he was little Billee.
Now, when they got as far as the equator,
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh, Billy, we'er going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Billy received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersee.

So Billy went up to the main top-gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps: "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

But when they got aboard of the admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill, he made him
The captain of a seventy-three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

A MATRIMONIAL DUET.

LADY TERMAGANT.

STEP in, pray, Sir Toby, my picture is here—
Do you think that 'tis good? does it strike you?

SIR TOBY.

Why, it does not as yet; but I fancy, my dear,
In a moment it will—'tis so like you!

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

CUPID'S ARROW.

YOUNG Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day,
And besought him to look at his arrow.
"'Tis useless," he cried; "you must mend it, I say!
'Tis not fit to let fly at a sparrow.
There's something that's wrong in the shaft or the dart,
For it flutters, quite false to my aim;
'Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart,
And the world really jests at my name.

"I have straightened, I've bent, I've tried all, I declare;
I've perfumed it with sweetest of sighs;
'Tis feathered with ringlets my mother might wear,
And the barb gleams with light from young eyes;
But it falls without touching—I'll break it, I vow,
For there's Hymen beginning to pout;
He's complaining his torch burns so dull and so low
That Zephyr might puff it right out."

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,
Till Vulcan the weapon restored.
"There, take it, young sir; try it now—if it fail,
I will ask neither fee nor reward."
The urchin shot out, and rare havoc he made;
The wounded and dead were untold:
But no wonder the rogue had such slaughtering trade,
For the arrow was laden with *gold*.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A COUNSEL in the "Common Pleas,"
Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit,
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes,
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing and maltreating
Women, or other timid folks;
In a late cause, resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who by his uncouth look and gait
Appeared expressly meant by fate
For being quizzed and played upon.

So having tipped the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down,
Until our wag should draw the cork—
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"
"Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you;
But on *four* legs instead of *two*."
"Officer," cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do, pray, keep silence down below there!
Now look at me, clown, and attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"
"Yees, very like, I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish—quite lanconic"
(The counsel cried, with grin sardonic),
"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York residing.
Now, farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"

"Why no, sir, no! we've got our share,
But not so many as when *you* were there."

A BILLET-DOUX.

SHE was a winsome country lass;
So William, on a brief vacation,
More pleasantly the time to pass
Essayed flirtation;
And as they strolled in twilight dim
While near the time for parting drew,
Asked if she'd like to have from him
A billet-doux.

Of French this simple maid knew naught,
But, doubting not 'twas something nice,
Upon its meaning quickly thought.
Then in a trice
Upward she turned her pretty head;
Her rosy lips together drew
For purpose plain, and coyly said:
"Yes, Billy, do!"

Sequel.—And William did.

WOMAN, POOR THING!

WHO is it that cures the ills of life and gently soothes its shocks?
Woman, poor thing!
Who is it that mends her husband's clothes and neatly darns his socks?
Woman, poor thing!

Who, when the mind is troubled, comes to smooth the ruffled thought
With blessings full of happiness and joys with comfort fraught?
Whose presence in the household has a thousand pleasures brought?
Woman, poor thing!

Who is it wants a brand new bonnet every month or two?
Woman, poor thing!
Who buys and keeps on buying, and is really never through?
Woman, poor thing!
Who nearly drives her husband to distraction every day
By running up enormous bills which later he must pay,
But when she's gone he plans to get another right away?
Woman, poor thing!

AFTER THE NEW YEAR.

OH, those New Year resolutions, that we made with holy awe,
How they melted like the snow banks in a January thaw!
How the man who broke his meerschaum and vowed to smoke no more,
Now smokes an old two-cent clay pipe behind the cellar door.

A LEGAL QUESTION.

'TIS true, I love her madly, this maid of high degree,
Though but a legal student with Blackstone on my knee.

Her beauty is unequalled, her education high,
She's delved in modern science and ancient history;

Has mastered Greek and Latin, and French and German read,
For higher mathematics she has a wondrous head.

In music she is surely a mistress of the keys,
Plays Handel, Chopin, Mozart and Bach with equal ease.

In painting she is wondrous, her style the critic apes;
She copies true from nature both land and water scapes.

She dresses in the fashion, wears silks and jewels rare;
Her father has a million, and she his only heir,

And yet when I would woo her she calmly passes by;
My smile is never noted, unheeded is my sigh.

My notes come back unopened, all coldly marked "mis-sent,"
For months I've thus been tortured, still she does not relent.

For wealth I would not harm her, but what is my resort?
Oh, should she not be punished for gross contempt of court?

NOTHING TO WEAR.

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below:
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in color and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave *good-bye* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.

Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,
Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

Nothing to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections."
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions.
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckup's grand ball—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—
I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found—I won't say—I caught her—
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups, whose party, you knew, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade"
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink"—"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—
"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match."
"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"
"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dress-maker
Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
(Here the nose took again the same elevation)
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen.'
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich *grenadine*"—
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the Head of the nation;
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"
Here *I ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, Sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men have no feeling.
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher).
"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.

"Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what,"
I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder,
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly know how—
On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up-stairs, in my own easy-chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:
In one single house on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new
In the way of flounced silks, and, thus left in the lurch,
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.
In another large mansion near the same place
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point-lace.

In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,
Total want, long continued, of camels'-hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Another confined to the house, when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer "Pacific,"
In which were ingulfed, not friend or relation
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic,
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.

But the saddest by far of all these sad features
Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures
By the husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans or bouquets,
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance;
One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too true,
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout;
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up Humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter? or won't Peter Cooper
The corner-stone lay of some splendid superStructure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of honor and fame;
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,

Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,
The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?
Won't Stuart, or some of our dry-goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California?

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,
Spoiled children of fashion, you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there *should* be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here;
Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love—
O daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

THE BLARNEY.

There is a certain coign-stone on the summit of Blarney Castle, in the county of Cork, the kissing of which is said to impart the gift of persuasion. Hence the phrase, applied to those who make a flattering speech—"You've kissed the Blarney Stone."

OH! did you ne'er hear of "the Blarney,"
That's found near the banks of Killarney?
Believe it from me,
No girl's heart is free,
Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.
For the Blarney's so great a deceiver,
That a girl thinks you're there, though you leave her
And never finds out
All the tricks you're about,
Till she's quite gone herself—with *your* Blarney.

Oh! say, would you find this same "Blarney?"
There's a castle, not far from Killarney,
On the top of its wall—
(But take care you don't fall)
There's a stone that contains all this Blarney.
Like a magnet its influence such is,
That attraction it gives all it touches;
If you kiss it, they say,
From that blessed day,
You may kiss whom you please with your Blarney.

SAMUEL LOVER.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

WHY don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes!
It is no fault of yours, mamma,
That ev'rybody knows;
You *fête* the finest men in town,
Yet, oh, they won't propose!

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
To make a proper match;
For coronets and eldest sons
I'm ever on the watch;
I've hopes when some *distingué* beau
A glance upon me throws;
But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,
Alas, he won't propose!

And what is to be done, mamma?
Oh, what is to be done?
I really have no time to lose,
For I am thirty-one.
At balls I am too often left
Where spinsters sit in rows;
Why won't the men propose, mamma?
Why won't the men propose?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

TOO LATE.

THERE sat an old man on a rock,
And unceasing bewailed him of fate—
That concern where we all must take stock,
Though our vote has no hearing or weight;
And the old man sang him an old, old song—
Never sang voice so clear and strong
That it could drown the old man's long,
For he sang the song, "Too late! too late!"

"When we want, we have for our pains
The promise that if we but wait
Till the want has burnt out of our brains,
Every means shall be present to sate;

While we send for the napkin, the soup gets cold,
While the bonnet is trimming, the face grows old,
When we've matched our buttons, the pattern is sold,
And everything comes too late—too late!

"When strawberries seemed like red heavens,
Terrapin stew a wild dream,
When my brain was at sixes and sevens,
If my mother had 'folks' and ice-cream,
Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger
At the restaurant man and fruit-monger:—
But oh, how I wished I were younger
When the goodies all came in a stream—in a stream!

"I've a splendid blood-horse, and—a liver
That it jars into torture to trot;
My row-boat's the gem of the river—
Gout makes every knuckle a knot!
I can buy boundless credits on Paris and Rome,
But no palate for *menus*, no eyes for a dome—
Those belonged to the youth who must tarry at home,
When no home but an attic he'd got—he'd got.

"How I longed, in that lonest of garrets,
Where the tiles baked my brains all July,
For ground to sow two pecks of carrots,
Two pigs of my own in a sty,
A rose-bush—a little thatched cottage—
Two spoons—love—a basin of pottage!—
Now in freestone I sit—and my dotage—
With a woman's chair empty close by—close by!

"Ah! now, though I sit on a rock,
I have shared one seat with the great;
I have sat—knowing naught of the clock—
On love's high throne of state;
But the lips that kissed, and the arms that caressed,
To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed,
And circled a breast that their clasp had blessed
Had they only not come too late—too late!"

FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

A SONG OF THE UNATTAINABLE.

FOR the few-and-far-between,
For the very-seldom-seen,
For the un-catch-hold-uponable I sigh!
The unclutchable I'd clutch,
The untouchable I'd touch,
For the ungrabbed and ungrabable I'd die!

Oh, I burn and sigh and gasp
For the just-beyond-the-grasp,
For the far-unovertakable I yearn;
And the vulgar here-and-now
I ignore and disavow,
And the good-enough-for-others, how I spurn!

Oh, I moan and cry and screech
For the just-beyond-the-reach,
The too-far-away-to grab I would ensnare;
The ungainable I'd gain,
The unattainable attain,
And chase the un-catch-on to his lair.

WHERE IS MISS MYRTLE?

WHERE is Miss Myrtle? can any one tell?
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
She flirts with another, I know very well;
And I—am left all alone!
She flies to the window when Arundel rings—
She's all over smiles when Lord Archibald sings—
It's plain that her Cupid has two pair of wings:
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
Her love and my love are different things;
And I—am left all alone!

I brought her, one morning, a rose for her brow;
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
She told me such horrors were never worn now:
And I—am left all alone!
But I saw her at night with a rose in her hair,
And I guess whom it came from—of course I don't care.
We all know that girls are as false as they're fair;
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
I'm sure the lieutenant's a horrible bear:
And I—am left all alone!

Whenever we go on the Downs for a ride—
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
She looks for another to trot by her side:
And I—am left all alone!
And whenever I take her down-stairs from a ball,
She nods to some puppy to put on her shawl:
I'm a peaceable man, and I don't like a brawl;—
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
But I'd give a trifle to horsewhip them all;
And I—am left all alone!

She said that she liked me a twelvemonth ago;
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
And how should I guess that she'd torture me so?
And I—am left all alone!
Some day she'll find out it was not very wise
To laugh at the breath of a true lover's sighs;
After all, Fanny Myrtle is not such a prize:
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
Louisa Dalrymple has exquisite eyes;
And I'll—be no longer alone!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

GOOD-NIGHT.

"GOOD-NIGHT, good-night." She heard him speak
These words with manly grace
On parlor sofa dim, and eke
Along the hall-way's space;
But when they gained the outer door
His courage seemed to flinch,
For though he said good-night once more,
He didn't budge an inch.

"Good-night, good-night." 'Twas very hard
To say that last good-night!
Long shadows swept the garden sward,
The moon climbed high and bright.
That it was late seemed really plain
To every sense—yet, no—
Except to say good-night again
He made no break to go.

'Tis late no longer—early now
The hour has grown and chill;
The dawn creeps o'er the mountain's brow—
"Good-night," he murmurs still.
"Good-ni"—from window overhead
A voice in accents strange
Remarks—"Young man, it's time you said
Good-morning, for a change."

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

DOCTOR TOM.

OF all the doctors that there be,
Doctor Tom for my monie;
He came to cure the cow, you see,
And finished off by curing me!

Horses and cattle are his trade,
But he for finer things was made:
He understands a human case
Better than any one in the place.

For fret and trouble day and night,
Worry and fidget left and right,
Muddle and trouble everywhere,
Were growing more than I could bear.

A widow here I dwelt for years,
And life was full of fret and fears;
The crops and flocks were growing small—
I could not manage things at all.

But Doctor with his cheery face
Brought better than physic to the place:
He came to keep the cow from harm,
And morn and night was at the farm.

At last he whispered in mine ear,
"You're looking like a ghost, my dear!
But you shall soon be fresh and free
If you'll entrust your case to me."

He found me willing, for I knew
That he was clever, strong, and true,
And, though the gossips spoke their thought,
I took the comfort that he brought.

At last, when several weeks had fled,
"It's time to finish the cure," he said,
And round my waist his arm he threw—
And married me before I knew!

The cow is milking down the dell,
The farm and flocks are doing well:
Was ever doctor half so clever?—
My complaint is gone forever.

THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

I LOVE thee, Mary, and thou lovest me—
Our mutual flame is like the affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies:
I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.
'Tis little that the holy marriage vow
Shall shortly make us one. That unity
Is, after all, but metaphysical.
O, would that I, my Mary, were an acid,
A living acid; thou an alkali
Endowed with human sense, that brought together,
We might both coalesce into one salt,
One homogeneous crystal. O that thou
Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen!
We would unite to form olefiant gas,
Or common coal, or naphtha. Would to Heaven
That I were Phosphorus, and thou wert Lime,
And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret!
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,
So that thou mightst be Soda; in that case
We should be Glauber's salt. Wert thou Magnesia
Instead, we'd form the salt that's named from Epsom.
Couldst thou Potassa be, I Aquafortis,
Our happy union should that compound form,
Nitrate of Potash—otherwise Saltpetre.
And thus our several natures sweetly blent,
We'd live and love together, until death
Should decompose the fleshy *tertium quid*,
Leaving our souls to all eternity
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?
We will. The day, the happy day is nigh,
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs combine.

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

DID ever swain a nymph adore
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore—
Was ever broken heart so true?
My eyes are swelled with tears; but she
Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nanny called, did Robin stay,
Or linger when she bade me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she asked was quickly done:
I always thought on her, but she
Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
When did her heifers ever fast,
If Robin in his yard had hay?
Though to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her!

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two:
Did not her lambs in safety sleep
Within my folds in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

Whene'er I climbed our orchard trees,
The ripest fruit was kept for Nan;
Oh, how those hands that drowned her bees
Were stung, I'll ne'er forget the pain!
Sweet were the combs, as sweet could be;
But Nanny ne'er looked sweet on me.

If Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill:
Full as they were, I brought them home;
Her corn I carried to the mill,
My back did bear her sack, but she
Would never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peas at least;
Her little pigeons kiss, but she
Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown?
Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nanny does not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron-string.

CHARLES HAMILTON.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S SEA-DIRGE.

THERE are certain things—as a spider, a ghost,
The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for three—
That I hate, but a thing that I hate the most
Is a thing they call the sea.

Pour some salt water on to the floor—
Ugly, I'm sure you'll confess it to be;
Suppose that it extended a mile or more,
That's very like the sea.

Pinch a dog till it howls outright—
Cruel, but all very well for a spree;
Suppose that it did so day and night,
That would be like the sea.

I had a vision of nursery-maids,
Tens of thousands passed by me,
All leading children with wooden spades,
And this was by the sea.

Who invented those spades of wood?
Who was it cut them out of the tree?
None, I think, but an idiot could,
Or one that loved the sea.

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float
With "thoughts as boundless, and souls as free,"
But suppose you are very unwell in the boat,
How do you like the sea?

"But it makes the intellect clear and keen."
Prove it! prove it! how can that be?
"Why, what does '*B sharp*' (in music) mean,
If not the '*natural C?*'"

What! keen? with such questions as: When's
high tide?
Is shelling shrimps an improvement to tea?
Were donkeys intended for man to ride?
Such are our thoughts by the sea.

There is an insect that people avoid,
(Whence is derived the verb "to flee,")
Where have you been by it most annoyed?
In lodgings by the sea.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs,
A decided hint of salt in your tea,
And a fishy taste in the very eggs—
By all means choose the sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and to eat,
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,
Then—I recommend the sea.

For I have friends who dwell by the coast,
Pleasant friends they are to me;
It is when I am with them, I wonder most
That any one likes the sea.

They take me a walk; though tired and stiff,
To climb the heights I madly agree;
And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,
They kindly suggest the sea.

I try the rocks and think it cool
That they laugh with such an excess of glee,
As I heavily slip into every pool
That skirts the cold, cold sea.

Once I met a friend in the street,
With wife, and nurse, and children three;
Never again such a sight may I meet
As that party from the sea.

Their cheeks were hollow, their steps were slow,
Convicted felons they seemed to be;
"Are you going to prison, dear friend?" "Oh, no!
We're returning from the sea."

MOTHER RUMOR.

WHAT did Mother Rumor do?
Over the whole wide world she flew,
Upsetting kings, reversing laws,
In her state coach drawn by pies and daws.

A speaking-trumpet in her hand,
She cried aloud through every land;
English, Spanish, Turkish, Greek—
Every tongue the witch could speak.

Everywhere her notes were heard,
By man and woman, beast and bird:
Such a babble in the air!
'Twas chatter, chatter, everywhere!—

From the Sultan's bright seraglio,
Where languid trousered beauties blow,
To Goody Blake and Goody Blane
Gossiping in an English lane.

Little king or queen could do,
But noisy Mother Rumor knew;
Not a thing, however small,
But she was warned about it all:

Terrible things and wicked things,
Court and cottage whisperings,
Shrieks of pain and cries of power,
Cooings from my lady's bower.

Kings and courtiers saw her pass,
Pretty sinners cried "Alas!"
Treason hunched his back—while she
Doomed him to the gallows-tree.

The murderer, as he turned to fly,
Shrieked to hear her dreadful cry,
And tore his hair:—for as he flew,
All the pallid people knew!

Two magpies, sitting on a fir,
Croaked chuckling, as they looked at her,
"What a world the world must be,
Ruled by such a witch as she!"

But the lark went up to heaven's gate,
And sang his ditty early and late—
"Hither, hither!" was his cry,
"The witch can never soar as high!"

SLAYING THE DEER.

IN the woods, hunters say,
It is glorious and gay
To rush through their sporting career,
When the leaves, falling red,
Yield a ready-made bed,
Where they rest after slaying the deer;
On the venison steak
Jovial feasting they make,
And the flask, going round, helps the cheer,
While the logs, blazing bright,
Keep them warm through the night,
When they rest after slaying the deer.

But I know a sport
Which is safer resort,
For wives will repine when too far
You are tempted to steer
In pursuit of the deer,
And they wonder "wherever you are."
So give me the sleigh
On the white frozen way,
With woman beside me to cheer,
Who is never complaining
How long you're remaining
When thus you are *sleighing the dear.*

While we gallop full speed,
As we run we may read
She rejoices how fast we have got on,
While the proud little minx,
Wrapped in bear-skin or lynx,
Just looks like a diamond in cotton.
Her cheek, red as rose
(We won't speak of her nose),
Oh, beauty's a delicate thing,
Of a bloom on the cheek
Any poet can speak,
But a rose on the nose we can't sing.

But never did I
In a sleigh hear a sigh;
In fact, there's no time there for fretting;
As fast as the wind
We leave sorrow behind,
While the cold is our appetite whetting.
When the stomach's in order,
No mental disorder
Upon any mortal can prey:—
If your dear's temper's crost,
Pray at once for the frost,
And fix her right into a sleigh.

If she would, she can't scold,
For the weather's so cold,
Her mouth she can't open at all;
In vain would she cry,
For the tears in her eye
Would be frozen before they could fall;
Then hurra for the snow!
As we merrily go,
The bells my fleet horses can cheer,
While the *belle* by my side
Is my joy and my pride,
Oh—there's nothing like *sleighing the dear!*

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE EMPIRE GOWN.

TAKE a large sized tablecloth,
Stitch two sides together,
Run a pucker round the top
On a ribbon tether.

Cut some armholes near the neck,
Put the belt below them,
Just to touch the shoulder blades,
So as not to show them.

Let the skirt be flowing loose,
Like a sail that's flapping
In the vagrant southern breeze,
Mast and yardarms tapping.

Tack some buttons up the back,
Two or three is plenty,
For you know an Empire gown
In the waist is scanty.

Put some lace about the neck,
Sew it there or pin it,
Then, to make the gown complete,
Let the girl get in it.

SHE SHOWED HIM STARS.

FOR every shooting-star he claimed a kiss.
She, seeming coy, at first demurred to this;
But he, persisting, would not be denied,
When he, at length, a flying meteor spied.
And so, as evening grew apace, their eyes
Oft scanned the glittering aspect of the skies;
And when a darting star caught either's sight
A sound of kissing broke upon the night,
And so it came to pass anon that she
Looked for a shooting star as much as he,
Nay, if by chance a star escaped his view,
She called his wand'ring fancy to it, too.
When intervals seemed long between each hug,
She called him on a passing lightning bug;
And, ever taxing her ingenious mind,
Her ready wit enabled her to find
More shooting stars in three short fleeting hours
Than would compose whole meteoric bowers.
But when she did her last pretext exhaust,
And was about to yield her cause as lost,
She saw a switchman's lantern circling swing,
And got the youth down to a steady thing.

ADVICE TO LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

WHATE'ER you wish in landscape to excel,
London's the very place to mar it;
Believe the oracles I tell,
There's very little landscape in a garret.
Whate'er the flocks of fleas you keep,
'Tis badly copying them for goats and sheep;
And if you'll take the poet's honest word,
A bug must make a miserable bird.

A rushlight in a bottle's neck, or stick
Ill represents the glorious orb of m ;
Nay, though it were a candle with a wick,
'Twould be a representative forlorn.

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,
For trees, to copy legs of a joint stool;
Or even by them to represent a stump:
Also by broomsticks—which, though well he rig
Each with an old fox-colored wig,
Must make a very poor autumnal clump.

You'll say, "Yet such ones oft a person sees
In many an artist's trees;
And in some paintings we have all beheld
Green baize hath surely sat for a green field:
Bolsters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows;
Cats for ram-goats, and curs for bulls and cows."

All this, my lads, I freely grant;
But better things from you I want.
As Shakspeare says (a bard I much approve),
"List, list! oh, list! if thou dost painting love."

Claude painted in the open air!
Therefore to Wales at once repair,
Where scenes of true magnificence you'll find;
Besides this great advantage—if in debt,
You'll have with creditors no tête-à-tête;
So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all behind;
Who, hunt you with what noise they may,
Must hunt for needles in a stack of hay.

JOHN WOLCOT.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house:
But vot of dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumps
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
Dot vas der roughest chouse:
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious dot vas drue!
I dinks mine head vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cut dot schmoodth place oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,

Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

"'TIS an everlasting pity that the youngsters in the city
Cannot celebrate the lesson which we gave to George the Third;
When the Nation had to sit on the insufferable Briton—

Why, its scandalous. What ails the city fathers, anyhow? The old town won't burn up. A conflagration or two would help to make things lively, and would rouse the Fire Department from its chronic state of innocuous desuetude. I'll load up with all sorts of explosives, and my youngsters can be patriotic in the back lot—

And we'll have the biggest jubilee the neighbors ever heard."

So he loaded up his pockets, with torpedoes and with rockets,
And a dozen packs of crackers tucked away beneath his arm.
Devil chasers, squibs and fizzes, everything that pops and whizzes—

And, on the morning of the Fourth, he distributed them among his offspring with a lavish hand. They blew up miniature fortifications; defeated the British one by one; constructed a Vesuvius or two, and were wildly happy until, accidentally or otherwise, a pack of crackers went off in the old man's coat pocket and they had to turn the garden hose on him before—

He recovered his composure or dispelled his wife's alarm.

Though his coat was burned and tattered, still he said it little mattered,
For the garment was an old one and his losses would be slight.
And again in wild ascendance rose the vim of Independence—

Until his little 8-year-old wanted papa to "tum an' see de big boo" he was making. Bing, bang, boom! "Dere 'tis!" shouted the youngster, as the appreciative old man hurried in that direction, and found half a pack of fire-crackers knocking his new silk tile to ribbons, and he turned the youngster wrong end up—

And warmed it to the last degrees of sultry Fahrenheit.

Then his ardor patriotic grew uncommonly chaotic,
He would stop this jubilation ere it set the town agog.
Fun was fun in due restrictions, but—ten thousand maledictions! ! !—

Just then his favorite spaniel ran between his legs and bit off a generous slice of calf in passing. A whole pack of crackers was attached to the animal's tail, exploding at the rate of five per second. The cur made a bee-line for the stable and ran under the foundation and they had to turn the horses loose and rip up the floor before—

They could quench the conflagration or resuscitate the dog.

Shades of Lucifer and Hades! if it wasn't for the ladies
We could show the scope of language when the temper has its way:
That a warm vocabulary melts restrictions arbitrary—

And several other things, but just then we left, for another youngster burned his fingers and dropped a piece of hot punk in the box containing the balance of the fireworks, and in a minute the air was volcanic with sky-rockets, Roman candles, pin wheels, blue devils and expletives. To cap the climax, a rocket struck the old gentleman amidships, and—that settled it. Enough was enough. He gathered his offspring all about him—

And he kept them in the cellar for the balance of the day.

SONG BY ROGERO.

SCENE FROM "THE ROVERS."

This was levelled at Schiller's "Robbers," and Goethe's "Stella." It is introduced by a soliloquy, supposed to be spoken by Rogero, a student who had been immured eleven years in a "subterraneous vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh."

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it he proceeds—*

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! Matilda *then* was true!—
At least I thought so at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line, Rogero clangs his chains in cadence.*]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in!
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
-tor, Law Professor at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in!
Here doomed to starve on water-gru-
-el, never shall I see the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

[*Durò ; the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music continuing to play.*]

GEORGE CANNING.

THE PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHER.

IN building up "natur" he thought the Creator
Had blundered unspeakably queer,
And he said he and Darwin and Billy McVarren
Could prove the whole thing out of gear.
He said the whole pattern from Neptune to Saturn
Was cut by a bungling design,
And that no particular was plumb perpendicular,
And exact every time to the line.

He said that no critic, with brain analytic,
Could tolerate things that he saw.
He said he would suffer if any old duffer
Couldn't pick out a blemish or flaw.
Any man with a cranium as big's a geranium
Could see the whole thing was a botch,
See where "natur" had blundered in points by the hundred
In the space of five ticks of his watch.

And so day and night he advised the Almighty
With advice he believed of great worth,
And his wife took in sewing to keep life a-going
While he superintended the earth.

PUTTING UP O' THE STOVE:

OR THE RIME OF THE ECONOMICAL HOUSEHOLDER.

THE melancholy days have come that no householder loves,
Days of the taking down of blinds and putting up of stoves;
The lengths of pipe forgotten lie in the shadow of the shed,
Dinged out of symmetry they be and all with rust are red;
The husband gropes amid the mass that he placed there anon,
And swears to find an elbow-joint and eke a leg are gone.

So fared it with good Mister Brown, when his spouse remarked: "Behold!
Unless you wish us all to go and catch our deaths of cold,
Swift be yon stove and pipes from out their storing place conveyed,
And to black-lead and set them up, lo! I will lend my aid."

This, Mr. Brown he trembling heard, I trow his heart was sore,
For he was married many years and had been there before.
And timidly he said, "My love, perchance the better plan
'Twere to hie to the tinsmith's shop and bid him send a man?"

His spouse replied indignantly: "So you would have me then
To waste our substance upon riotous tinsmith's journeymen?
'A penny saved is twopence earned,' rash prodigal of pelf,
Go! false one, go! and I will black and set it up myself."
When thus she spoke the husband knew that she had sealed his doom:
"Fill high the bowl with Samian lead and gimme down that broom,"
He cried; then to the outhouse marched. Apart the doors he hove
And closed in deadly conflict with his enemy, the stove.

Round 1.—They faced each other; Brown, to get an opening, sparred
Adroitly. His antagonist was cautious—on its guard.
Brown led off with his left to where a length of stove-pipe stood
And nearly cut his fingers off. (*The stove allowed First Blood.*)
Round 2.—Brown came up swearing, in Græco-Roman style
Closed with the stove, and tugged and strove at it a weary while;

At last the leg he held gave way; flat on his back fell Brown,
And the stove fell on top of him and claimed the *First Knock-down.*

The fight is done and Brown has won; his hands are rasped and sore,
And perspiration and black lead stream from his every pore;
Sternly triumphant, as he gives his prisoner a shove,
He cries, "Where, my good angel, shall I *put* this blesséd stove?"
And calmly Mrs. Brown to him she indicates the spot,
And bids him keep his temper and remarks that he looks hot,
And now comes in the sweet o' the day; the Brown holds in his gripe
And strives to fit a six-inch joint into a five-inch pipe;
He hammers, flattens, bends, and shakes, while his wife scornfully
Tells him how *she* would manage if only she were he.

At last the joints are jointed, they rear a pyramid in air,
A tub upon the table, and upon the tub a chair,
And on chair and supporters are the stove-pipe and the Brown,
Like the lion and the unicorn, a-fighting for the crown;
While Mistress Brown she cheerily says to him, "I expec'
'Twould be just like your clumsiness to fall and break your neck."

Scarce were the piteous accents said before she was aware
Of what might be called "a miscellaneous music in the air,"
And in wild crash and confusion upon the floor rained down
Chairs, tables, tubs, and stovepipes, anathemas and—Brown.

There was a moment's silence—Brown had fallen on the cat;
She was too thick for a book-mark but too thin for a mat,
And he was all wounds and bruises, from his head to his foot,
And seven breadths of Brussels were ruined with the soot.
"O wedded love, how beautiful, how sweet a thing thou art!"
Up from her chair did Mistress Brown, as she saw him falling, start,
And shrieked aloud as a sickening fear did her inmost heart-strings gripe,
"Josiah Winterbotham Brown, have you gone and smashed that pipe?"

Then fiercely starts that Mister Brown, as one that had been wode
And big his bosom swelled with wrath, and red his visage glowed;
Wild rolled his eye as he made reply (and his voice was sharp and shrill),
"I have not, madam, but, by—by—by the nine gods, I will!"
He swung the pipe above his head, he dashed it on the floor,
And that stove-pipe, as a stove-pipe, it did exist no more;
Then he strode up to his shrinking wife, and his face was stern and wan,
As in a hoarse, changed voice he hissed: "*Send for that tinsmith's man!*"

THE KANKAKEE OR THE KOKOMO.

HE stood in the station; she at his side,
(She is a fair, young blushing bride).
On their honeymoon they're starting now;
It always follows the marriage vow.
He looks at the flaring railroad maps,
At the train of cars and his baggage traps,
And whispers, "Pettie, how shall we go?
By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?

"These railroad maps confuse the eye,
There's the C. B. Q., and the R. N. Y.,
And this one says your life's at stake
On any road but the Sky Blue Lake.
The N. E. R. L. P. Q. J.
Have sleepers on the entire way,
But I've heard these trains are much more slow
Than the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

She murmured, "Sweetie, I've heard pa say
What a fine old road is the P. G. K.,
But mamma seemed to disagree,
And prefers the X. S. H. O. P.
This chart says, baby, the views are fine
On the Texas-Cow-Boy-Mustang Line,
But still, perhaps, we'd better go
On the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

A conductor chanced to pass them by,
And the bridegroom caught his gentle eye.
He said, "Oh, man, with the cap of blue,
Inform me quick, inform me true,
Which road is best for a blushing, pure,
Young timid bride on her wedding tour,
And tell us quickly what you know
Of the Kankakee and the Kokomo."

The conductor's eyes gave a savage gleam.
These words rolled out in a limpid stream:
"There's the A. B. J. D. V. R. Z.
Connects with the Flip-Flap-Biff-Bang-B.
You can change on the Leg-off-Sueville-Grand,
And go through on the Pan-cake-Ace-Full-Hand.
That road you named is blocked by snow,
(The Kankakee and the Kokomo).

"The Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh Through,
Connects with the Oshkosh Kalamazoo.
With a smoking car all afternoon,
Just the thing for a honeymoon;
And the Central Scalp-Tooth-Bungville-Switch
Goes through a vine-clad country rich.
Of the road you named I nothing know,
The Kankakee and the Kokomo."

The bride said, "Baby, 'tis best, by far,
Like the dollar, we return to pa.
(That's a pun I heard while on a train
On the U. R. N. J. Jersey main)."
The conductor smiled; his eye-teeth showed;
He had spoiled the trade of a rival road.
He knew in his heart there was no snow
On the Kankakee or the Kokomo.

And the bride and groom returned to pa,
Who heard it all, and then said, "Pshaw!
If you found you couldn't go that way,
Why didn't you go on the Cross-eyed Bay?"
The bridegroom gave a howl of pain;
The railroad names had turned his brain.
He raves, insane, for evermore.
In a mad-house, chained unto the floor,
He'll gibber, "Tootsie, shall we go
By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?"

LOUIS HARRISON.

A SLIP.

A BROOKLET and a pretty maid o'er mossy stones went tripping,
And then the pretty maiden said, "I'm awful 'fraid of slipping."
The saucy brooklet laughed aloud as it ran o'er a bowlder,
And whispered, "She'd have surely slipped if he'd been here to hold her."

W. A. KETCHUM.

THE EDITORIAL THREE.

PENCIL:

I AM the stub of a Faber,
Well worn with labor
That lasts from sun to sun.
I toil with creation,
With ne'er a vacation:
I'm the all-important one.

PASTE:

O, I'm made of flour,
And used every hour:
I'm so very important you see,
That no editor's table
Has ever been able
To prosper at all without me.

SHEARS:

With a familiar clatter
I've clipped the best matter
That's come to this office for years:
So when you have read it
Please give me the credit,
I'm the editorial shears.

ALL:

O, we are three powers
So important all hours—
We're the editorial three.
No one is inferior
But all are superior
To the editorial "we."

AL M. HENDEE.

EPIGRAM.

SWANS sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

LARRIE O'DEE.

NOW the Widow McGee,
And Larrie O'Dee,
Had two little cottages out on the green,
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.
The widow was young and the widow was fair,
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair;
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn,
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he:
"Och! Misthress McGee,
It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,
Wid a fancy purtition betwane our two pigs!"
"Indade sur, it is!" answered Widow McGee,
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.
"And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane,
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsaidenly near
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,
And yit kape a cruel purtition betwane."

"Shwate Widow McGee,"
Answered Larrie O'Dee,
"If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs?
Och! it made me heart ache whin I paped through the cracks
Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer axe:

An' a bobbin' yer head an' a shtompin' yer fate,
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,
A-sphlittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,
When one little shtove it would kape us both warm!"

"Now, piggy," said she;
"Larrie's courtin' o' me,
Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you;
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do:
For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout;
But if I'm to say no, ye must kape your nose out.
Now Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig
By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!"
"Me darlint, the piggy says yes," answered he.
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

W. W. FINK.

THE NOBLE STRANGER.

FANNY'S LETTER.

I SAW him, Lucy, only once;
'Twas down the lighted hall;
He moved to music gracefully,
A stranger to us all—
A stranger with a pale, white brow,
And dark and meaning eye,
Which flashed like lightning on my own
Whene'er I passed him by.

Those soul-lit eyes, they haunt me still;
So passionately deep!
Like those which sometimes beam on us
In visions of our sleep.
So sad, as if some shadowy grief
Had o'er his spirit gone,
Yet brightening whene'er it caught
The answer of my own.

I knew him not, and yet whene'er
I turned me from the dance
I saw those dark eyes follow me—
It could not be by chance.
I knew him not, and yet his tones
Were breathed upon my ear
So sweetly low and musical,
I could not choose but hear.

He spoke of disappointed hopes;
Of dreams which faded soon;
The dew-drops of life's joyous morn,
Which vanished ere its noon.
And then, dear Lucy, how he sighed!
My eyes grew strangely dim!
It pained my heart to hear him sigh:
I could have wept for him.

He spoke of sunny Italy;
Of Venice and her isles;
Of dark-mustachioed cavaliers
And fair signoras' smiles;
Of music melting on the ear;
Of moonlight upon bowers;
And fair hands wreathing silken curls,
With gay and fragrant flowers.

He said his father's castle
Frowned upon a distant shore,
(A castle, Lucy, think of that—
He is a Count, or more!)
That solitude was in its walls,
Drear, prison-like and lone;
Ungladdened by the smile of love,
Or woman's kindly tone.

We parted at my father's door,
The moonlight sweetly shone;
And I was standing at his side,
My arm upon his own.
He pressed my hand at parting;
And to-night he will be here,
While pa is at his game of chess,
And ma is nowhere near.

Excuse me, dearest Lucy,
But, indeed, I cannot write.
To-morrow I will tell you more;
He will be here to-night.

[An interval of twenty-four hours has elapsed.]

Oh, dearest Lucy, pity me!
I really think I'm dying!
My heart is like a heart of lead;
My eyes are red with crying!
For yesterday the bank was robbed,
And of a large amount!
My father caught the robber
And—oh, dear, it was my Count!

BACON AND GREENS.

I HAVE lived long enough to be rarely mistaken,
And borne my full share of life's changeable scenes,
But my woes have been solaced by good greens and bacon,
And my joys have been doubled by bacon and greens

What a thrill of remembrance e'en now they awaken,
Of childhood's gay morning and youth's merry scenes,
When one day we had greens and a plate full of bacon,
And the next we had bacon and a plate full of greens.

Ah! well I remember when sad and forsaken,
Heart wrung by the scorn of a miss in her teens,
How I rushed from her sight to my loved greens and bacon,
And forgot my despair over bacon and greens.

When the banks refused specie and credit was shaken,
I shared in the wreck and was ruined in means:
My friends all declared I had not "saved my bacon,"
But I lived—for I still had my bacon and greens.

Oh, there is a charm in this dish rightly taken,
That from custards and jellies an epicure weans:
Stick your fork in the fat—wrap your greens 'round the bacon,
And you'll vow there is nothing like bacon and greens.

If some fairy a grant of three wishes would make one
So worthless as I, and so laden with sins,
I'd wish all the greens in the world—then the bacon—
And then wish for a little more bacon and greens.

POSTSCRIPT.

I return to confess that for once I'm mistaken:
As much as I've known of this world and its scenes,
There's one thing that's equal to both greens and bacon,
And that is a dish of good bacon and greens.

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

IT'S easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph! Job hed nothin' to try him!
Ef *he'd* been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks wouldn't have dared come nigh him.
Trials, indeed! Now I'll tell you what—ef you want to be sick of your life,
Jest come and change places with me a spell—for I'm an inventor's wife.

And sech inventions! I'm never sure, when I take up my coffee-pot,
That 'Bijah hain't ben "improvin'" it, and it mayn't go off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once, that would keep itself a-rockin';
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head bruised shockin'?

And there was his "Patent Peeler," too—a wonderful thing, I'll say;
But it hed one fault—it never stopped till the apple was peeled away.
As for locks, and clocks, and mowin' machines, and reapers, and all sech trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em, but they don't bring in no *cash*.

Law! that don't worry him—not at all; he's the aggravatin'est man—
He'll set in his little workshop there, and whistle, and think, and plan,
Inventin' a jew's-harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled powder-horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to school and the weeds is chokin' our corn.

When 'Bijah and me kep' company, he warn't like this, you know;
Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart—but that was years ago.
He was handsome as any pictur then, and he had such a glib, bright way—
I never thought that a time would come when I'd rue my weddin' day;

But when I've been forced to chop the wood, and tend to the farm beside.
And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest dropped down and cried.
We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was inventin' a gun;
But I counted it one of my marcies when it bu'st before 'twas done.

So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It ought to give thieves a fright—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, ef he sot it off at night.
Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy, he does such cur'ous things.
Hev I told you about his bedstead yit?—'Twas full of wheels and springs;

It had a key to wind it up, and a clock face at the head;
All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour you said,
That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on the floor,
And then shet up, jest like a box, so you couldn't sleep any more.

Wa'al 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he sot it at half-past five,
But he hadn't more'n got into it when—dear me! sakes alive!
Them wheels began to whiz and whir! I heerd a fearful snap!
And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah inside, shet up jest like a trap!

I screamed, of course, but 'twan't no use; then I worked that hull long night
A-tryin' to open the pesky thing. At last I got in a fright;
I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he might be dyin';
So I took a crow-bar and smashed it in.—There was 'Bijah, peacefully lyin',

Inventin' a way to git out agin. That was all very well to say,
But I don't b'lieve he'd have found it out if I'd left him in all day.
Now, sence I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm tired of life?
Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's wife?

MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

HANS AND FRITZ.

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived
side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its
pride:
With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were
spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geld*—as they say—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking—his own simple language to quote—
"Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way—
"I Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day;"
When the question arose, the note being made,
"Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geeps dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill
know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans, "Dot ish so:
Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies,
"Yaw:
Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?"

"I geeps dot now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den you
see,
I always remempers you paid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so: it vas now shust so blain,
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone!
O, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts:
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the Crown
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'Twas known
That no one could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare,
(How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
Down there,)
Put his arm round her waist—
Gave ten kisses at laste—
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!
O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—
For why?
But, "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong—
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
O, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

CHARLES LEVER.

FISHING.

ONE morning, when spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing:

I, in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy:
She, with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—*vice versa;*

I, with my rod, my reel and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dyke,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing, like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And, when the time for departure came,
The bag was flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-eighty pounder.

THE DEVIL.

MEN don't believe in a Devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his Majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the earth of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the Devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God sows his wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row,
To be heard in home, in church and state, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith and make his bow and show
How the frauds and the crimes of the day spring up—for surely we want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course the Devil is gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

JILTED.

These lines were improvised when two ladies, with whom the author had been walking in the garden, forced him from their presence to attend to a visitor of importance. One of the ladies afterwards became his wife.

THUS Adam looked, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.
Like him, I go, but yet to go I'm loath;
Like him, I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind:
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind!

EDWARD YOUNG.

BARNEY O'LINN AND THE LEECHES.

BAD was the wife of Barney O'Linn,
Worse did she get, and more sallow and thin;
Nothing but taters could Barney obtain,
Wifie had had them again and again;
Sickened was she and one morning did cry,
"Barney, my darling, I'm sure I shall die."

Barney was busy, just scratching his head,
But left his amusement and ran to the bed;
"Was it dying ye mentioned?" said Barney, the thrue,
"Don't die till I fetch you old Dr. MacDrue."
The doctor appeared and went off to the bed,
Counted her pulse and shook his bald head,
Then, taking a rickety tub for a seat,
"Barney," quoth he, "what's your wife had to eat?"
"Praties, your honor, and salt now and then,
But it's seldom that same's seen by Barney O'Linn."
"Barney, some leeches I'll send her to try;
If she don't have them soon, she'll speedily die."

The dozen of leeches made Barney to stare;
"Tare an ages!" said he, "but they look mighty quare,
And bottled he's sent them, as true as I'm here,
But how we're to cook them I've not an idea."
"His worship left word, Barney, didn't he, eh?"
"No, sorra a sentence his honor did say.
But sure we can't tell how they'll be till we've tried,
So six shall be biled, and the rest shall be fried."

Well, Barney biled six with taters, he did,
And the other half dozen he fried in the lid.
"The quare little spalpeens are doing divinely,
Holy Virgin," said he, "but my mouth waters finely.
It's long, wifie dear, since you had such a trate,"
Said he, as he brought her a knife and a plate;
Then he raised her in bed and the leeches he brought her.
And stood by to wait as a gentleman ought ter.
Wifie look pleased, very much, and she smiled
As she daintily stuck her fork into a biled;
Then with great satisfaction the odd little cratur
She popped in her mouth with a piece of pertater.

She munched, but her face, it grew longer and longer;
The doubt on her features grew stronger and stronger,
Still the leech with an effort she managed to swallow,
But a storm of disgust the boiled leeches did follow.
Barney, who wifie in wonder had eyed,
Said, "Darling, don't eat 'em; try one of the fried."
Wifie tried two, and by some means or other,
She bolted them down, but she tried not another;
Barney did press her, but still, we must own,
He wouldn't feel hurt if she left them alone.
No dinner he'd had, and he thought that his taters
Would be greatly improved by the fat little craturs
So he finished the nine without any more fussing,
While she, in her heart, the young varmins was
cussing.
But Barney, who wasn't o'er nice in his taste,
Thought no one with leeches could quarrel the laste.

The tale of the leeches is pretty well ended;
We've only to say Barney's wife quickly mended.
No doubt 'twas the leeches; you stare, perhaps grin;
"Yes, likely," say you; well, ask Barney O'Linn,
And he'll tell you when wifie has spasms or screeches,
He cures her directly by just saying "leeches."

BETTY AND THE BEAR.

IN a pioneer's cabin out west, so they say,
A great big black grizzly trotted one day,
And seated himself on the hearth, and began
To lap the contents of a two-gallon pan
Of milk and potatoes—an excellent meal—
And then looked about to see what he could steal.

The lord of the mansion awoke from his sleep,
And, hearing a racket, he ventured to peep
Just out in the kitchen, to see what was there,
And was scared to behold a great grizzly bear.

So he screamed in alarm to his slumbering *frow*,
"Thar's a bar in the kitching as big's a cow!"
"A what?" "Why, a bar!" "Well, murder him,
then!"
"Yes, Betty, I will, if you'll first venture in."
So Betty leaped up, and the poker she seized,
While her man shoved the door, and against it he squeezed.

As Betty then laid on the grizzly her blows,
Now on his forehead, and now on his nose,
Her man through the key-hole kept shouting within,
"Well done, my brave Betty, now hit him agin,
Now a rap on the ribs, now a knock on the snout,
Now poke with the poker, and poke his eyes out."
So, with rapping and poking, poor Betty *alone*
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a stone.

Now when the old man saw the bear was no more,
He ventured to poke his nose out of the door,
And there was the grizzly, stretched on the floor.
Then off to the neighbors he hastened, to tell
All the wonderful things that that morning befell;
And he published the marvellous story afar,
How "*me* and my Betty jist slaughtered a bar!
O yes, come and see, all the neighbors hev sid it,
Come see what we did, ME and Betty, *we* did it."

MY DAUGHTER.

THERE came to port, last Monday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked, and looked, and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

She has no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er the water;
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells, and *tame* ones, too!
Ring out the lovers' moon!
Ring in the little worsted socks!
Ring in the bib and spoon!

Ring out the muse! ring in the nurse!
Ring in the milk and water!
Away with paper, pen and ink!
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

GEORGE W. CABLE

A LOVER WITHOUT ARMS.

A CAPTAIN went to Gettysburg
And plunged into the fray,
And while he led his brave command
Both arms were shot away.

This Captain's name was Peter Field,
And he was tall and stout;
But when he found himself disarmed
His courage "petered out."

Now Peter, at a country fair,
A fair young maid had met;
While in the hospital he sat,
His heart on her was set.

Poor Peter mourned his sorry loss,
Which nothing could replace;
He wanted much a brace of arms,
His maiden to embrace.

While Peter Field was sorely maimed,
And far down in the dumps,
She took occasion to declare
She'd take him with his stumps.

This manly offer made him weep,
He was almost unmanned;
He told her she could have his heart,
But couldn't have his hand.

His hand this maiden could not get,
For he was incomplete;
And so this feat she did perform,
She took his heart and feet.

Some lovers say, "Come to my arms!"
And quick the maiden jumps;
But Peter changed the phrase and said,
"Come, darling, to my stumps!"

Long time did Peter long to wed,
His true and faithful mate;
The lovers felt a weight of woe,
Because compelled to wait.

The Captain had no stocks or bonds,
No horses and no lands;
And, without arms, he could not take
A wife upon his hands.

For keeping books he had a taste,
Yet had to shun the pen;
But if a pension could be had,
He would get married then.

The pension came, the wedding too,
His fortunes to retrieve;
"Please join your hands," the parson said,
But Peter joined his sleeve.

Now Peter's joy is quite complete,
And peaceful is his life;
While marriage was a happy stroke,
He never strikes his wife.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

BACHELOR'S Hall! what a quare-lookin' place it is!
Kape me from sich all the days of my life!
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his taykettle over the fire;
Soon it tips over—St. Patrick! he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight with the squire.

Then, like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,
Awkward enough, see him knading his dough;
Troth! if the bread he could ate widout swallowing,
How it would favor his palate, you know!

His dishcloth is missing; the pigs are devouring it;
In the pursuit he has battered his shin;
A plate wanted washing—Grimalkin is scouring it;
Thunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

His meal being over, the table's left sitting so;
Dishes, take care of yourselves, if you can!
But hunger returns—then he's fuming and fretting so,
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man!

Pots, dishes, pans, and such grasy commodities,
Ashes, and prata-skins, kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed shiverin',
Niver a bit is the bed made at all!
He crapes, like a tarrapin, under the kiverin'—
Bad luck to the picter of Bachelor's Hall!

JOHN FINLEY.

TAUTOLOGICAL.

I SPOKE to her of books renowned
That had marked epochs on our earth;
Of poets whom time's laurels crowned,
And I bewailed our decade's dearth
Of men of letters and its need,
To which she lisped, "O, yes, indeed!"

I spoke to her of ancient art;
Described famed marbles, and the one
That showed Junonian serpents dart
About Troy's priest Laocoön—
The tale in Virgil she could read,
To which she lisped, "O, yes, indeed!"

I spoke of glorious works that shone
Irradiate through centuries dark—
The great cathedral of Cologne,
And mediæval works of mark—
Then stopped to ask if she gave heed,
To which she lisped, "O, yes, indeed!"

The hours wore drearily away;
I searched the storerooms of my brain,
And wondered what on earth to say,
That her response might change its strain
I spoke of science, love, her creed—
She only lisped, "O, yes, indeed!"

Until, in agonized despair,
I turned and took her hand and said:
"Miss Vera, you are sweet and fair,
Your lips of such bewitching red—
Could you forgive the dire misdeed
Of kissing them?" "O, yes, indeed!"

FELIX N. GERSON.

MOURNFUL TALE OF A CAT AND CHLOROFORM.

O MUSE, approach no fun unto,
I'm sad from floor to ceilin';
No heartless pun, nor doggerel now,
My theme is quite too feelin'.

I muse of one who mews no more,
Of one who spent the season
Down by the sea, and lived and died
With insufficient reason.

Some people die what's got the gout,
And some what's got the mitten,
And some what haint got nothin', but
'Twant that what ailed our kitten.

I tell not of a man who died
Some moral cause a-shovin',
A virtuous feline's fate I sing,
Who died of too much lovin';

A-lovin' of two maidens fair,
A-lovin' of the ocean—
He had not read of Circe's sweet
But not remedial potion;

A-lovin' of soft hands and ways
That was most wondrous movin';
A-lovin' that at last did not
Quite prove to be improvin'.

There was another cause, alas,
For his last, his worst failin';
Ah, me, he lost his health so hale
By indiscreet inhalin'.

The tale is true, as oft retailed,
One you may put your faith in,
He somehow kind o' lost his breath
A-doing too much breathin'.

A gentle maiden on him breathed—
He dreamed of her and Eden;
Up through the ether passed, and left
A-musin' now the maiden!

O, learn this lesson well, ye men,
Fair woman is Eve's daughter,
And never take from temptinest hands
A thing ye hadn't oughter!

Now mourn we all, with honest tears,
The life so shortly ended;
A life in which so cunning ways
And gentle graces blended.

I call to mind the Thracian bard
That set wild beasts a-sleepin';
A greater here, a sleepin' brute,
Has set us all a-weepin'.

Well, Percy, when the time shall come
For me to take my leavin',
May I have sweetened life and love.
And, like you, leave 'em grievin'!

DENIS WORTMAN.

THE TALL GENTLEMAN TO HIS LADY LOVE.

UPBRAID me not! I never swore
Eternal love to thee;
For thou art only five feet high,
And I am six feet three:
I wonder, dear, how you supposed
That I could look so low;
There's many a one can tie a knot,
Who cannot tie a beau!

Besides, you must confess, my love,
The bargain's scarcely fair:
For never could we make a match,
Although we made a pair;
Marriage, I know, makes one of two,
But there's the horrid bore,
My friends declare if you are *one*,
That I at least am *four!*

'Tis true, the moralists have said,
That love has got no eyes;
But why should all my sighs be heaved
For one who has no size?
And on our wedding-day, I'm sure
I'd leave you in the lurch;
For you never saw a steeple, dear,
In the inside of a church!

'Tis usual for a wife to take
Her husband by the arm—
But pray excuse me, if I hint
A sort of fond alarm,
That when I offered *you* my arm,
That happiness to beg,
Your highest efforts, dear, would be
To take me by the leg!

I do admit I wear a glass,
Because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you,
It might be counted rude.
And though I use a convex lens,
I still cannot but hope
My wife will e'er "look up to me"
Through Herschel's telescope!

Then fare thee well, my gentle one,
I ask no parting kiss;
I must not break my back, to gain
So exquisite a bliss:
Nor will I weep, lest I should hurt
So delicate a flower:
The tears that fall from such a height
Would be a thunder shower.

Farewell! and pray don't throw yourself
In a basin or a tub;
For that would be a sore disgrace
To all the Six-Feet Club!

But if you ever love again,
Love on a smaller plan,
For why extend to six feet three
The life that's but a span?

THE LEARNING OF HUDIBRAS.

HE was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl—
A calf, an alderman—a goose, a justice—
And rooks, committee-men and trustees.
He d run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination;
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by:
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to shew't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learnéd pedants much affect:
It was a party-colored dress
Of patched and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he'd talked three parts in one,
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three laborers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once,
This, he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large:
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE MOSQUITO HUNT.

NOT a sound was heard but a terrible hum,
As round the chamber we hurried,
In search of the mosquito whose trumpet and drum
Our delectable slumber had worried.

We sought it darkly at dead of night,
Our coverlet carefully turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And our candle dimly burning.

No useless garment confined our breast,
But in simple night-dress and slippers,
We wandered about like spirits distressed,
Or the sails of piratical skippers.

Short and few were the words we let fall,
Lest the sound should disturb the mosquito,
But we steadfastly gazed on the white-washed wall,
And thought how we had been bit oh!

But half an hour seemed to elapse
Ere we met with the wretch that had bit us,
And raising our boot gave some terrible slaps,
And made the mosquito *quietus*.

Quickly and gladly we turned from the dead,
And left him all smashed and gory;
We blew out the candle and popped into bed,
Determined to tell you the story.

BARNEY O'HEA.

NOW let me alone!—though I know you won't,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!
It makes me outrageous,
When you're so contagious,
And you'd better look out for the stout Corny Creagh,
For he is the boy
That believes I'm his joy,
So you'd better behave yourself, Barney O'Hea!
Impudent Barney!
None of your blarney!
Impudent Barney O'Hea!

I hope you're not going to Bandon fair,
For indeed I'm not wanting to meet you there,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!
For Corny's at Cork,
And my brother's at work,
And my mother sits spinning at home all the day,
So, as none will be there
Of poor me to take care,
I hope you won't follow me, Barney O'Hea!

Impudent Barney!
None of your blarney!
Impudent Barney O'Hea!

But as I was walking up Bandon street,
Just who do you think 'twas myself should meet,
But that impudent Barney O'Hea!
He said I looked killin',
I called him a villain,
And bid him, that minute, get out of my way.
He said I was jokin'—
And looked so provokin'—
I could not help laughing with Barney O'Hea!
Impudent Ba
'Tis he has the blarney
That impudent Barney O'Hea!

He knew 'twas all right when he saw me smile,
For he is the rogue up to every wile,
That impudent Barney O'Hea!
He coaxed me to choose him,
For, if I'd refuse him,
He swore he'd kill Corny the very next day;
So, for fear 'twould go further,
And—just to save murther,
I think I must marry that madcap O'Hea.
Bothering Barney!
'Tis he has the blarney!
To make a girl Misthress O'Hea!

SAMUEL LOVER.

TRAGIC FATE OF MRS. CAUDLE.

MR. CAUDLE had a scolding wife;
(A most uncommon thing in life;)
His days and nights were spent in strife unceasing.
Her tongue went glibly all day long,
Sweet contradiction, still her song,
And all the poor man did was wrong and ill done.
A truce without doors, or within,
From speeches long as tradesmen spin,
Or rest from her eternal din, he found not.
He every soothing art displayed;
Tried of what stuff her skin was made:
Failing in all, to Heaven he prayed, to take her.

Once walking by a river side,
In mournful terms, "My dear!" he cried,
"No more let feuds our peace divide—I'll end them,
Weary of life, and quite resigned,
To drown I have made up my mind,
So tie my hands as fast behind, as can be—
Or nature may assert her reign,
My arms assist, my will restrain,
And, swimming, I once more regain my troubles."

With eager haste the dame complies,
While joy stands glistening in her eyes;
Already in her thoughts, he dies before l.
"Yet, when I view the rolling tide,
Nature revolts"—he said; "beside,
I would not be a suicide, and die thus.
It would be better, far, I think,
While close I stand upon the brink,
You push me in—nay, never shrink—but do it."

To give the blow the more effect
Some twenty yards she ran direct,
And did what she could least expect she should do
He slips aside himself to save,
So souse! she dashes in the wave,
And gave what ne'er before she gave—much pleasure.
"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried;
"Thou best of wives"—the man replied,
"I would, but you my hands have tied—Heaven help you!"

JOHN DAY.

A Day After the Fair.—OLD PROVERB

The famous author styles this "A Pathetic Ballad." The reader will understand that the "Crown" is the name of an English public house and the "Dart" is the name of a stage-coach. The term "stone" means, in England, fourteen pounds when applied to a person's weight. "Carried sixteen stone" implies that the portly coachman, John Day, weighed 224 pounds.

JOHN DAY he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wished his box a Christmas-box
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,
What armor can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he loved,
From whom he never ranged,
For though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came and knelt with all his fat
And made an offer plump.

Said she, "My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can."

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town.
The course of love was never smooth
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

'Oh! Mary, view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;
Though I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half."

Alas! in vain he still assailed,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint.

Worn out at last he made a vow
To break his being's link;
For he was so reduced in size
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath,
But John, though he drank nothing else—
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw,
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
But that is only talk—
For after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.

THOMAS HOOD.

A CALL WANTED.

TO THE DESTITUTE CHURCH IN HESITATION.

I'VE read in *The Examiner*
Of your declining state,
And hasten to suggest a cure,
Ere it should be too late.
To fill your vacant pulpit
I am the very man,
Although it is with diffidence
That I suggest the plan.

'Tis long to wait for eighteen months,
But I have waited more,
To see the ways of Providence—
The opening of its door;
And though I feel resigned to go
Where'er my lot shall fall,
And wait to see my duty plain,
I do not get a call.

When first I was ordained to preach,
A letter duly came
From members of a Broadway church,
"Might they suggest my name?"
And then I went a candidate
Beneath that marble pile
Where wealth and fashion proudly walk
Along its yielding aisle.

The pulpit had been occupied
By Rev. Dr. Hewes,
And all the time I felt that I
Could never fill his shoes;
Bright Monday morning came, and I
Was called on by "the few,"
But then they merely came to say
They thought I would not do!

From there I went to Ivygrove,
A quiet inland town,
And stayed a month, perhaps 'twas more,
With Deacon Abram Brown:
Attended meetings, preached and prayed,
And spake to one and all,
But oh! these people were so poor,
They could not give a call

And then I preached at Rivertown,
And there my way seemed clear,
Though three hundred and donations
Was all they gave a year.
Though this, to me, seemed rather small,
In fact not liberal pay.
Yet after all I might have staid,
And been there to this day—

Had not rich 'squire Nettleton
Declared I was not deep,
Although through all the sermon time
The man was sound asleep;
Beside, some knowing one spake low
And feared I would not wear;
While widow Rattleton disliked
The color of my hair.

And when I left that place behind,
One thing seemed very clear,
I never could be called to preach
Where none were called to hear.
But reading of this opening,
I thought I would look in,
And should it be your mind, my friends,
I'll stay through thick and thin.

And very much I want to have
Your pulpit well supplied;
To see the door of duty closed,
Which now stands open wide.
And should the Rev. Shallow Splurge
Decline your guide to be,
I humbly would suggest that you
Should turn your thoughts to me.

Please address

REV. JONATHAN LOOKOUT.

SOUR GRAPES.

MY love, thou'rt fairer than the dawn
Of April's brightest day,
And the beauty of thy cheek outvies
The loveliest tints of May!

The odoriferous perfumes
That load the spicy gale,
To thy sweet, life-inspiring breath,
Are virtueless and stale.

Oh, how enchantingly around
That polished neck of thine,
Those artless raven tresses bright,
In glossy ringlets twine!

And then they wave so feelingly
O'er fields of purest pearl,
Ten thousand beauties sport around
Each captivating curl!

Those eyes, do turn them, dear, away,
So ravishingly they roll,
Those sun-eclipsing diamonds,
They pierce my inmost soul.

Those lips, how do they sparkle forth
The ruby's brightest glow!
And thy neck outshines in purity
The winter's drifted snow!

Thy voice, oh! how divinely sweet,
'Tis like the seraph's note,
And, fairy-like, an angel form
Seems in the air to float.

Words cannot tell, nor thought can dream
The pangs I undergo
For thee—and wilt thou not be mine,
My lovely angel! No?

Zounds! you red-haired, freckled thing—
You garlic-breathed old maid!
You raw-boned, crooked, overgrown,
Ungainly, croaking jade!

What! rid of thee! Ye lucky stars!
I'm thunder-struck with joy!
I wouldn't marry such a chub
For all the wealth of Troy!

"LEADVILLE JIM."

HE came to town one winter day,
He had walked from Leadville all the way;
He went to work in a lumber yard,
And wrote a letter that ran: "Dear Pard,
Stick to the claim whatever you do,
And remember that Jim will see you through."
For, to quote his partner, "they owned a lead
Mit der shplendidest prospects, und notings to ead."

When Sunday came he brushed his coat,
And tied a handkerchief round his throat,
Though his feet in hob-nailed shoes were shod
He ventured to enter the house of God.
When, sharply scanning his ill-clad feet,
The usher gave him the rearmost seat.
By chance the loveliest girl in town
Came late to the house of God that day,
And, scorning to make a vain display
Of her brand new, beautiful Sunday gown,
Beside the threadbare man sat down.
When the organ pealed she turned to Jim
And kindly offered her book to him,
Held half herself, and showed him the place,
And then with genuine Christian grace,
She sang soprano, and he sang bass,
While up in the choir the basso growled,
The tenor, soprano and alto howled,
And the banker's son looked back and scowled.
The preacher closed his sermon grand
With an invitation to "join the band."
Then quietly from his seat uprose
The miner, dressed in his threadbare clothes,
And over the carpeted floor walked down
The aisle of the richest church in town;
In spite of the general shudder and frown,
He joined the church and went his way;
But he did not know he had walked that day
O'er the sensitive corns of pride, rough-shod;
For the miner was thinking just then of God.

A little lonely it seemed to him
In the rearmost pew when Sunday came;
One deacon had dubbed him "Leadville Jim,"
But the rest had forgotten quite his name.
And yet 'twas never more strange than true,
God sat with the man in the rearmost pew.
Strengthened his arm in the lumber-yard
And away in the mountains helped his "Pard."

But after a while a letter came
Which ran: "Dear Yim—I haf sell our claim,
Und I send you a jeck for half der same.
A million, I dought, was a pooty good brice,
Und my *heart* said to sell, so I took its advice—
You know what I mean if you lofe a fraulein;
Goot-by. *I* am going to marry Katrine."

The hob-nailed shoes and rusty coat
Were laid aside, and another note
Came rippling out of the public throat.

The miner was now no longer "Jim,"
But the Deacons "Brothered" and "Mistered" him:
Took their buggies and showed him round.
And, more than the fact of his wealth, they found
Through the papers which told the wondrous tale
That the fellow had led his class at Yale.
Ah! the maidens admired his splendid shape,
Which the tailor had matched with careful tape;
But he married the loveliest girl in town,
The one who once by his side sat down,
When up in the choir the basso growled,
The tenor, soprano, and alto howled,
And the banker's son looked back and scowled.

W. W. FINK.

PUZZLED.

YOU ask me whether I'm high Church,
You ask me whether I'm low,
I wish you'd tell the difference,
For I'm sure that *I* don't know.
I'm just a plain old body,
And my brain works pretty slow;
So I don't know whether I'm high Church,
And I don't know whether I'm low.

I'm trying to be a Christian
In the plain, old-fashioned way
Laid down in my mother's Bible,
And I read it every day;
Our blessed Lord's life in the gospels,
Or a comforting Psalm of old,
Or a bit from the Revelation,
Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then I generally pray when I'm praying,
Though I don't always kneel or speak out,
But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking
Till I fear he is all tired out—
A piece of the Litany sometimes,
The collect perhaps for the day,
Or a scrap of a prayer that my mother
So long ago taught me to say.

But now my poor memory's failing,
And often and often I find
That never a prayer from the prayer-book
Will seem to come into my mind.
But I know what I want, and I ask it,
And I make up the words as I go;
Do you think, now, that shows I ain't high Church?
Do you think it means I am low?

My blessed old husband has left me,
'Tis years since God took him away.
I know he is safe, well and happy,
And yet when I kneel down to pray,
Perhaps it is wrong, but I never
Leave the old man's name out of my prayer,
But I ask the Lord to do for him
What *I* would do were I there.

Of course he can do it much better;
But he knows, and he surely won't mind
The worry about her old husband
Of the old woman left here behind.
So I pray, and I pray, for the old man,
And I'm sure that I shall till I die,
So maybe that proves I ain't low Church,
And maybe it shows I am high.

My old father was never a Churchman,
But a Scotch Presbyterian saint;
Still, his white head is shining in heaven,
I don't care who says that it ain't;
To one of our blessed Lord's mansions
That old man was certain to go,
And *now* do you think I am high Church?
Are you sure that I ain't pretty low?

I tell you it's all just a muddle,
Too much for a body like me,
I'll wait till I join my old husband,
And then we shall see what we'll see.
Don't ask me again, if you please, sir;
For really it worries me so,
And I don't care whether I'm high Church,
And I don't care whether I'm low.

ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

A SIMPLE SIGN.

IT was in a grocer's window
That she saw a simple sign,
And she stopped and slowly read it
While her blue eyes seemed to shine.

Then with scornful lips she murmured,
As she tossed her pretty hat,
"How I wish that men were labled
With a good plain sign, like that."

So when she had passed, I ventured
Near that favored grocer's shop,
And espied this simple legend:
"This Corn Warranted to Pop."

A HOUSEKEEPER'S TRAGEDY.

ONE day as I wandered, I heard a complaining,
And saw a poor woman, the picture of gloom:
She glared at the mud on her doorsteps ('twas raining),
And this was her wail as she wielded the broom:

"Oh! life is a toil, and love is a trouble,
And beauty will fade and riches will flee;
And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double,
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

"There's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet;
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;

There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it;
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

"In March it is mud; it's slush in December;
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust;
In fall the leaves litter; in muggy September
The wall-paper rots, and the candlesticks rust.

"There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses,
And ants in the sugar and mice in the pies;
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

"It's sweeping at six, and dusting at seven;
It's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine;
It's potting and panning from ten to eleven;
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

"With grease and with grime, from corner to centre,
Forever at war and forever alert,
No rest for a day, lest the enemy enter—
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

"Last night, in my dreams, I was stationed forever,
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea;
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor,
To sweep off the waves ere they swept over me.

"Alas, 'twas no dream! Again I behold it!
I yield: I am helpless my fate to avert!"
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded,
Then laid down and died, and was buried in dirt

HOW COLUMBUS FOUND AMERICA.

COLUMBUS stood upon the deck;
"Go home!" the sailors cried;
"Not if I perish on the wreck,"
Great Christopher replied.

Next day the crew got out their knives
And went for Captain C.
"Go home," they yelled, "and save our lives."
"Wait one more day," said he.

"Then if I cannot tell how far
We're from the nearest land
I'll take you home." "Agreed, we are!"
Answered the sea-sick band.

That night when all were fast asleep
Columbus heaved the lead,
And measuring the water deep,
Took notes and went to bed.

To-morrow dawned. Naught could be seen
But water, wet and cold;
Columbus, smiling and serene,
Looks confident and bold.

"Now, Cap! How far from land are we?"
The mutineers out cried.
"Just ninety fathoms," Captain C.
Most truthfully replied.

"And if you doubt it heave the lead
And measure, same as I."
"You're right," the sailors laughed. "Great head!
We'll stick to you or die."

And thus, in fourteen ninety-two,
America was found,
Because the great Columbus knew
How far off was the ground.

H. C. DODGE.

PAT'S MISTAKE.

WITH an aching tooth, one morning bright,
Pat Donnegan left his home;
The "murtherin' blackguard," all the night,
Had made poor Donnegan moan.

With sorrowful phiz and watery eye,
Pat tracked along in the rain,
When these words his optics chanced to spy,
"Teeth pulled without any pain."

Down went his shovel, and in went Pat,
Like a "broth of a bye" as he was,
And down in the dentist's chair he sat,
With wide distended jaws.

In went the nippers and out came the tooth—
"Ye miserable snag," said Pat,
"You'll trouble me now no more, forsooth,"
And he made for his old white hat.

"My pay, if you please," said the dentist man.
"Och, murther! what's that yer sayin'?
Ye wretched old pirate, don't it say on yer sign,
'Teeth pulled widout any pa'in?'"

WHY BEN SCHNEIDER DECIDED FOR PROHIBITION.

YOU schust vants me to dells you apout it, does you?
Vell, it von't dake me long, and mine schtory is drue.
Dot vee poy, schtanding oop, mit his head on te ground,
Ish mine leetle poy Fritz; dare's no prighter poy round.
And, sir, soomdimes I dinks dot ven grown oop is he,
Schust so schmart like his fadder dot youngster vill be.
Vell, von day in te garden ven trinking mine peer.
Dot poy, Fritz, he comes oop and sez he, "Fadder, dear,
De pright peer look so coot, schust a leetle gif me,
For I vants him so pad ven I effer him see.

Do gif me some, von't you? I so likes te peer."
But I sets down my mug and bretends I no hear;
And I looks at mine poy, all so pright and so schmart,
And holds myself shtill, though so fast peats my heart;
Den I puts oud mine hand and sez, "Fritz, coom oop here,
And say how you know dot so coot am te peer."

"Vell, mine fadder," sez he, "ven I first goes in haste
For yourn peer, he schlop oud, and a leetle I taste,
But he taste ferry pad; den you sends me for more,
And so pright te peer look dot I taste as pefore.
And so better he gets, dot I's glad ven you say,
'Come, Fritz, and pring fadder his peer for to-day.'
Py-and-py, den, I like him so vell as I can,
And vill trink all te time ven I gets a big man.
Oh! te peer makes me feel so cholly and gay,
Dot ven I grows oop I'll trink all te long day."

Oh, sir! 'twas shust awful to hear dot vee lad
Talking on in dot vay; oh, it hurt me so pad
I shust vished dot one eart'quake vould open te ground
And schwallow me oop, out of sight and of sound.
Ten, me tinks, I can't tie, for mine Fritz I must save,
Or dey'll find him soom night in a poor trunkard's grave;
Or dey'll scoop him oop out of te gutter soom tay,
And off to te calapoose dake him avay;
Or, he do soom pad crime, te first ting I know,
Den pehind iron pars in Schtate's prison he'll go.
If I dells him te peer is not coot for him, ten
He vill say it tasts coot, and it don't hurt te men.
If I say it is vicked to trink, he vill say,
"Den, fadder, vot makes you so vicked each day?"

If I say he must not te peer drink, den, I know,
Ven te peer t'irst come on, to dot grog-shop he'll go,
And dey'll gif him te trinks for te pennies he'll schpend.
Oh, if to dot place I had neffer him send!
But he know te road easy; for near a two year
He has been effry day to pring me my peer;
And I tought it so schmart ven he big enuff gits
To go for te peer. Oh, mine leetle poy Fritz!
If neffer I'd sent him, how tankful I'd be!
But now, how shall I safe him? Oh! who can tell me?
Den, metinks, now I haf it, te Cherman Liepig
Say peer is not coot for mans, leetle or big;
But ven I vanted peer, den I say, He don't know,
But now I'll git pooks, and find out it *is so*,
And I, den, vill tell Fritz, in te pooks I schust read,
How dot peer is not coot for *anypodies*, dey said.

Fadder dinks it is drue, so ve'll trink not a dhrop,
And he'll vant like his fadder to be, so he'll schtop.
Den, I tought, dot's all right, only maybe he'll do
As his fadder did vonce, von't pelieve it is drue.

Den, all te saloons I vished under te ground,
And noddings of visky or peer could be found.
Den tere comes to my mind how von man did vonce say,
De saloons vould all go if men fote as tey pray,
And if effry man his known duty vould do,
And fote prohibition, dot ticket all droo,
In den years dere vould be no saloons in te land,
And no blace vere a liquor-shop effer could schtand.

Oh! how mad I vas den, but schust now, in some vay,
It don't make me so mad; it sounds coot, and I say
To Katrina, mine frau, I's schust going to schtop
Dis trinking te peer ven I comes from mine schop.
Den, laughing, she say, schust to try me, I tinks,
"Vait till Jim cooms along, pretty quick vill you trinks."
Den, "Katrina," says I, "you spose noddings I care
For dot leetle poy Fritz, vot is schumping out dere?"
Vell, den, by-and-by dot man Jim, he comes here
And sez, "Come along, Ben, let us go for some peer."
But I dells him, I's going right down to te schtore,
And, as for te peer, I shall trink him no more;
And he petter not ask me to go in dot vay,
For von demperance man I vas, now, effry day.
"Vots dot did you say?" and he schumps from his chair;
"You von demperance crank?" den oh, how he schwear!

And I dells him "Yes, dwo cranks, but schust you look here,
I shall dake no more visky, or prandy, or peer."
Den he say dot te beer is no hurt, it neffer hurt him.
Den I say, "How you got dot plack eye, dell me dot, vill you, Jim?"
Den says he, "From te cellar vay down to de garret I fall,
And shtuck a knot-hole in mine eye on de vall."
Den I dells him, if I always demperance schtay,
No knot-holes I gets in mine eyes in dot vay.

Now, I dells you, mine frient, I vas petter man now,
And I gets in no throubles from any big row;
And Katrina, she say, how much petter I looks,
And I has so much time for te reading coot books,
And te money I safes makes de home look so neat,
And Katrina, so schmiling, so happy, and schweet.
Ven a man schmokes and trinks he gets noddings to be
But a parrel on legs and a schmoke-schtack, ye see;
So I quits de pipe, too, for I'm schure 'tis no schoke
In effry man's face to be puffing te schmoke.

"I's a prohibition crank, droo and droo, did ye say?"
Vell, dot crank is a crank you can turn but one vay.
And so schure as Ben Schneider's my name, I shall try
To make dis land safe for mine Fritz, py-and-py;

For if from te peer I can't make him to schtay,
I vill fote for te peer to be out of his vay.
So von prohibition crank you may effer me call,
I shall fote to save Fritz, sir, now dot is shust all;
For a parrel of peer I muscht neffer him see,
Mit a schmoke-schtack on top, vere te prains ought to be.

VIRA HOPKINS.

WHAT ONE BOY THINKS.

A STITCH is always dropping in the everlasting knitting,
And the needles that I've threaded, no, you couldn't count to-day;
And I've hunted for the glasses till I thought my head was splitting,
When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms and the Epistles,
When the other boys were burning tar barrels down the street;
And I've stayed and learned my verses when I heard their willow whistles,
And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in both my feet.

And I've had to walk beside her when she went to evening meeting,
When I wanted to be racing, to be kicking, to be off;
And I've waited while she gave the folks a word or two of greeting,
First on one foot and the other and 'most strangled with a cough.

"You can talk of Young America," I say, "till you are scarlet—
It's Old America that has the inside of the track!"
Then she raps me with her thimble and calls me a young varlet,
And then she looks so woe-begone I have to take it back.

But! There always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket,
There never was a pocket that was half so big and deep;
And she lets the candle in my room burn way down to the socket,
While she stews and putters round about till I am sound asleep.

There's always somebody at home when every one is scattering;
She spreads jam upon your bread in a way to make you grow;
She always takes a fellow's side when every one is battering;
And when I tear my jacket I know just where to go.

And when I've been in swimming after father's said I shouldn't,
And mother has her slipper off according to the rule,
It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says "I wouldn't;
The boy that won't go fishing such a day would be a fool!"

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a blessing,
And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a mouse—
And who is she by this time there is no need of guessing,
For there's nothing like a grandmother to have about the house!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A FOOLISH LITTLE MAIDEN.

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door,
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah, hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head—
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
And the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon nor the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried up the stair,

Till she reached her little bureau, and, in a band-box on it,
Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the little head that's filled with silly little airs
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

A SERENADE.

"LULLARY, oh, lullaby!"
Thus I heard a father cry.
"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
The brat will never shut an eye;
Hither come, some power divine!
Close his lids or open mine!

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
What the mischief makes him cry?
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Still he stares—I wonder why;
Why are not the sons of earth
Blind, like puppies, from their birth?

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
Thus I heard the father cry;
"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Mary, you must come and try!
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—
The more I sing, the more you wake!

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Fie, you little creature, fie!
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Is no poppy-syrup nigh?
Give him some, or give him all,
I am nodding to his fall!

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Two such nights and I shall die!
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
He'll be bruised, and so shall I—
How can I from bedposts keep,
When I'm walking in my sleep?

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep his very looks deny;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Nature soon will stupefy—
My nerves relax—my eyes grow dim—
Who's that fallen—me or him?"

THOMAS HOOD.

"WE ALL LIKE SHEEP."

"WE all like sheep," the tenors shrill
Begin, and then the church is still,
While back and forth across the aisle
Is seen to pass the "catching" smile.

"We all like sheep," the altos moan
In low, and rich, and mellow tone,
While broader grows the merry grin
And nose gets farther off from chin.

"We all like sheep," sopranos sing
Till all the echoes wake and ring;
The young folks titter, and the rest
Suppress the laugh in bursting chest.

"We all like sheep," the bassos growl,
The titter grows into a howl,
And e'en the deacon's face is graced
With wonder at the singer's taste.

"We all like sheep," runs the refrain,
And then, to make their meaning plain,
The singers altogether say,
"We all like sheep have gone astray."

A BIT OF SHOPPING FOR THE COUNTRY.

MY very dear friend:
This is simply addenda to what I last wrote,
But the price-list I see, from which I there quote,
Improves every day. I'm fairly delighted
(Perhaps you might call my condition excited)
At what I've just read in *The Star* and *The Sun*.
What soul-stirring bargains must be going on!
I enclose you straightway a whole Ten Dollar note
To go with the list I have just made you out—
One moment, dear Carrie, with impudence bear
If I ask you to handle the enclosure with care.
Try to stretch it as far, now, please, dearest, do,
As ever "a ten-stroke" has been known to go.
You'll lift it, I'm sure, as a thing of some weight
When I tell you it outweighs twelve bushels of wheat.

Imprimis, my room. And Madras, I see,
Is just down as low as curtains can be;
As mine, now, are hanging most limp and threadbare,
I'll trouble you, Carrie, to get me two pair.
Twenty yards, I suppose—twenty yards more or less—
I can't be exact; but I know you can guess.
The walls need a paper—gilt paper I'd choose;
Some eight or ten pieces would do, I suppose.
Then, the dear, old arm-chair decidedly hints
She'd like a new dress of the cretonne or chintz.
A lounge cover, too, may as well come along,
Since cretonne is selling for just "a mere song."
I can't slight the mantle! Send a lambrequin, too;
The old would look shabby with so much brand-new
I want all alike—the cretonne for these,
Not the sort that is thin and slazy, dear, please—
You remember 'tis rather a weakness of mine.
I like the price low, but the quality fine.

Next for myself. And so far gone is *this*
I think there is nothing that could come amiss
But then I must limit my wishes, of course,
Or else my demands might outrun my purse.

Once begin and I hardly know when I shall stop,
For order's sake, then, we'll begin at the top.
A bonnet—I want just the simplest frame,
With a scrap of green surah to cover the same
(Please pin it on, love, with the top-knot and strings).
Of course I don't dream of those fine Frenchy things,
But I want enough flowers and lace to look nice,
And something in jet to tip off the device.

Some collars and cuffs—the size just for you;
Say a dozen of each; and of handkerchiefs, too
(By the way, I see bordered and beautiful ones
Can be had for ten cents at Nichols and Sons').
And gloves, some eight-buttoned at Donald's and Dent's;
The best of Jouran's at—I think, fifty cents.
Six is my number. I must own the fact
That in matter of gloves I am *very* exact.

Next for my boots. O Carry, dear, *please*
Get softest French leather in good number threes.
I see that Waukeasy and some of the rest,
For less than a dollar are selling "the best."
But my poor tender toes—O Carrie, my dear,
Of those ironside corn-crushers please you beware!
Those pitiless soles that pierce you like thorns
Right into the quick of your tenderest corns!

As to the dress I need say nothing more.
The order stands just as I wrote you before.
I don't care how cheap you get the sateen
Just so it is fine, and pretty sage green.

And now, I believe I have made out the bill,
Which I hope, love, will give you no trouble to fill.
Of course you'll retain what will have it expressed,
Or, send it by mail, just as you think best.

And then with what's over don't worry about;
It makes no great odds how you lay it out.
'Twill be but a trifle, and I'm not precise,
Any cute little notion, that's useful and nice.

And now, dear, forgive if I should here repeat
The gentle reminder regarding the wheat.
For money *is* money these dreadful hard times,
And reckless extravagance ranks with the crimes.
Please send on the package as soon as can be,
Of course these returns I'm distracted to see.
Curiosity's sharpened distressingly keen
Of—truly and fondly, your own, EVA GREEN.

"VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

VAS marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot de pends
Altogeddher on how you look at it, mine friends.
Like dhose double-horse teams dot you see at der races.
It depends pooty mooch on der pair in der traces;
Eef dhey don't pool togeddher right off at der sthart,
Ten dimes oudt off nine dhey was beddher apart.

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote vas in doubt;
Dhose dot's oudt vould be in, dhose dot's in vould be oudt;
Der man mit oxberience, goot looks und dash,
Gets a vife mit some fife hundord dousand in cash;
Budt, after der honeymoon, vhere vas der honey?
She haf der oxberience—he haf der money.

Vas marriage a failure? Eef dot vas der case,
Vot vas to pecome off der whole human race?
Vot you dink dot der oldt "Pilgrim faders" vould say,
Dot came in der Sunflower to oldt Plymouth bay,
To see der fine coundtry dis peoples haf got,
Und dhen hear dhem ask sooch conondhrums as dot?

Vas marriage a failure? Shust go, ere you tell,
To dot Bunker Mon Hillument, vhere Varren fell;
Dink off Vashington, Franklin und "Honest Old Abe"—
Dhey vas all been aroundt since dot first Plymouth babe.
I was only a Deutscher, budt I dells you vot!
I pelief every dime, in such "failures" as dot.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,
Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.
Dhen she say: "Meester Strauss, shust come her eef you blease,"
Und she dake me vhere Yawcob und little Loweeze
By dhere shnug trundle-bed vas shust saying der prayer,
Und she say, mit a smile: "Vas dhere some failures dhere?"

CHARLES F ADAMS.

MASTERPIECES OF ELOQUENCE.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ELOQUENCE.

AT the revival of letters in modern Europe, Eloquence, together with her sister muses, awoke, and shook the poppies from her brow. But their torpors still tingled in her veins. In the interval her voice was gone; her favorite languages were extinct; her organs were no longer attuned to harmony, and her hearers could no longer understand her speech. The discordant jargon of feudal anarchy had banished the musical dialects, in which she had always delighted. The theatres of her former triumph were either deserted, or they were filled with the dabblers of sophistry and chicane. She shrunk intuitively from the former, for the last object she remembered to have seen there was the head of her darling Cicero planted upon the rostrum.

She ascended the tribunals of justice; there she found her child, Persuasion, manacled and pinioned by the letter of the law; there she beheld an image of herself, stammering in barbarous Latin, and staggering under the lumber of a thousand volumes. Her heart fainted within her. She lost all confidence in herself. Together with all her irresistible powers, she lost proportionably the consideration of the world, until, instead of comprising the whole system of public education, she found herself excluded from the circle of science, and declared an outlaw from the realms of learning.

She was not however doomed to eternal silence. With the progress of freedom and of liberal science, in various parts of modern Europe, she obtained access to mingle in the deliberations of her parliaments. With labor and difficulty she learned their languages, and lent her aid in giving them form and polish. But she has never recovered the graces of her former beauty, nor the energies of her ancient vigor.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient suffering of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom?—to the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were in the minority, that, through blood, and tears, and bootings and scourgings—dying the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

Minority! if a man stands up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stands for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are there are always

"Troops of beautiful, tall angels"

gathered round him, and God Himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own! If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY.

Delivered at the centennial celebration of Washington's inauguration, New York, April 30, 1889.

BLOT out from the page of history the names of all the great actors of his time in the drama of nations, and preserve the name of Washington, and the century would be renowned.

We stand to-day upon the dividing line between the first and second century of constitutional government. There are no clouds overhead and no convulsions under our feet. We reverently return thanks to Almighty God for the past, and with confident and hopeful promise march upon sure ground toward the future. The simple facts of these hundred years paralyze the imagination, and we contemplate the vast accumulations of the century with awe and pride. Our population has grown from four to sixty-five millions. Its

centre, moving westward five hundred miles since 1789, is eloquent with the founding of cities and the birth of States. New settlements clearing the forests and subduing the prairies and adding four millions to the few thousands of farms which were the support of Washington's republic, create one of the great granaries of the world and open exhaustless reservoirs of national wealth.

The flower of the youth of the nations of continental Europe are conscripted from productive industries and drilling in camps. Vast armies stand in battle array along the frontiers, and a Kaiser's whim or a minister's mistake may precipitate the most destructive war of modern times. Both monarchial and republican governments are seeking safety in the repression and suppression of opposition and criticism. The volcanic forces of democratic aspiration and socialistic revolt are rapidly increasing and threaten peace and security. We turn from these gathering storms to the British Isles and find their people in the throes of a political crisis involving the form and substance of their government, and their statesmen far from confident that the enfranchised and unprepared masses will wisely use their power.

But for us no army exhausts our resources nor consumes our youth. Our navy must needs increase in order that the protecting flag may follow the expanding commerce, which is to successfully compete in all the markets of the world. The sun of our destiny is still rising, and its rays illuminate vast territories as yet unoccupied and undeveloped, and which are to be the happy homes of millions of people. The questions which affect the powers of government and the expansion or limitation of the authority of the Federal Constitution are so completely settled and so unanimously approved, that our political divisions produce only the healthy antagonism of parties which is necessary for the preservation of liberty.

Our institutions furnish the full equipment of shield and spear for the battles of freedom, and absolute protection against every danger which threatens the welfare of the people will always be found in the intelligence which appreciates their value, and the courage and morality with which their powers are exercised. The spirit of Washington fills the executive office. Presidents may not rise to the full measure of his greatness, but they must not fall below his standard of public duty and obligation. His life and character, conscientiously studied and thoroughly understood by coming generations, will be for them a liberal education for private life and public station, for citizenship and patriotism, for love and devotion to Union and Liberty. With their inspiring past and splendid present the people of these United States, heirs of a hundred years marvelously rich in all which adds to the glory and greatness of a nation, with an abiding trust in the stability and elasticity of their Constitution and an abounding faith in themselves, hail the coming century with hope and joy.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

THE ULTIMA THULE.

WHEN we engage in that solemn study, the history of our race; surveying the progress of man, from his cradle in the east to these limits of his wanderings; when we behold him forever flying westward from civil and religious thraldom, over mountains and seas, seeking rest and finding none, but still pursuing the flying bow of promise to the glittering hills which it spans in Hesperian climes; we cannot but exclaim, with Bishop Berkeley, the generous prelate, who bestowed his benefactions, as well as blessings, on our country—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

This exclamation is but the embodiment of a vision, which the ancients, from the earliest period, cherished of some favored land beyond the mountains and the seas; a land of equal laws and happy men. The primitive poets placed it in the Islands of the Blest; the Doric bards dimly beheld it in the Hyperborean region; the mystical sage of the Academy found it in his lost Atlantis; and even the stern spirit of Seneca dreamed of the restoration of the golden age in distant worlds, hereafter to be discovered.

Can we look back upon these uninspired predictions, and not feel the weight of obligations which they imply? Here must these bright fancies be turned into truth; here must these high visions be realized, in which the seers and sages of the elder world took refuge from the calamities of the days in which they lived. There are no more continents to be revealed; Atlantis hath arisen from the ocean; the farthest thule is reached; there are no more retreats beyond the sea, no more discoveries, no more hopes.

EDWARD EVERETT.

CALIFORNIA AND PLYMOUTH ROCK.

LET us vote upon the measures before us, beginning with the admission of California. Let us vote her in. Let us vote, after four months' talk. The people who have gone there have done honor to the American name. Starting from a thousand points, and meeting as strangers far removed from law and government, they have conducted themselves with the order, decorum and justice, which would have done honor to the oldest established and best regulated community. They have carried our institutions to the furthest verge of the land—to the coast of the Pacific, and lit it up with the lights of religion, liberty, and science—lights which will shine across the broad ocean, and illuminate the dark recesses of benighted Asia. They have completed the work of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Would to God that those who landed on the Rock, and on the banks of the James river, more than two

hundred years ago, and who crossed the stormy Atlantic in search of civil and religious liberty, and who did so much for both in their day and generation, could now see what has been done in our day! could look down from their celestial abodes, and see the spark which they struck from the flint now blazing with a light which fixes the gaze of the world—see the mustard seed which they planted, now towering to the skies, and spreading its branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. With what rapture would they welcome the Pilgrims of California into the family circle, while we, their descendants, sit here in angry debate, repulsing our brethren, calculating the value of the Union, and threatening to rend it asunder if California is admitted.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

EULOGIUM ON ANDREW JACKSON.

NO man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him—no public man of this century ever returned to private life with such an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. No man with truer instinct received American ideas—no man expressed them so completely, or so boldly or so sincerely. He was as sincere a man as ever lived. He was wholly, always, and altogether sincere and true. Up to the last, he dared to do anything that it was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage beyond any man of whom history keeps the record. Before the nation, before the world, before coming ages, he stands forth the representative, for his generation, of the American mind. And the secret of his greatness is this: by intuitive conception, he shared and possessed all the creative ideas of his country and his time. He expressed them with dauntless intrepidity; he enforced them with an immovable will; he executed them with an electric power, that attracted and swayed the American people. The nation, in his time, had not one great thought, of which he was not the boldest and clearest expositor.

History does not describe the man that equalled him in firmness of nerve. Not danger, not an army in battle array, not wounds, not wide-spread clamor, not age, not the anguish of disease, could impair, in the least degree, the vigor of his steadfast mind. The heroes of antiquity would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardihood of his character; and Napoleon, had he possessed his disinterested will, could never have been vanquished. Andrew Jackson never was vanquished. He was always fortunate. He conquered the wilderness; he conquered the savage; he conquered the bravest veterans trained in the battle-fields of Europe: he conquered everywhere in statesmanship: and, when death came to get the mastery over him, he turned that last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the feeblest of his adversaries, and escaped from earth in the triumphant consciousness of immortality.

His body has its fit resting-place in the great central valley of the Mississippi; his spirit rests upon our whole territory; it hovers over the vales of Oregon, and guards, in advance, the frontier of Del Norte. The fires of party spirit are quenched at his grave. His faults and frailties have perished. Whatever of good he has done lives, and will live forever.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

INJUSTICE TOWARD KOSSUTH.

THE Emperor of Russia demands of Turkey that the noble Kossuth and his companions shall be given up. This demand is made in derision of the established law of nations. Gentlemen, there is something on earth greater than arbitrary or despotic power. The lightning has its power, and the whirlwind has its power, and the earthquake has its power. But there is something among men more capable of shaking despotic power than lightning, whirlwind, or earthquake—that is, the threatened indignation of the whole civilized world.

Let no one imagine that mere force can subdue the general sentiment of mankind. It is much more likely to extend that sentiment, and to destroy that power which he most desires to establish and secure. The bones of poor John Wickliffe were dug out of his grave seventy years after his death, and burnt, for his heresy, and his ashes were thrown upon a river in Warwickshire. Some prophet of that day said:

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea,
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad
Wide as the waters be."

Gentlemen, if the blood of Kossuth is taken by an absolute, unqualified, unjustifiable violation of national law, what will it appease—what will it pacify? It will mingle with the earth—it will mix with the waters of the ocean—the whole civilized world will snuff it in the air, and it will return with awful retribution on the heads of those violators of national law and universal justice. I cannot say when, or in what form; but depend upon it, that if such an act take place, the thrones and principalities and powers must look out for the consequences.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE SOURCE OF PARTY WISDOM.

I HAVE seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man; but I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer and surveyor take the level from which to measure all terrestrial heights and depths.

Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people when

our enthusiasm has passed. When the emotions of this hour have subsided we shall find that calm level of public opinion below the storm, from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined. Not here in this brilliant circle, where fifteen thousand men and women are assembled, is the destiny of the Republican party to be declared. Not here, where I see the faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates waiting to cast their votes in the urn and determine the choice of the republic, but by four million Republican firesides, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by the love of home and country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and a knowledge of the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by—there God prepares the verdict that shall determine the wisdom of our work to-night. Not in Chicago, in the heats of June, but in the sober quiet that comes to them between now and November; in the silence of deliberate judgment will the great question be settled.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

HE was an emperor. But he saw around him a mother, brothers and sisters, not ennobled; whose humble state reminded him and the world that he was born a plebeian; and he had no heir to wait for the imperial crown. He scourged the earth again, and again fortune smiled on him even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed kingdoms and principalities upon his kindred—put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Hapsburgh's imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight; a diadem was placed on its infant brow, and it received the homage of princes, even in its cradle.

Now he was indeed a monarch—a legitimate monarch—a monarch by divine appointment—the first of an endless succession of monarchs. But there were other monarchs who held sway in the earth. He was not content, he would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies, from his own land—from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and brave—one from every household—from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder-Zee—from Jura to the ocean. He marshalled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal dominion, which seemed almost within his grasp. But ambition had tempted fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, repelled, pursued, surrounded him. The pageant was ended.

The crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride forsook him when the hour of fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate, and he was no longer emperor, nor consul, nor general, nor even a citizen, but an exile and a prisoner, on a lonely island, in the midst of the wild Atlantic. Discontent attended him here. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off at the earliest dawn and in evening's latest twilight, toward that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp. His heart corroded. Death came, not unlooked for, though it came even then unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around, with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearisome watching was at hand. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and inglorious inactivity.

The pageant of ambition returned. He was again a lieutenant, a general, a consul, an emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again invested with the pompous pageantry of royalty. The daughter of the long line of kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks. The marshals of Europe awaited his command. The legions of the old guard were in the field, their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished. Russia, Prussia, Denmark and England gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft and cried "TETE D'ARMEE." The feverish vision broke—the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosened, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. This was the end of earth. The Corsican was now content.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS.

CASTING our eyes over the history of nations, with horror we discern the succession of murderous slaughters, by which their progress has been marked. Even as the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. O, let it not be in the future ages, as in those which we now contemplate! Let the grandeur of men be discerned, not in bloody victories, or in ravenous conquests, but in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

As the ocean washes every shore, and, with all-embracing arms, clasps every land, while, on its heaving bosom, it bears the products of various climes; so peace surrounds, protects, and upholds all other blessings. Without it, commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, justice is arrested, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature—not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton—not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown—but when we regard him in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and, at a later day, upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war.

CHARLES SUMNER.

VICISSITUDES OF 1849.

THIS fatal year, '49—will it never have done with its desolations? Pestilence has stalked, and still stalks, with desolating tread over the broad earth, defacing its green sod to make room for innumerable graves—graves not alone of the weak and the wretched, but also of the mighty, the glorious, the gentle, the lovely, the widely and keenly deplored. And that darker scourge, despotism, the dominion of brute force and blind selfishness—the lordship of the few for their own luxury and aggrandizement over the many whom they scorn, and sweat, and starve—when before has a year been so fruitful as now, of triumphs to the realm of night? Sicily betrayed and ruined—Lombardy's chains riveted—Sardinia crushed—Rome, generous, brave, ill-fated Rome, too!—she lies beneath the feet of her perfidious, perjured foes, and in her fall has dragged down the republicans of France, adjudged guilty of the crime of daring to resist the assassination of a sister republic.

But this is not all, nor half. Germany, through her vast extent, has passed over to the camp of absolutism—her people still think, but dare not speak, for the bayonet is at their throats, and democracy is once more treason, since its regal enemies have recovered from their terror, and found their military tools as brainless and as heartless as ever. At last Hungary mounts the funeral pyre of freedom and the sacrifice is complete, for Venice must trail her flag directly on the tidings of Görgey's victory. She has stood out nobly, for a noble, a priceless cause—so has Hungary struggled nobly and nobly fallen. For the present, all is over, save that a few desperate, heroic patriots will yet sell their lives in fruitless casual conflicts with the minions of despotism. Nothing now remains but that the wolves should divide and devour their prey.

HORACE GREELEY.

NO EXTENSION OF FREEDOM BY FORCE.

SIR, our institutions are telling their own story by the blessings they impart to us, and indoctrinating the people everywhere with the principles of freedom upon which they are founded. Ancient prejudices are yielding to their mighty influence. Heretofore revered, and apparently permanent systems of government, are falling beneath it. Our glorious mother, free as she has ever comparatively been, is getting to be freer. It has blotted out the corruptions of her political franchise. It has broken her religious intolerance. It has greatly elevated the individual character of her subjects. It has immeasurably weakened the power of her nobles, and by weakening in one sense has vastly strengthened the authority of her crown, by forcing it to rest for all its power and glory upon the breasts of its people.

To Ireland too—impulsive Ireland—the land of genius, of eloquence, and of valor, it is rapidly carrying the blessings of a restored freedom and happiness. In France, all of political liberty which belongs to her, is to be traced to it; and even now it is to be seen cheering, animating, and guiding the classic land of Italy, making the very streets of Rome itself to ring with shouts of joy and gratitude for its presence. Sir, such a spirit suffers no inactivity, and needs no incentive. It admits of neither enlargement nor restraint. Upon its own elastic and never-tiring wing, it is now soaring over the civilized world, everywhere leaving its magic and abiding charm. I say, then, try not, seek not to aid it. Bring no physical force to succor it. Such an adjunct would serve only to corrupt and paralyze its efforts. Leave it to itself, and, sooner or later, man will be free.

REVERDY JOHNSON.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE WEST.

ALL that we ask is to be equal with the other States of this Confederacy in freedom, sovereignty, and independence. Grant us only this, and you will see this whole country, like the giant that gathered strength in his wrestle with Hercules, every time he touched the earth, spring up with an elastic bound to new vigor and power, and the proud galaxy that adorns your stars and stripes shine forth with a rich splendor which nothing but regenerated liberty can give. Enable us to make our roads and canals, to carry on our works of internal improvement, to manage our own internal police, as our genius and necessities may require, and you will soon witness the wonderful change which the uncontrolled and plastic power of self-government can alone accomplish; the waste lands speedily sold and settled, the desert made to smile and blossom as a garden, the country improved and cultivated to its utmost limits, industry stimulated, labor rewarded with rich returns, the people prosperous and happy, and the country rich with every blessing.

What a guarantee to the perpetuity and stability of the government, living in the hearts of its own people, and borrowing its own lustre and glory from their proud, prosperous, and independent condition. And, permit me to tell you, that deep and firm as may be the foundations of our country, still deeper will they be made by the policy which is before you. Let me

beseech you to cast aside your prejudices, to throw off from your eyes the scales which have so long blinded you, and to come up to this mighty and momentous question with nothing but the holy impulses of patriotism directing your heart; and you will see inscribed upon our banners Truth and Justice, as all for which we would appeal to you, or ask at your hands. Our strength will be yours. The glory that may surround us will radiate its effulgence to every portion of our common country, and the same destiny that awaits us and our children will be indissolubly connected with your own; and should any great event in the changes of life and the vicissitudes of the affairs of nations ever take place, to pull up the deep foundations of our government, and tear down our noble edifice, let me tell you that in the general wreck of the liberties of the country, the last spark will be found flickering on the plains of the West in the domiciles of the humble tillers of the earth.

A. G. HARRISON.

INVIDIOUS DISTINCTIONS.

SIR, as a Southern man, I represent equally rent, capital, and wages, which are confounded in our estates; and I protest against attempts to array, without cause, without a color of pretext or plausibility, the different classes of society against each other, as if, in such a country as this, there could be any natural hostility or any real distinction between them—a country in which all the rich, with hardly an exception, have been poor, and all the poor may one day be rich—a country in which banking institutions have been of immense service, precisely because they have been most needed by a people who had all their fortunes to make by good character and industrious habits.

Look at that remarkable picture—remarkable not as a work of art, but as a monument of history—which you see in passing through the rotunda. Two out of five of that immortal committee were mechanics, and such men! In the name of God, sir, why should any one study to pervert the natural good sense and kindly feelings of this moral and noble people—to infuse into their minds a sullen envy towards one another, instead of that generous emulation which everything in their situation is fitted to inspire—to breathe into them the spirit of Cain, muttering deep curses and meditating desperate revenge against his brother, because the smoke of his sacrifice has ascended to heaven before his own! And do not they who treat our industrious classes as if they were in the same debased and wretched condition as the poor of Europe, insult them by the comparison?

Why, sir, you do not know what poverty is. We have no poor in this country, in the sense in which that word is used abroad. Every laborer, even the most humble, in the United States soon becomes a capitalist, and even, if he choose, a proprietor of land; for the West, with all its boundless fertility, is open to him. How can any one dare to compare the mechanics of this land (whose inferiority, in any substantial particular, in intelligence, in virtue, in wealth, to the other classes of our society, I have yet to learn) with that race of outcasts, of which so terrific a picture is presented by recent writers—the poor of Europe? a race, among no inconsiderable portion of whom famine and pestilence may be said to dwell continually; many of whom are without morals, without education, without a country, without a God! and may be said to know society only by the terrors of its penal code, and to live in perpetual war with it. Poor bondmen! mocked with the name of liberty, that they may be sometimes tempted to break their chains, in order that, after a few days of starvation in idleness and dissipation, they may be driven back to their prison house to take them up again, heavier and more galling than before; severed, as it has been touchingly expressed, from nature, from the common air, and the light of the sun; knowing only by hearsay that the fields are green, that the birds sing, and that there is a perfume in flowers. And is it with a race whom the perverse institutions of Europe have thus degraded beneath the condition of humanity, that the advocates, the patrons, the protectors of our working-men, presume to compare them? Sir, it is to treat them with a scorn at which their spirit should revolt, and does revolt.

HUGH S. LEGARE.

THE "MAYFLOWER."

METHINKS, I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the "Mayflower" of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggering vessel.

I see them escape from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any

principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, men of military science, in how many months they were all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this! Was it the winter storm beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollections of the loved and left, beyond the sea? was it some or all of them united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible, that neither of these causes, that all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious!

EDWARD EVERETT.

GENOA IN HER BEAUTY.

LET me bring to your mind Genoa, called the Superb City of Palaces, dear to the memory of American childhood as the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, and one of the spots first enlightened by the morning beams of civilization, whose merchants were princes, and whose rich argosies, in those early days, introduced to Europe the choicest products of the East, the linen of Egypt, the spices of Arabia, and the silks of Samarcand. She still sits in queenly pride, as she sat then—her mural crown studded with towers—her churches rich with marble floors and rarest pictures—her palaces of ancient doges and admirals yet spared by the hand of time—her close streets, thronged by one hundred thousand inhabitants—at the foot of the maritime Alps, as they descend to the blue and tideless waters of the Mediterranean Sea—leaning with her back against their strong mountain-sides, overshadowed by the foliage of the fig-tree and the olive, while the orange and lemon fill with their perfume the air where reigns perpetual spring. Who can contemplate such a city without delight?

CHARLES SUMNER.

EFFECT OF STEADINESS OF PURSUIT.

THE most interesting instance of the efficacy of this steadiness of pursuit was given by the city of Athens; the most interesting, because the object was most so. From the earliest times, Athens aspired to literature and the elegant arts. By a steady pursuit of the policy adopted with a view to this end, the city of Athens became such a monument of the arts, that even her imperfect and dilapidated remains are at this day the wonder of the world. What splendors, then, must she have emitted in the day of her splendor! When, in her freshness, she met the morning sun, and reflected back a rival glory! When she was full of the masterpieces of genius in every art—creations, that were said to have exalted in the human mind the ideas of the divinities themselves! The fervid eloquence of Demosthenes failed, unequal to the task, to do justice to those immortal splendors, when employed, as it occasionally was, for that purpose, in his addresses to the Athenian people. It was by the steady pursuit of the same policy, that their literary works of every kind came to be equally the masterpieces of human genius; and being more diffused, and less impaired by the injuries of time, than the other monuments of the arts, they were, and still are, the wonder of the world, that, after it, the Athenians themselves could never surpass them; whilst others have never been able to equal them.

Now, what has been the effect? Literature and arts have gathered around that city a charm that was, and is, felt by all mankind; which no distance, no time, can dispel. No scholar, of any age or clime, but has made (in fancy, at least) a pilgrimage to its shore; there to call around him the shades of the mighty dead, whose minds still live, and delight and astonish in their immortal works. It is emphatically the city of the heart, where the affections delight to dwell; the green spot of the earth where the fancy loves to linger. How poor is brute force—even the most magnificent, even the Roman—compared to the empire of mind, to which all other minds pay their voluntary homage! Her literature and her arts acquired to Athens this empire, which her remains still preserve, and always will preserve. In contemplating the phenomenon of her literary achievements, a great and profound writer could not forbear saying, "that it seemed a providential event, in honor of human nature, to show to what perfection the species might ascend." Call it providential if you please—as every event is, in some sense, providential—but it was the effect of artificial causes, as much so as the military power of the Romans; it was the effect of a policy, early adopted, and always after steadily pursued.

ASHER ROBBINS.

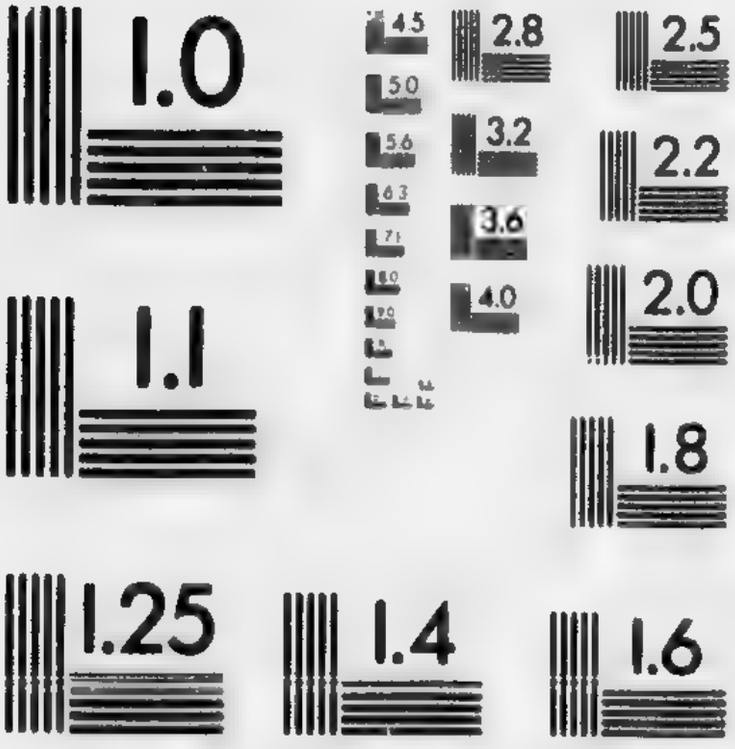
INDEMNITY TO THE NIAGARA SUFFERERS.

LET me say to the gentleman, that in Buffalo, he might, on one day, have found a family well housed, well clothed, surrounded with every comfort of life, who, from its hospitality in throwing open its doors to the American soldier, was the next day houseless and homeless, destitute of all things; if he had chanced, eight months afterwards, to



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be wandering on the flats of the Ohio, he might there see a family scarcely covered by a wretched house, in squalid poverty, one day shivering with ague, and the next consumed with raging fever; if his compassion should lead him to enter and inquire into their situation, he would hear them say, our father lived in plenty and comfort, on the Niagara frontier—he saw the American soldiery ready to perish—he opened his door to take them in—and for that we are here, ruined and in wretchedness. Sir, the sufferings of the French, on their retreat from Moscow, present not too strong a picture to convey a just idea of what was endured while the whole country on the Lakes was converted into one wide cantonment. Had the gentleman seen an American regiment on that frontier drawn up on a frosty morning, and supporting arms while their limbs were chilled to the bone, standing, in their cotton dress, in snow two and three feet deep; had he seen these claimants opening their houses to receive men in immediate danger of perishing (many of them did perish), and afterwards turned out of house and home for doing it, he would not, he could not, deny that something ought to be done for their relief.

The gentleman has insinuated, that the inhabitants of the frontier are actuated wholly by a principle of selfishness; that, unless stimulated by a sense of interest, they will do nothing in their own defence, and will surrender up their property an easy prey to the enemy. But, sir, that gentleman surely did not consider the feelings of the American people when he advanced such a sentiment. If nothing had operated on their minds but selfishness, the army of the frontier could not have been kept together a single day. No, sir, not a single day. There were our soldiers, lying naked and perishing on one bank of the Niagara river, while, directly opposite, they could see the British sentry parading backward and forward in a good comfortable watchcoat, and hear him cry out, cheerfully, "all's well." They had only to cross *en masse* to the British side, to exchange a lodging on the ground, in their cotton that admitted the rain, and, when the rain was over, froze upon their bodies, for warm clothing and good quarters. Had selfishness been the ruling principle, where would have been your militia? Where would have been your regulars?—at their own homes, or over the British lines?

JOSEPH VANCE

EULOGIUM ON SOUTH CAROLINA.

The reader will feel a special interest in this and the following selection from the famous debate between Hayne and Webster. Perhaps no such intellectual gladiators ever met before or since on the floor of the United States Senate.

I CALL upon any one who hears me, to bear witness that this controversy is not of my seeking. The Senate will do me the justice to remember, that at the time this unprovoked and uncalled-for attack was made upon the South, not one word had been uttered by me in disparagement of New England, nor had I made the most distant allusion either to the Senator from Massachusetts, or the State he represents. But, sir, that gentleman has thought proper, for reasons best known to himself, to strike the South, through one, the most unworthy of her servants. He has crossed the border, he has invaded the State of South Carolina, is making war upon her citizens, and endeavoring to overthrow her principles and her institutions. Sir, when the gentleman provokes me to such a conflict, I meet him at the threshold, I will struggle while I have life, for our altars and our firesides; and if God give me strength, will drive back the invader discomfited. Nor shall I stop there. If the gentleman provoke war, he shall have war. Sir, I will not stop at the border; I will carry the war into the enemies' territory and not consent to lay down my arms, until I shall have obtained "indemnity for the past, and security for the future."

It is with unfeigned reluctance that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty—I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feelings and sectional jealousies. But, sir, the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to a performance of my duty. Be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me this necessity. The Senator from Massachusetts has thought proper to cast the first stone, and if he shall find, according to the homely adage, that "he lives in a glass house"—on his head be the consequences. The gentleman has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts. I shall make no professions of zeal, for the interests and honor of South Carolina—of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one State in the Union (and I say it not in any boastful spirit), that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord has ceased at the sound—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle: but great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the cause of their brethren with generous zeal which did not

suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalship; they might have found in their situation a guaranty that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during that revolution. The whole State, from the mountain to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens—black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is not more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman bears himself—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the limits of my own State and neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker's Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end, by the side of the cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, on the friends who gather around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

REMEMBRANCE OF WRONGS.

WE are above all this. Let the highland clansman, half naked, half civilized, half blinded by the peat smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and poisonous hatred, set on fire of hell, alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by heaven knows what symbols of alligators, and rattlesnakes, and war-clubs smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland, cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die, let her "remember the wrongs of days long past;" let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs—the manliness or sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them; but shall America, young, free, prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, "decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy,"

shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of stamp act, and tea tax, and the firing of the Leopard upon the Chesapeake in a time of peace? No, sir; no, sir; a thousand times no!

Why, I protest, I thought all that had been settled. I thought two wars had settled it all. What else was so much good blood shed for on so many more than classical fields of revolutionary glory? For what was so much good blood more lately shed at Lundy's Lane, at Fort Erie, before and behind the lines at New Orleans, on the deck of the Constitution, on the deck of the Java, on the lakes, on the sea, but to settle exactly these "wrongs of past days?" And have we come back sulky and sullen from the very field of honor? For my country I deny it. We are born to happier feelings. We look on England as we look on France. We look on them, from our new world, not unrenowned, yet a new world still; and the blood mounts to our cheeks; our eyes swim; our voices are stifled with emulousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep; but there is no hatred at all; no hatred; all for honor, nothing for hate! We have—we can have—no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave.

RUFUS CHOATE.

LAST CHARGE OF NEY.

THE whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his Empire rest on a single chance.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse that Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him.

Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the refluent tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so, had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them.

But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

J. T. HEADLEY.

INVECTIVE OF HUNGARY.

THE spirit of popular freedom in Europe during the late struggle of Hungary. [illegible] us a solemn question. The Executiv[illegible] called upon to say yea or nay. Hungary listened with anxious hopes. She was impatient for the response, and the eloquence of truth, of a righteous cause, burst forth in every word she uttered. But it has been all in vain, and now, in tones of eloquent and burning reproof, she thus turns to her Russian invader.

You seek to encompass the earth with your ambition. The world exclaims against you, and reproachfully calls you sovereign of a barbarian horde. Asia speaks out: Your neighborhood has only served to bring upon my borders bloody and protracted wars. Says

Persia: For a century you have desolated my remote frontiers and provinces, with the horrors of a cruel warfare. Circassia asks: When will you cease to massacre my people, and grant me that liberty and independence which my victorious arms deserve? England reproves: I see you in the swift-coming future advancing to the banks of the Indus, and about to bring war upon my dominions in the East. Turkey adds: You have converted my cities into forts, and for centuries obliged me to watch your threatened descent upon my fair capital. France sends her legions to Italy, as she sees her influence about to be felt upon the banks of the Tiber. Poland yet cries beneath her fetters: When will you unbar the prison-door? Europe chides: Upon the partition of Poland you claimed the lion's share, and claimed it too at the peace of Vienna.

And now, you offer Siberia in exchange for fair Hungary. Yet, I was at peace with you. I sought freedom from Austrian tyranny, and you interfered to crown my misfortunes with your cruelties. You warred against my national existence. You drove my once happy people to flee for refuge to the mountains; to abandon their hearths; to forsake their altars; to poison their waters, lest they might quench your thirst; to destroy their bread, lest they might feed you; to fire their own dwellings, lest they might shelter you. The work of destruction, which they had not time to complete, you finished. You wantonly desolated their wheat-fields; you tortured their patriot clergy, and inflicted even upon female patriotism your proverbial cruelties. And now, from the unchanging snows of Siberia, may be heard the wails of unseen Poland, as she rises from her cenotaph, ejaculates the woes and sufferings you have in store for my children, and with a warning voice whispers, "fight on!—fight on!"

Such is the first invective of Hungary against her mediating oppressor. From this she now turns and appeals to the world. To us especially does she thus appeal for sympathy. "You were oppressed; so were we. You declared and fought for independence, and triumphed upon the field of battle; so did we. You have had the experience of nearly three generations, and will you now by silence and inactivity, manifest before the world a trembling distrust in the justice and wisdom of your principles? In the days of your weakness the world sent you a Montgomery, a Kosciusko, and a La Fayette; and now, in the days of your pride and strength, fear not to make some just return."

A. W. BUEL.

MEANS OF HEALTH.

SEE how the means of sustenance and comfort are distributed and diversified throughout the earth. There is not a mood of body, from the wantonness of health to the languor of the death-bed, for which the wonderful alchemy of nature does not proffer some luxury to stimulate our pleasures; or her pharmacy some catholicon to assuage our pains. What textures for clothing—from the gossamer thread which the silk-worm weaves, to silk-like furs which the winds of Zembla cannot penetrate! As the materials from which to construct our dwellings, what Quincys and New Hampshires of granite, what Alleghanies of oak, and what forests of pine, belting the continent! What coal-fields to supply the lost warmth of the receding sun! Nakedness, and famine, and pestilence are not inexorable ordinances of nature. Nudity and rags are only human idleness or ignorance out on exhibition. The cholera is but the wrath of God against uncleanliness and intemperance. Famine is only a proof of individual misconduct, or of national misgovernment. In the woes of Ireland, God is proclaiming the wickedness of England, in tones as clear and articulate as those in which He spoke from Sinai; and it needs no Hebraist to translate the thunder.

And if famine needs not to be, then other forms of destitution and misery need not to be. But amid the exuberance of this country, our dangers spring from abundance rather than from scarcity. Young men, especially young men in our cities, walk in the midst of allurements for the appetite. Hence, health is imperiled; and so indispensable an element is health in all forms of human welfare, that whoever invigorates his health has already obtained one of the greatest guarantees of mental superiority, of usefulness, and of virtue. Health, strength, longevity, depend upon immutable laws. There is no chance about them. There is no arbitrary interference of higher powers with them. Primarily, our parents, and secondarily, ourselves, are responsible for them. The providence of God is no more responsible, because the virulence of disease rises above the power of all therapeutics, or because one quarter part of the race die before completing the age of one year—die before completing one seventieth part of the term of existence allotted to them by the Psalmist;—I say the providence of God is no more responsible for these things, than it is for picking pockets or stealing horses.

HORACE MANN.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

SORROW for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal: every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider our duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved,

and he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept consolation that was to be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

The grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death with all its stifled griefs; its noiseless attendants; its mute, watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble, faltering, thrilling (oh! how thrilling!) pressure of the hand; the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence; the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited. every past endearment unregarded, of that being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, word or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in thy discharge of thy duties to the living.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

DRESS REFORM.

A CONVENTION has recently been held in Vineland, attended by the women who are opposed to extravagance in dress. They propose, not only by formal resolution, but by personal example, to teach the world lessons of economy by wearing less adornment and dragging fewer yards of silk. We wish them all success, although we would have more confidence in the movement if so many of the delegates had not worn bloomer dresses. Moses makes war upon that style of apparel in Deuteronomy xxii. 5: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto man." Nevertheless we favor every effort to stop the extravagant use of dry goods and millinery.

We have, however, no sympathy with the implication that women are worse than men in this respect. Men wear all they can without interfering with their locomotion, but man is such an awkward creature he cannot find any place on his body to hang a great many fineries. He could not get round in Wall Street with eight or ten flounces and a big handled parasol, and a mountain of back hair. Men wear less than women, not because they are more moral, but because they cannot stand it. As it is, many of our young men are padded to a superlative degree, and have corns and bunions on every separate toe from wearing tight shoes.

Neither have we any sympathy with the implication that the present is worse than the past in matters of dress. Compare the fashion-plates of the seventeenth century with the fashion-plates of the nineteenth, and you decide in favor of our day. The women of Isaiah's time beat anything now. Do we have the kangaroo fashion Isaiah speaks of—the daughters who walked forth with "stretched forth necks?" Talk of hoops! Isaiah speaks of women with "round tires like the moon." Do we have hot irons for curling our hair? Isaiah speaks of "wimples and crisping pins." Do we sometimes wear glasses astride our nose, not because we are near-sighted, but for beautification? Isaiah speaks of the "glasses, and the earrings, and the nose jewels." The dress of to-day is far more sensible than that of a hundred or a thousand years ago.

But the largest room in the world is room for improvement, and we would cheer on those who would attempt reformation either in male or female attire.

Meanwhile, we rejoice that so many of the pearls, and emeralds, and amethysts, and diamonds of the world are coming into the possession of Christian women. Who knows but the spirit of consecration may some day come upon them, and it shall be again as it was in the time of Moses, that for the prosperity of the house of the Lord the women may bring their bracelets, and earrings, and tablets, and jewels? The precious stones of earth will never have their proper place till they are set around the Pearl of Great Price.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

WHEN WAR SHALL BE NO MORE.

DEATH shall hereafter work alone and single-handed, unaided by his most terrible auxiliary. The world shall repose in quiet. Far down the vista of futurity the tribes of human kind are seen mingling in fraternal harmony, wondering and shuddering as they read of former brutality, and exulting at their own more fortunate lot. They turn their grateful eyes upon us. Their countenances are not suffused with tears, nor streaked with kindred blood. We hear their voices; they are not swelling with tones of general wailing and despair. We look at their smiling fields, undevastated by the hand of rapine; they are waving with yellow harvests, or loaded with golden fruits; and their sunny pastures are filled with quiet herds, which have never known the wanton ravage of war. We turn to the peaceful homes where our infancy has been cradled; they stand undespoiled by the hand of the destroyer. The scenes where we indulged our childish sports have never been profaned by hostile feet; and the tall groves, where we performed our feats of school-boy dexterity, have never been desecrated to obtain the implements of human destruction.

Then our thoughts extend and embrace the land of our birth, the institutions and laws we so much venerate, and something whispers us they shall endure forever; that all time shall witness their increasing perfection; that all nations shall copy from its example, and derive interminable benefits from its influence; for war, the destroyer of every valuable institution, the great and sole cause of all national ruin, is soon to be seen no more forever.

TREVELYAN FABER.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

WITH malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A MARVELLOUS CLOCK.

OUR brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up at once for all, then closes the cases, and gives the key into the hand of the angel of resurrection. "Tic-tac, tic-tac!" go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; madness only makes them go faster. Death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our aching foreheads.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MEN WHO NEVER DIE.

WE dismiss them not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. Such men do not, cannot die. To be cold and breathless; to feel not and speak not; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these cannot expire:

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

EDWARD EVERETT.

STOPPING THE MARCH OF FREEDOM.

IT is not for men long to hinder the march of human freedom. I have no fear for that ultimately; none at all—simply for this reason: that I believe in the Infinite God. You may make your statutes; an appeal always lies to the higher law, and decisions adverse to that get set aside in the ages. Your statutes cannot hold Him. You may gather all

the dried grass and all the straw in both continents; you may braid it into ropes to bind down the sea; while it is calm, you may laugh, and say, "Lo, I have chained the ocean!" and howl down the law of Him who holds the universe as a rose-bud in his hand—its every ocean but a drop of dew. "How the waters suppress their agitation," you may say. But when the winds blow their trumpets, the sea rises in his strength, snaps asunder the bonds that had confined his mighty limbs, and the world is littered with the idle hay! Stop the human race in its development and march to freedom! As well might the boys of Boston, some lustrous night, mounting the steeples of the town, call on the stars to stop their course! Gently, but irresistibly, the Greater and the Lesser Bear move round the pole; Orion, in his mighty mail, comes up the sky; the Bull, the Heavenly Twins, the Crab, the Lion, the Maid, the Scales, and all that shining company, pursue their march all night, and the new day discovers the idle urchins in their lofty places all tired, and sleepy, and ashamed.

THEODORE PARKER.

INVECTIVE IN THE "WILKINSON TRIAL."

GENTLEMEN, although my clients are free from the charge of shedding blood, there is a murderer, and, strange to say, his name appears upon the indictment, not as a criminal, but a prosecutor. His garments are wet with the blood of those upon whose deaths you hold this solemn inquest. Yonder he sits, allaying for a moment the hunger of that fierce vulture, conscience, by casting before it the food of pretended regret, and false but apparent eagerness for justice. He hopes to appease the manes of his slaughtered victims—victims to his falsehood and treachery—by sacrificing upon their graves a hecatomb of innocent men. By base misrepresentations of the conduct of the defendants, he induced his imprudent friends to attempt a vindication of his pretended wrongs, by violence and bloodshed. His clansmen gathered at his call, and followed him for vengeance; but when the fight began, and the keen weapons clashed in the sharp conflict—where was the wordy warrior? Aye, "where was Roderick then?" No "blast upon his bugle horn" encouraged his companions as they were laying down their lives in his quarrel; no gleam of his dagger indicated a desire to avenge his fall; with treacherous cowardice he left them to their fate, and all his vaunted courage ended in ignominious flight.

Sad and gloomy is the path that lies before him. You will in a few moments dash, untasted, from his lips, the sweet cup of revenge; to quaff whose intoxicating contents he has paid a price that would have purchased the goblet of the Egyptian queen. I behold gathering around him, thick and fast, dark and corroding cares. That face, which looks so ruddy, and even now is flushed with shame and conscious guilt, will from this day grow pale, until the craven blood shall refuse to visit the haggard cheek. In his broken and distorted sleep his dreams will be more fearful than those of the "false, perjured Clarence;" and around his waking pillow, in the deep hour of night, will flit the ghosts of Meeks and Rothwell, shrieking their curses in his shrinking ear.

Upon his head rests not only the blood shed in this unfortunate strife, but also the soul-killing crime of perjury; for, surely as he lives, did the words of cr[illegible] and falsehood fall from his lips, ere they were hardly loosened from the holy volume. But I dismiss him, and do consign him to the furies, trusting, in all charity, that the terrible punishment he must suffer from the scorpion-lash of guilty conscience will be considered in his last account.

SARGENT S. PRENTISS.

THE BALLOT-BOX.

I AM aware that the ballot-box is not everywhere a consistent symbol; but to a large degree it is so. I know what miserable associations cluster around this instrument of popular power. I know that the arena in which it stands is trodden into mire by the feet of reckless ambition and selfish greed. The wire-pulling and the bribing, the pitiful truckling and the grotesque compromises, the exaggeration and the detraction, the melo-dramatic issues and the sham patriotism, the party watchwords and the party nicknames, the schemes of the few paraded as the will of the many, the elevation of men whose only worth is in the votes they command—vile men, whose hands you would not grasp in friendship, whose presence you would not tolerate by your fireside—incompetent men, whose fitness is not in their capacity as functionaries, or legislators, but as organ pipes;—the snatching at the slices and offal of office, the intemperance and the violence, the finesse and the falsehood, the gin and the glory; these are indeed but too closely identified with that political agitation which circles around the ballot-box.

But, after all, they are not essential to it. They are only the masks of a genuine grandeur and importance. For it is a grand thing—something which involves profound doctrines of right—something which has cost ages of effort and sacrifice—it is a grand thing that here, at last, each voter has just the weight of one man; no more, no less; and the weakest, by virtue of his recognized manhood, is as strong as the mightiest. And consider, for a moment, what it is to cast a vote. It is the token of inestimable privileges, and involves the responsibilities of an hereditary trust. It has passed into your hands as a right, reaped from fields of suffering and blood. The grandeur of history is represented in your act. Men have wrought with pen and tongue, and pined in dungeons, and died on scaffolds, that you might obtain this symbol of freedom, and enjoy this consciousness of a sacred individuality. To the ballot have been transmitted, as it

were, the dignity of the sceptre and the potency of the sword.

And that which is so potent as a right is also pregnant as a duty; a duty for the present and for the future. If you will, that folded leaf becomes a tongue of justice, a voice of order, a force of imperial law; securing rights, abolishing abuses, erecting new institutions of truth and love. And, however you will, it is the expression of a solemn responsibility, the exercise of an immeasurable power for good or for evil, now and hereafter. It is the medium through which you act upon your country—the organic nerve which incorporates you with its life and welfare. There is no agent with which the possibilities of the republic are more intimately involved, none upon which we can fall back with more confidence than the ballot-box.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

DANGER OF VAST FORTUNES.

VAST fortunes are a misfortune to the State. They confer irresponsible power; and human nature, except in the rarest instances, has proved incapable of wielding irresponsible power, without abuse. The feudalism of Capital is not a whit less formidable than the feudalism of Force. The millionaire is as dangerous to the welfare of the community, in our day, as was the baronial lord of the middle ages. Both supply the means of shelter and of raiment on the same conditions; both hold their retainers in service by the same tenure—their necessity for bread; both use their superiority to keep themselves superior. The power of money is as imperial as the power of the sword; I may as well depend upon another for my head as for my bread. The day is sure to come, when men will look back upon the prerogatives of Capital, at the present time, with as severe and as just a condemnation as we now look back upon the predatory chieftains of the Dark Ages.

Weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, or even in the clumsy scales of human justice, there is no equity in the allotments, which assign to one man but a dollar a day, with working, while another has an income of a dollar a minute, without working. Under the reign of Force, or under the reign of Money, there may be here and there a good man who uses his power for blessing and not for oppressing his race; but all their natural tendencies are exclusively bad. In England, we see the feudalism of Capital approaching its catastrophe. In Ireland, we see the catastrophe consummated. Unhappy Ireland! where the objects of human existence and the purposes of human government have all been reversed: where rulers, for centuries, have ruled for the aggrandizement of themselves, and not for the happiness of their subjects; where misgovernment has reigned so long, so supremely, and so atrociously, that, at the present time, the "Three Estates" of the realm are Crime, Famine, and Death.

HORACE MANN.

THE WORLD OF BEAUTY AROUND US.

BUT a higher and holier world than the world of Ideas, or the world of Beauty, lies around us; and we find ourselves endued with susceptibilities which affiliate us to all its purity and its perfectness. The laws of nature are sublime, but there is a moral sublimity before which the highest intelligences must kneel and adore. The laws by which the winds blow, and the tides of the ocean, like a vast clepsydra, measure, with inimitable exactness, the hours of ever-flowing time; the laws by which the planets roll, and the sun vivifies and paints; the laws which preside over the subtle combinations of chemistry, and the amazing velocities of electricity; the laws of germination and production in the vegetable and animal worlds;—all these, radiant with eternal beauty as they are, and exalted above all the objects of sense, still wane and pale before the Moral Glories that apparel the universe in their celestial light.

The heart can put on charms which no beauty of known things, nor imagination of the unknown, can aspire to emulate. Virtue shines in native colors, purer and brighter than pearl, or diamond, or prism, can reflect. Arabian gardens in their bloom can exhale no such sweetness as charity diffuses. Beneficence is godlike, and he who does most good to his fellow-man is the Master of Masters, and has learned the Art of Arts. Enrich and embellish the universe as you will, it is only a fit temple for the heart that loves truth with a supreme love. Inanimate vastness excites wonder; knowledge kindles admiration, but love enraptures the soul. Scientific truth is marvellous, but moral truth is divine; and whoever breathes its air and walks by its light has found the lost paradise. For him a new heaven and a new earth have already been created. His home is the sanctuary of God, the Holy of Holies.

HORACE MANN.

SOCIETY WITHOUT MORALITY.

THE mass is changing. We are becoming another people. Our habits have held us, long after those moral causes which formed them have in a great degree ceased to operate. These habits, at length, are giving way. So many hands have so long been employed to pull away foundations, and so few to repair the breaches, that the building totters. So much energy has been displayed in removing obstructions from the current of human depravity, and so little to restore them, that the stream at length is beginning to run. It may be stopped now, but it will soon become deep, and broad, and rapid, and irresistible.

The crisis then has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves probably, the amazing question is to be decided, whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved, or thrown away—whether our Sabbaths shall be a delight, or a loathing—whether

the taverns on that holy day shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God with humble worshippers—whether riot and profanity shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and violence our land; or whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness, shall be the stability of our times—whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves. Be not deceived. Human nature in this nation is like human nature everywhere. All actual difference in our favor is adventitious, and the result of our laws, institutions and habits. It is a moral influence which, with the blessing of God, has formed a state of society so eminently desirable. The same influence which has formed it, is indispensable to its preservation. The rocks and hills of New England will remain till the last conflagration; but, let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God be abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children be neglected, the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no more surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defence.

LYMAN BEECHER.

GETTING THE RIGHT START.

THERE is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit than a vague desire for help, a wish to depend, to lean upon somebody and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others. There are multitudes of young men who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter coming in at a convenient moment to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet. The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman with a pocket full of money, a trunk full of mortgages and stocks, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them from ten to twenty thousand dollars, with which they will commence and go on swimmingly.

To me one of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders and a hundred and fifty pounds more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, longing for help. I admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept of assistance—may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself, to desire the help of others in the accomplishment of his plans of life, is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition that should make him shudder.

When, therefore, a young man has ascertained and fully received the fact that he does not know anything, that the world does not care anything about him, that what he wins must be won by his own brain and brawn, and that while he holds in his own hands the means of gaining his own livelihood and the objects of his life, he cannot receive assistance without compromising his self-respect and selling his freedom, he is in a fair position for beginning life. When a young man becomes aware that only by his own efforts can he rise into companionship and competition with the sharp, strong, and well-drilled minds around him, he is ready for work, and not before.

The next lesson is that of patience, thoroughness of preparation, and contentment with the regular channels of business effort and enterprise. This is, perhaps, one of the most difficult to learn of all the lessons of life. It is natural for the mind to reach out eagerly for immediate results.

As manhood dawns, and the young man catches in its first light the pinnacles of realized dreams, the golden domes of high possibilities, and the purpling hills of great delights, and then looks down upon the narrow, sinuous, long, and dusty path by which others have reached them, he is apt to be disgusted with the passage and to seek for success through broader channels, by quicker means. Beginning at the very foot of the hill and working slowly to the top seems a very discouraging process; and precisely at this point have thousands of young men made shipwreck of their lives.

Let this be understood, then, at starting; that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise is not only essential in securing the success which you seek, but it is essential to that preparation of your mind requisite for the enjoyment of your successes and for retaining them when gained. It is the general rule of Providence, the world over and in all time, that unearned success is a curse. It is the rule of Providence that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment.

So, day by day, and week by week; so, month after month, and year after year, work on, and in that processga in strength and symmetry, and nerve and knowledge, that when success, patiently and bravely worked forth, shall come, it may find you prepared to receive it and keep it. The development which you will get in this brave and patient labor will prove itself in the end the most valuable of your successes. It will help to make a man of you. It will give you power and self-reliance. It will give you not only self-respect, but the respect of your fellows and the public.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

THE THINKER.

WHAT is the hardest task in the world? To think. I would put myself in the attitude to look in the eye of an abstract truth, and I cannot. I blench and withdraw on this side and that. I seem to know what he meant, who said, "No man can see God face to face, and live." For example, a man explores the basis of civil government. Let him intend his mind without respite,

without rest, in one direction. His best heed long time avails him nothing. Yet thoughts are flitting before him. We all but apprehend, we dimly forebode the truth. We say, I will walk abroad, and the truth will take form and clearness to me. We go forth, but cannot find it. It seems as if we needed only the stillness and composed attitude of the library, to seize the thought. But we come in, and are as far from it as at first. Then, in a moment, and unannounced, the truth appears. A certain wandering light appears, and is the distinction, the principle, we wanted. But the oracle comes, because we had previously laid siege to the shrine. It seems as if the law of the intellect resembles that law of nature by which we now inspire, now expire, the breath by which the heart now draws in, now hurls out the blood; the law of undulation. So now you must labor with your brains, and now you must forbear your activity, and see what the great soul showeth.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH CHILDREN.

SWEET has been the charm of childhood on my spirit, throughout my ramble with little Annie! Say not that it has been a waste of precious moments, an idle matter, a babble of childish talk, and a reverie of childish imaginations about topics unworthy of a grown man's notice. Has it been merely this? Not so; not so. They are not truly wise who would affirm it. As the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth, for little cause or none, their grief, soon roused and soon allayed. Their influence on us is at least reciprocal with ours on them.

When our infancy is almost forgotten, and our boyhood long departed, though it seems but as yesterday; when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler women, and spend an hour or two with children. After drinking from those fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd, as I do now, to struggle onward and do our part in life, perhaps as fervently as ever, but, for a time, with a kinder and purer heart, and a spirit more lightly wise. All this by thy sweet magic, dear little Annie!

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

MUSIC.

MUSIC is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal sea of light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can still listen to the mandate of nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. The singer was a *vates* admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

WORK.

IT is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best.

JOHN RUSKIN.

TRUE POLITENESS.

NOW as to politeness, many have attempted its definition. I believe it is best to be known by description; definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves, in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table; what is it but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasures of others? And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention (by habit it grows easy and natural to us) to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonies, formal compliments, stiff civilities will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this but a mind benevolent, and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with. Benevolence in great matters takes a higher name, and is the Queen of Virtue.

LORD CHATHAM.

ITALY.

WHAT light is shed upon the world at this day, from amidst these rugged palaces of Florence! Here, open to all comers, in their beautiful and calm retreats, the ancient sculptors are immortal, side by side with Michael Angelo, Canova, Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, poets, historians, philosophers—those illustrious men of history, beside whom its crowned head and harnessed warriors show so poor and small, and are so soon forgotten. Here, the imperishable part of noble minds survives, placid and equal, when strongholds of assault and defence are overthrown; when the tyranny of the many, or the few, or both, is but a tale; when pride and power are so much cloistered dust. The fire within the stern streets, and among the massive palaces and towers, kindled by rays from heaven, is still burning brightly, when the flickering of war is extinguished, and the household fires of generations have decayed;

as thousands upon thousands of faces, rigid with the strife and passion of the hour, have faded out of the old squares and public haunts, while the nameless Florentine lady, preserved from oblivion by a painter's hand, yet lives on in enduring grace and truth.

CHARLES DICKENS.

EXECUTION OF JOAN OF ARC.

HAVING placed the king on his throne, it was her fortune thenceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. Too well she felt that the end was now at hand. Still, she continued to expose her person in battle as before; severe wounds had not taught her caution; and at length she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally given up to the English. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles VII. as the work of a witch; and, for this end, Joan was tried for sorcery. She resolutely defended herself from the absurd accusation.

Never, from the foundation of the earth, was there such a *trial* as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its malignity of attack. O, child of France, shepherdess, peasant-girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect—quick as the lightning, and as true to its mark—that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! "Would you examine me as a witness against myself?" was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive. Never did grim inquisitors doom to death a fairer victim by baser means.

Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Yet, sister woman! cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of men—you can die grandly! On the twentieth of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day guarded by eight spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air-currents.

With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. Upon her head was placed a mitre, bearing the inscription, "*Relapsed heretic, apostate, idolatress.*" Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last, and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifest in a most remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment, did this noblest of girls think only for him—the one friend that would not forsake her—and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave her to God. "Go down," she said; "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Then protesting her innocence, and recommending her soul to Heaven, she continued to pray as the flames leaped up and walled her in. Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. Sustained by faith in Him, in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted death.

Few spectators of this martyrdom were so hardened as to contain their tears. All the English, with the exception of a few soldiers who made a jest of the affair, were deeply moved. The French murmured that the death was cruel and unjust. "She dies a martyr!" "Ah, we are lost, we have burned a saint!" "Would to God that *my* soul were with *hers!*" Such were the exclamations on every side. A fanatic English soldier, who had sworn to throw a fagot on the funeral-pile, hearing Joan's last prayer to her Saviour, suddenly turned away, a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove, rising upon white wings to heaven from the ashes where she stood.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

AT THE LAST.

I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the most luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour, be-

cause I love this world as my fatherland; because the truth compels me as it compelled Voltaire, that human divinity. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

VICTOR HUGO.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

HIS notions of the world, as he expresses them there at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so; that he is flung out on the rock here, and the world is still moving on its axis. France is great, and all-great; and, at bottom, he is France. England itself, he says, is by nature only an appendage of France; "Another Isle of Oleron to France." So it was by nature, by Napoleon-nature; and yet look how in fact—Here am I: He cannot understand it; inconceivable that the reality has not corresponded to his programme of it; that France was not all-great; that he was not France. "Strong delusion," that he should believe the thing to be which is not! The compact, clear-seeing, Italian nature of him, strong, genuine, which he once had, has enveloped itself, half dissolved itself, in a turbid atmosphere of French fanfaronade. The world was not disposed to be trodden down underfoot, to be bound into masses, and built together, as he liked, for a pedestal for France and him; the world had quite other purposes in view! Napoleon's astonishment is extreme. But alas, what help now? He had gone that way of his; and nature also had gone her way. Having once parted with reality, he tumbles helpless in vacuity; no rescue for him. He had to sink there, mournfully as men seldom did; and break his great heart, and die—this poor Napoleon; a great implement, too soon wasted, till it was useless; our last great man!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BOOKS.

IN the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling—if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

HUMILITY.

THE only true independence is in humility; for the humble man exacts nothing, and cannot be mortified—expects nothing, and cannot be disappointed. Humility is also a healing virtue; it will cicatrize a thousand wounds, which pride would keep forever open. But humility is not the virtue of a fool: since it is not consequent upon any comparison between ourselves and others, but between what we are and what we ought to be—which no man ever was.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

PORTRAIT OF A DUTCHMAN.

THE renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers.

There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world: one by talking faster than they think; and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by-the-way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter; and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about!"

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect

sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the back of his back-bone just between the shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face—that infallible index of the mind—presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher; for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

A GOOD daughter!—there are other ministries of love more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's affection for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad, and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection, that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes come to his mind with a new charm as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smiles. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending, but all-expressive proofs of love.

And then what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener, of a mother's cares! what an ever-present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! Oh, how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring rapture to a parent's heart! A true love will almost certainly always greet their approaching steps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be not to have it a love merely which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY.

CHARACTER OF MAJOR ANDRE.

THERE was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of Andre. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. 'Tis said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome; his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit, he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is

never seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity; the clouds that surround him are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities that, in prosperous times, serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it through envy, and are more disposed, by compassion, to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of Andre's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit Andre, while we could not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame that he once intended to prostitute a flag; about this a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great; let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

OUR WORLD.

I THINK I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others; because in it I recognize the union and culmination of them all. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was Sculpture; He colored it, and that was Painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

THE HERO.

THE true hero is the great, wise man of duty—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God—he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is no so brilliant war as a war with wrong, no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

But if bravery be not the same as courage, still it is a very imposing and plausible counterfeit. The man himself is told, after the occasion is past, how heroically he bore himself, and when once his nerves have become tranquillized, he begins even to believe it. And since we cannot stay content in the dull, uninspired world of economy and work, we are as ready to see a hero as he to be one. Nay, we must have our heroes, as I just said, and we are ready to harness ourselves, by the million, to any man who will let us fight him out the name. Thus we find out occasions for war—wrongs to be redressed, revenges to be taken, such as we may feign inspiration and play the great heart under. We collect armies, and dress up leaders in gold and high colors, meaning, by the brave look, to inspire some notion of a hero beforehand. Then we set the men in phalanxes and squadrons, where the personality itself is taken away, and a vast impersonal person called an army, a magnanimous and brave monster, is all that remains. The masses of fierce color, the glitter of steel, the dancing plumes, the waving flags, the deep throb of the music lifting every foot—under these the living acres of men, possessed by the one thought of playing brave to-day, are rolled on to battle. Thunder, fire, dust, blood, groans—what of these?—nobody thinks of these, for nobody dares to think till the day is over, and then the world rejoices to behold a new batch of heroes. And this is the devil's play, that we call war.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

SELF-RELIANCE.

INSIST on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or [illegible]on? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

APPEAL FOR QUEEN CAROLINE.

SUCH, my lords, is the case before you! such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt, impotent to deprive of a civil right, ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence, scandalous, if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows, monstrous to ruin the honor and blast the name of an English queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentry sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against a defenceless woman? My lords, I pray you to pause; I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth as your judgment, if sentence shall pass against the queen. But it will be the only judgment

you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it.

Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril. Revere that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the crown, which is in jeopardy, the aristocracy, which is shaken; save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne! You have said, my lords, you have willed, the church to the queen, have willed that she should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplication to the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.

LORD BROUGHAM.

RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

GREAT was the agitation in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event.

The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned. He exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics, possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant. The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World."

As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop, which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escort him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach, they rose from their seats, and, extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension, to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct.

The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

FUTILITY OF EFFORTS TO STAY REFORM.

I HAVE spoken so often on this subject, that I am sure both you and the gentlemen here present will be obliged to me for saying but little, and that favor I am as willing to confer, as you can be to receive it. I feel most deeply the event which has taken place, because, by putting the two houses of Parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business, and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a churchman, because I cannot but blush to see so many dignitaries of the church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the people. I feel it more than all, because I believe it will sow the seeds of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the people. The loss of the bill I do not feel, and for the best of all possible reasons—because I have not the slightest idea it is lost. I have no more doubt, before the expiration of the winter, that this bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass, and a greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us, there are but two things certain in this world—death and taxes. As for

the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrific storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with a mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

SYDNEY SMITH.

PLEA OF SERGEANT BUZFUZ, IN "BARDELL VERSUS PICKWICK."

THE plaintiff, gentlemen, the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford. Some time before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell-street: and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription—"Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within." I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—"Apartments furnished for a single gentleman!" Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion—all was confidence and reliance.

"Mr. Bardell," said the widow; "Mr. Bardell was a man of honor—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation—in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and systematic villany. I say systematic villany, gentlemen, and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in his discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpence, to her little boy; and shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors or commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression—"How would you like to have another father?"

CHARLES DICKENS.

TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Stratford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as rarely has excited the fears or emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and every art. There were seated around the queen the fair-haired daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a Senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age.

The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation; but still precious, massive and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity of his hearers; but in aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern.

LORD MACAULAY.

PERORATION IN THE ORATION AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.

MY lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication; that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have feared no odium whatsoever in the long warfare we have carried on with the crimes—with the vices—with the exorbitant wealth—with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption. This war, my lords, we have waged for twenty-two years, and the conflict has been fought, at your lordship's bar, for the last seven years.

My lords, twenty-two years is a great space in the scale of the life of man; it is no inconsiderable space in the history of a great nation. A business which has so long occupied the councils and the tribunals of Great Britain cannot possibly be huddled over in the course of vulgar, trite and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great revolutions, that break the traditionary chain of human memory, and alter the very face of nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it; the meanest of us will, by means of it, more or less, become the concern of posterity—if we are yet to hope for such a thing, in the present state of the world, as a recording, retrospective, civilized posterity; but this is in the hand of the great Disposer of events; it is not ours to settle how it shall be. My lords, your house yet stands; it stands as a great edifice; but let me say, it stands in the midst of ruins—in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed or shattered this globe of ours.

My lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing and one thing only, which defies all mutation, that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself—I mean justice: that justice which, emanating from Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! but if you stand—and stand I trust you will—together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy—together with

the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom—may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice.

EDMUND BURKE.

UNIVERSALITY OF CONSCIENCE.

THIS theology of conscience has been greatly obscured, but never, in any country, or at any period in the history of the world, has it been wholly obliterated. We behold the vestiges of it in the simple theology of the desert; and, perhaps, more distinctly there, than in the complex superstitions of an artificial and civilized heathenism. In confirmation of this, we might quote the invocations to the Great Spirit from the wilds of North America. But, indeed, in every quarter of the globe, where missionaries have held converse with savages, even with the rudest of nature's children—when speaking on the topics of sin and judgment, they did not speak to them in vocables unknown. And as this sense of a universal law and a Supreme Lawgiver never waned into total extinction among the tribes of ferocious and untamed wanderers—so neither was it altogether stifled by the refined and intricate polytheism of more enlightened nations. When the guilty Emperors of Rome were tempest-driven by remorse and fear, it was not that they trembled before a spectre of their own imagination. When terror mixed, which it often did, with the rage and cruelty of Nero, it was the theology of conscience which haunted him. It was not the suggestion of a capricious fancy which gave him the disturbance—but a voice issuing from the deep recesses of a moral nature, as stable and uniform throughout the species as is the material structure of humanity; and in the lineaments of which we may read that there is a moral regimen among men, and therefore a moral governor who hath instituted, and who presides over it. Therefore it was that these imperial despots, the worst and haughtiest of recorded monarchs, stood aghast at the spectacle of their own worthlessness.

This is not a local or a geographical notion. It is a universal feeling—to be found wherever men are found, because interwoven with the constitution of humanity. It is not, therefore, the peculiarity of one creed or of one country. It circulates at large throughout the family of man. We can trace it in the theology of savage life; nor is it wholly overborne by the artificial theology of a more complex and idolatrous paganism. Neither crime nor civilization can extinguish it; and, whether in the "conscientia scelerum" of the fierce and frenzied Catiline, or in the tranquil contemplative musings of Socrates and Cicero, we find the impression of at once a righteous and reigning Sovereign.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

IT is asked, whether liberty has not gained much of late years, and whether the popular branch ought not therefore to be content? To this, I answer, that, if liberty has gained much, power has gained more. Power has been indefatigable, and unwearied in its encroachments; everything has run in that direction through the whole course of the present reign. Nothing, therefore, I say, has been gained to the people, whilst the constant current has run towards the crown; and God knows what is to be the consequence, both to the crown and the country. I believe we are come to the last moment of possible remedy. I believe that at this moment the enemies of both are few; but I firmly believe, that what has been seen in Ireland, will be experienced also here; and that, if we are to go in the same career with convention bills and acts of exasperation of all kinds, the few will soon become the many, and that we shall have to pay a severe retribution for our present pride.

What a noble lord said some time ago of France, may be applicable to this very subject. What, said he, negotiate with France? With men, whose hands are reeking with the blood of their sovereign? What, shall we degrade ourselves by going to Paris, and there asking in humble diplomatic language to be on good understanding with them? Gentlemen will remember these lofty words; and yet we have come to this humiliation; we have negotiated with France! and I shall not be surprised to see the noble lord himself going to Paris, not at the head of his regiment, but on a diplomatic commission to those very regicides, to pray to be on a good understanding with them. Shall we then be blind to the lessons, which the events of the world exhibit to our view? Pride, obstinacy, and insult, must end in concessions, and those concessions must be humble in proportion to our unbecoming pride.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

DEMAND FOR JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

I WILL never be guilty of the crime of despairing of my country; and to-day, after two centuries of suffering, here I stand amidst you in this hall, repeating the same complaints, demanding the same justice which was claimed by our fathers; but no longer with the humble voice of the suppliant, but with the sentiment of our force and the conviction that Ireland will henceforth find means to do, without you, what you shall have refused to do for her! I make no compromise with you; I want the same rights for us that you enjoy; the same municipal system for Ireland as for England and Scotland: otherwise, what is a union with you? A union upon parch-

ment! Well, we will tear this parchment to pieces, and the Empire will be sundered!

I hear, day after day, the plaintive voice of Ireland, crying, Am I to be kept forever waiting and forever suffering? No, fellow-countrymen, you will be left to suffer no longer: you will not have in vain asked justice from a people of brothers. England is no longer that country of prejudices where the mere name of popery excited every breast and impelled to iniquitous cruelties. The representatives of Ireland have carried the Reform bill, which has enlarged the franchises of the English people; they will be heard with favor in asking their colleagues to render justice to Ireland. But should it prove otherwise, should Parliament still continue deaf to our prayer, then we will appeal to the English nation, and if the nation too should suffer itself to be blinded by its prejudices, we will enter the fastnesses of our mountains and take counsel but of our energy, our courage, and our despair.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

DEFENCE FROM THE CHARGE OF TYRANNY.

THEY call me a tyrant! If I were so, they would fall at my feet: I should have gorged them with gold, assured them of impunity to their crimes, and they would have worshipped me. Had I been so, the kings whom we have conquered would have been my most cordial supporters. It is by the aid of scoundrels you arrive at tyranny. Whither tend those who combat them? To the tomb and immortality! Who is the tyrant that protects me? What is the faction to which I belong? It is yourselves! What is the party which, since the commencement of the Revolution, has crushed all other factions—has annihilated so many specious traitors? It is yourselves; it is the people; it is the force of principles! This is the party to which I am devoted, and against which crime is everywhere leagued. I am ready to lay down my life without regret. I have seen the past: I foresee the future. What lover of his country would wish to live, when he can no longer succor oppressed innocence? Why should he desire to remain in an order of things where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth—where justice is deemed an imposture—where the vilest passions, the most ridiculous fears, fill every heart, instead of the sacred interests of humanity? Who can bear the punishment of seeing the horrible succession of traitors, more or less skilful in concealing their hideous vices under the mask of virtue, and who will leave to posterity the difficult task of determining which was the most atrocious?

In contemplating the multitude of vices which the Revolution has let loose pell-mell with the civic virtues, I own I sometimes fear that I myself shall be sullied in the eyes of posterity by their calumnies. But I am consoled by the reflection that, if I have seen in history all the defenders of liberty overwhelmed by calumny, I have seen their oppressors die also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. No, Chaumette! "Death is *not* an eternal sleep!"—Citizens, efface from the tombs that maxim, engraven by sacrilegious hands, which throws a funeral pall over nature, which discourages oppressed innocence: write rather, "Death is the commencement of immortality!" I leave to the oppressors of the people a terrible legacy, which well becomes the situation in which I am placed; it is the awful truth, "Thou shalt die!"

ROBESPIERRE.

THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

THE first thing that I came upon here was the great crater of the eruption of 1794—now dry and scorious, and black as a bosom in which sensual passion has burnt itself to exhaustion. Though crusted over and closed, it was steaming and smoking through sundry apertures. Traversing it, I arrived at the large crater of 1850—a still raw and open ulcer of earth. The wind was blowing from us, and the circumstances were favorable for viewing the cavity. It was filled with a dense volume of white gas, which was whirling and rapidly ascending; but the breeze occasionally drove it to the opposite side and disclosed the depths of the frightful chasm. It descended a prodigious distance, in the shape of an inverted, truncated cone, and then terminated in a circular opening.

The mysteries of the profound immensity beyond, no human eye might see, no human heart conceive. We hurled some stones into the gulf and listened till they struck below. The guide gravely assured me that ten minutes elapsed before the sound was heard; I found, by the watch, that the interval was, in reality, something over three-quarters of a minute;—and that seems almost incredibly long. When the vapor, at intervals, so far thinned away that one could see across, as through a vista, the opposite side of the crater, viewed athwart the mist, seemed several miles distant, though in fact but a few hundred feet. The interior of the shelving crater was entirely covered over with a bed of knob-like blossoms of brilliant white, yellow, green, red, brown—the sulphurous flowers of hell.

I cannot describe this spectacle, for, in impression and appearance, alike, it resembles nothing else that I have seen before or since. It was like death—which has no similitudes in life. It was like a vision of the second death. As the sun gleamed at times through the white breath that swayed and twisted about the maw of the accursed monstrosity, there seemed to be an activity in the vaulted depth; but it was the activity of shadows in the concave of nothingness. It seemed the emblem of destruction, itself, extinct. There was something about it revoltingly beautiful, disgustingly splendid. One while, its circling rim looked

like the parched shore of the ever-absorbing and ever-empty sea of annihilation. Another while, it seemed like a fetid cancer on the breast of earth, destined one day to consume it. To me it was purely uncomfortable and wholly uninspiring. It seemed to freeze back fancy and sentiment to their sources. It was not terrible, it was merely horrible. It is a thing to see once, but I care not to see such a thing again in this world; and Jesus grant that I may see nothing like it in the next.

HORACE B. WALLACE.

ON THE FUNERAL OF HENRIETTA.

IT is not surprising that the memory of a great queen—the daughter, the wife, the mother of monarchs—should attract you from all quarters to this melancholy ceremony; it will bring forcibly before your eyes one of those awful examples which demonstrate to the world the vanity of which it is composed.

You will see in her single life the extremes of things: felicity without bounds, miseries without parallel; a long and peaceable enjoyment of one of the most noble crowns in the universe—all that birth and grandeur could confer that was glorious—all that adversity and suffering could accumulate that was disastrous; the good cause attended at first with some success, then involved in the most dreadful disasters. Revolutions unheard of, rebellion long restrained, at length reigned triumphant; no curb there to license, no laws in force. Majesty itself violated by bloody hands—usurpation and tyranny, under the name of liberty—a fugitive queen, who can find no retreat in her three kingdoms, and was forced to seek in her native country a melancholy exile. Nine sea-voyages undertaken against her will by a queen, in spite of wintry tempests—a throne unworthily overturned, and miraculously re-established.

Behold the lesson which God has given to kings! thus does He manifest to the world the nothingness of its pomp and grandeur. If our words fail, if language sinks beneath the grandeur of such a subject, the simple narrative is more touching than aught that words can convey. The heart of a great queen, formerly elevated by so long a course of prosperity, then steeped in all the bitterness of affliction, will speak in sufficiently touching language; and if it is not given to private individuals to teach the proper lessons from so mournful a catastrophe, the King of Israel has supplied the words—"Hear, O ye great of the earth! Take lesson, ye rulers of the world!"

SUET.

WHERE IS THE ENEMY?

I HAVE somewhere read of a regiment ordered to march into a small town, and take it. I think it was in the Tyrol; but, wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the Gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they *will* take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding in, with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked around for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowed to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons—"the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked. "We have none," was the brief reply. "But we have come to take the town." "Well, friends, it lies before you." "But is there nobody here to fight?" "No: we are all Christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for—a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit, a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight *with*, of course we cannot fight," said he: "it is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment, on a small scale, indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

JOHN DAVENPORT'S INFLUENCE UPON NEW HAVEN.

IF we of this city enjoy, in this respect, any peculiar privileges—if it is a privilege that any poor man here, with ordinary health in his family, and the ordinary blessing of God upon his industry, may give to his son, without sending him away from home, the best education which the country affords—if it is a privilege to us to live in a city in which learning, sound and thorough education, is, equally with commerce and the mechanic arts, a great public interest—if it is a privilege to us to record among our fellow-citizens some of the brightest names in the learning and science, not of our country only, but of the age, and to be conversant with such men, and subject to their constant influence in the various relations of society—if it is a privilege that our young mechanics, in their associations, can receive instruction in popular lectures from the most accomplished teachers—if, in a word, there is any privilege in having our home at one of the fountains of life for this vast confederacy—the privilege may be traced to the influence of John Davenport, to the peculiar character which he, more than any other man, gave to this community in its very beginning. Every one of us is daily enjoying the effects of his wisdom and public spirit. Thus he is to-day our benefactor; and thus he is to be the

benefactor of our posterity through ages to come. How aptly might that beautiful apostrophe of one of our poets have been addressed to him :—

"The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow:
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands, unsparing and unwearied, sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

LEONARD BACON.

WRONGS OF IRELAND.

HEREAFTER, when these things shall be history, your age of thraldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop to declare, that here the principal men amongst us fell into mimic traces of gratitude: they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding-doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment: neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty; I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chains, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied as long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of British chain clanking in his rags: he may be naked, he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted: and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live: and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, shall not die with the prophet, but survive him.

HENRY GRATTAN.

THE RURAL DISTRICTS OUR COUNTRY'S STRENGTH.

THE importance of the progress and improvement of the country towns is plain, when we consider that here, and not in the great cities —New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia— are the hope, strength, and glory of our nation. Here, in the smaller towns and villages, are indeed the majority of the people, and here there is a weight of sober thought, just judgment, and virtuous feeling, that will serve as rudder and ballast to our country, whatever weather may betide.

As I have so recently travelled through some of the finest and most renowned portions of the European continent, I find myself constantly comparing the towns and villages which I see here with those foreign lands. One thing is clear, that there are in continental Europe no such country towns and villages as those of New England and some other portions of this country. Not only the exterior but the interior is totally different. The villages there resemble the squalid suburbs of a city; the people are like their houses—poor and subservient—narrow in intellect, feeling, and habits of thought. I know twenty towns in France, having from two to ten thousand inhabitants, where, if you except the prefects, mayors, notaries, and a few other persons in each place, there is scarcely a family that rises to the least independence of thought, or even a moderate elevation of character. All the power, all the thought, all the genius, all the expanse of intellect, are centered at Paris. The blood of the country is drawn to this seat and centre, leaving the limbs and members cold and pulseless as those of a corpse.

How different is it in this country! The life, vigor, power of these United States are diffused through a thousand veins and arteries over the whole people, every limb nourished, every member invigorated! New York, Philadelphia, and Boston do not give law to this country; that comes from the people—the farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, merchants—independent in their circumstances, and sober, religious, virtuous in their habits of thought and conduct. I make allowance for the sinister influence of vice which abounds in some places; for the debasing effects of demagogism in our politicians; for the corruption of selfish and degrading interests, cast into the general current of public feeling and opinion. I admit that these sometimes make the nation swerve, for a time, from the path of wisdom; but the wandering is neither wide nor long. The preponderating national mind is just and sound, and, if danger comes, it will manifest its power and avert it.

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

LIFE ON THE NILE.

The life thou seek'st
Thou'lt find beside the eternal Nile.

MOORE'S ALCIPHRON.

THE Nile is the Paradise of travel. I thought I had already fathomed all the depths of enjoyment which the traveller's restless life could reach— enjoyment more varied and exciting, but far less serene and enduring, than that of a quiet home; but here I have reached a fountain too pure and powerful to be exhausted. I never before experienced such a thorough deliverance from all the petty annoyances of travel in other lands, such perfect contentment of spirit, such entire abandonment to the best influences of nature. Every day opens with a jubilee, and closes with a thanksgiving. If such a

balm and blessing as this life has been to me, thus far, can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world.

Other travellers undoubtedly make other experiences and take away other impressions. I can even conceive circumstances which would almost destroy the pleasure of the journey. The same exquisitely sensitive temperament, which in our case has not been disturbed by a single untoward incident, might easily be kept in a state of constant derangement by an unsympathetic companion, a cheating dragoman, or a fractious crew. There are also many trifling disagreements, inseparable from life in Egypt, which some would consider a source of annoyance; but, as we find fewer than we were prepared to meet, we are not troubled thereby.

Our manner of life is simple, and might even be called monotonous; but we have never found the greatest variety of landscape and incident so thoroughly enjoyable. The scenery of the Nile, thus far, scarcely changes from day to day, in its forms and colors, but only in their disposition with regard to each other. The shores are either palm-groves, fields of cane and dourra, young wheat, or patches of bare sand blown out from the desert. The villages are all the same agglomerations of mud walls, the tombs of the Moslem saints are the same white ovens, and every individual camel and buffalo resembles its neighbor in picturesque ugliness. The Arabian and Libyan Mountains, now sweeping so far into the foreground that their yellow cliffs overhang the Nile, now receding into the violet haze of the horizon, exhibit little difference of height, hue, or geological formation. Every new scene is the turn of a kaleidoscope, in which the same objects are grouped in other relations, yet always characterized by the most perfect harmony.

These slight yet ever-renewing changes are to us a source of endless delight. Either from the pure atmosphere, the healthy life we lead, or the accordant tone of our spirits, we find ourselves unusually sensitive to all the slightest touches, the most minute rays, of that grace and harmony which bathes every landscape in cloudless sunshine. The various groupings of the palms, the shifting of the blue evening shadows on the rose-hued mountain-walls, the green of the wheat and sugar-cane, the windings of the great river, the alternations of wind and calm—each of these is enough to content us, and to give every day a different charm from that which went before. We meet contrary winds, calms, and sand-bags, without losing our patience; and even our excitement in the swiftness and grace with which our vessel scuds before the north wind is mingled with a regret that our journey is drawing so much the more swiftly to its close. A portion of the old Egyptian repose seems to be infused into our natures; and lately, when I saw my face in a mirror, I thought I perceived in its features something of the patience and resignation of the sphinx.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

OXFORD BOAT-RACE.

GOING into Christ Church Meadows, in company with several gownsmen, we soon joined a crowd of under-graduates and others who were seeking the banks of the Isis. The rival boats were still far up the stream; but here we found their flags displayed upon a staff, one above the other, in the order of their respective merit at the last rowing-match. The flag of Wadham waved triumphant, and the brilliant colors of Balliol, Christ Church, Exeter, etc., fluttered scarce less proudly underneath. What an animated scene those walks and banks exhibited, as the numbers thickened, and the flaunting robes of the young academics began to be seen in dingy contrast with the gayer silks and streamers of the fair! Even *town*, as well as *gown*, had sent forth its representatives, and you would have said some mighty issue was about to be decided, had you heard their interchange of breathless query and reply.

A distant gun announced that the boats had started, and crowds began to gather about a bridge in the neighboring fields, where it was certain they would soon be seen, in all the speed and spirit of the contest. Crossing the little river in a *punt*, and yielding to the enthusiasm which now filled the hearts and faces of all spectators, away I flew towards the bridge, and had scarcely gained it when the boats appeared—Wadham still ahead, but hotly pressed by Balliol, which in turn was closely followed by the crews of divers other colleges, all pulling for dear life, while their friends, on either bank, ran at their side, shouting the most inspiriting outcries! The boats were of the sharpest and narrowest possible build, with out-rigged thole-pins for the oars. The rowers, in proper boat-dress, or rather undress (close-fitting flannel shirt and drawers), were lashing the water with inimitable strokes, and "putting their back" into their sport, as if every man was indeed determined to do his duty. "Now, Wadham!" "Now, Balliol!" "Well pulled, Christ Church!" with deafening hurrahs and occasional peals of laughter, made the welkin ring again.

I found myself running and shouting with the merriest of them. Several boats were but a few feet apart, and, stroke after stroke, not one gained upon another perceptibly. Where there was the least gain, it was astonishing to see the pluck with which both winner and loser seemed to start afresh; while redoubled cries of "Now for it, Merton!" "Well done, Corpus!" and even "Go it, again!"—which I had supposed an Americanism—were vociferated from the banks. All at once—"a bump!' and the defeated boat fell aside, while the victors pressed on amid roars of applause. The chief interest, however, was, of course, concentrated about "Wadham," the leader, now evidently gained upon by "Balliol." It was indeed most exciting to watch the half-inch losses which the former was experiencing at every stroke. The goal was near; but the plucky Balliol crew was not

to be distanced. A stroke or two of fresh animation and energy sends their bow an arm's-length forward. "Hurrah, Balliol!"—"Once more!"—"A bump!"—"Hurrah-ah-ah!"—and a general cheer from all lungs, with hands waving and caps tossing, and everything betokening the wildest excitement of spirits, closed the contest; while amid the uproar the string of flags came down from the tall staff, and soon went up again, with several transpositions of the showy colors—Wadham's little streamer now fluttering *paulo-post*, but victorious Balliol flaunting proudly over all. It was growing dark; and it was surprising how speedily the crowd dispersed, and how soon all that frenzy of excitement had vanished like the bubbles on the river.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

VIRTUE ALONE BEAUTIFUL.

"HANDSOME is that handsome does—hold up your hands, girls," is the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of Venus which enchants the world, could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good-looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of those around you, and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words or admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is given you on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace "which passeth show," rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

"Hold up your heads, girls;" I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kind and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the home-sick Park seemed the dark maids of Sigo, as they sung their low and simple songs of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger who had "no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn." Oh! talk as you may of beauty, as a thing to be chiselled upon marble or wrought on canvas—speculate as you may upon its colors and outline—what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind—looking through outward environments, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections—uniting the awe and the mystery of the mother's miraculous allotment with the inexpressible love, the unutterable tenderness, of young maternity—Heaven's crowning miracle with nature's sweetest and holiest instinct. And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven—how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA.

I KNOW it is said that it is impossible to civilize Africa. Why? Why is it impossible to civilize men in one part of the earth more than in another? Consult history. Was Italy, was Greece, the cradle of civilization? No. As far back as the lights of tradition reach, Africa was the cradle of science, while Syria, and Greece, and Italy were yet covered with darkness. As far back as we can trace the first rudiments of improvement, they come from the very head waters of the Nile, far in the interior of Africa; and there are yet to be found, in shapeless ruins, the monuments of this primeval civilization. To come down to a much later period, while the West and South of Europe were yet barbarous, the Mediterranean coast of Africa was filled with cities, academies, museums, churches, and a highly cultivated population.

What has raised the Gaul, the Belgium, the Germany, the Scandinavia, the Britain of ancient geography to their present improved and improving condition? Africa is not now sunk lower than most of those countries were eighteen centuries ago; and the engines of social influence are increased a thousandfold in numbers and efficacy. It is not eighteen hundred years since Scotland, whose metropolis has been called the Athens of modern Europe, the country of Hume, of Smith, of Robertson, of Blair, of Stewart, of Brown, of Jeffrey, of Chalmers, of Scott, of Brougham, was a wilderness, infested by painted savages. It is not a thousand years since the north of Germany, now filled with beautiful cities, learned universities, and the best educated population in the world, was a dreary, pathless forest. Am I told that the work we have in hand is too great to be done? Too great, I ask, to be done *when?* too great to be done by *whom?* Too great, I admit, to be done at once; too great to be done by this society; too great to be done by this generation, perhaps; but not too great to be done. Nothing is too great to be done, which is founded on truth and justice, and which is

pursued with the meek and gentle spirit of Christian love.

EDWARD EVERETT.

EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY.

EXECUTIVE clemency, on its frequency, has been a temptation to dishonesty. Who will fear to be a culprit when a legal sentence is the argument of ...ty, and the prelude of pardon? What can the com...unity expect but growing dishonesty, when juries connive at acquittals, and judges condemn only to petition a pardon; when honest men and officers fly before a mob; when jails are besieged and threatened, if felons are not relinquished; when the executive, consulting the spirit of the community, receives the demands of the mob, and humbly complies, throwing down the fences of the law, that base rioters may walk unimpeded, to their work of vengeance, or unjust mercy? A sickly sentimentality too often enervates the administration of justice; and the pardoning power becomes the master-key to let out unwashed, unrepentent criminals. They have fleeced us, robbed us, and are ulcerous sores in the body politic; yet our heart turns to water over their merited punishment.

A fine young fellow, by accident, writes another's name for his own; by a mistake equally unfortunate, he presents it at the bank; innocently draws out the large amount; generously spends a part, and absent-mindedly hides the rest. Hard-hearted wretches they are, who would punish him for this! Young men, admiring the neatness of the affair, pity his misfortune, and curse a stupid jury that knew no better than to send to a penitentiary, him, whose skill deserved a cashiership. He goes to his cell, the pity of a whole metropolis. Bulletins from Sing-Sing inform us daily what he is doing, as if he were Napoleon at St. Helena. At length pardoned, he goes forth again to a renowned liberty!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DANGER OF MILITARY SUPREMACY.

RECALL to your recollection the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

"Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,
The school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

And how have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian, if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, "No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties will be eternal." If a Roman citizen had been asked, if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell; Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country!

We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit, not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the west, to enlighten and animate, and gladden the human heart. Observe that, by the downfall of liberty here, all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. To you belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity, the fair character and liberty of our country. Do you expect to execute this high trust, by trampling, or suffering to be trampled down, law, justice, the constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition? Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, scarcely yet two-score years old, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and that if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

HENRY CLAY.

INJUSTICE THE CAUSE OF NATIONAL RUIN.

DO you know how empires find their end? Yes, the great states eat up the little; as with fish, so with nations. Aye, but how do the great states come to an end? By their own injustice, and no other cause. Come with me, my friends, come with me into the Inferno of the nations, with such poor guidance as my lamp can lend. Let us disquiet and bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the tomb.

Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevitish dove upon thy emerald crown. What laid thee low? "I fell by my own injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me to the ground." Oh queenly Persia, flame of the nations, wherefore art thou so fallen, who troddest the people under thee, bridgedst the Hellespont with ships, and pouredst thy temple-wasting millions on the western world? "Because I trod the people under me, and bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured my temple-wasting millions on the western world. I fell by my own misdeeds!" Thou, muselike, Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of states, enchanting yet the world with thy

sweet witchery, speaking in art, and most seductive song, why liest thou there with the beauteous yet dishonored brow, reposing on thy broken harp? "I scorned the law of God; banished and poisoned wisest, justest men; I loved the loveliness of flesh embalmed in Parian stone; I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that in more than Parian speech. But the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love I trod them down to earth! Lo, therefore have I become as those Barbarian states—as one of them!"

Oh manly, majestic Rome, thy seven-fold mural crown all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? 'Twas not injustice brought thee low; for thy Great Book of Law is prefaced with these words, Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his Right!" "It was not the saint's ideal, it was the hypocrite's pretence!" I made iniquity my law, I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my palaces—where thou mayst see the fox and hear the owl—it fed my courtiers and my courtesans. Wicked men were my cabinet councillors—the flatterer breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondmen wet the soil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying yet to God? Lo, here have I my recompense, tormented with such downfall as you see."

THEODORE PARKER.

THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS.

THE interposition of Divine Providence was eminently conspicuous, in the first general Congress; what men, what patriots, what independent, heroic spirits! chosen by the unbiassed voice of the people; chosen as all public servants ought to be, without favor and without fear; what an august assembly of sages! Rome in the height of her glory, fades before it. There never was in any age, or nation, a body of men who for general information, for the judicious use of the results of civil and political history, for eloquence and virtue for true dignity, elevation and grandeur of soul, that could stand a comparison with the first American Congress! See what the people will do when left to themselves; to their unbiassed good sense, and to their true interests! The ferocious Gaul would have dropped his sword at the hall-door, and would have fled thunderstruck as from an assembly of gods! Whom do I behold? a Hancock, a Jefferson, an Adams, a Henry, a Lee, a Rutledge!—Glory to their immortal spirits! On you depend the destinies of your country; the fate of three millions of men; and of the countless millions of their posterity! Shall these be slaves, or will you make a noble stand for liberty, against a power whose triumphs are already co-extensive with the earth; whose legions trample on thrones and sceptres; whose thunders bellow on every ocean? How tremendous the occasion! How vast the responsibility! The President and all the members of this august assembly take their seats. Every countenance tells the mighty struggle within. Every tongue is silent. It is a pause in nature, that solemn, awful stillness, which precedes the earthquake and tornado.

At length Demosthenes arises; he only is adequate to the great occasion, the Virginian Demosthenes, the mighty Henry! What dignity! What majesty! Every eye fastens upon him. Firm, erect, undaunted, he rolls on the mighty torrent of his eloquence. What a picture does he draw of the horrors of servitude, and the charms of freedom! At once he gives the full rein to all his gigantic powers, and pours his own heroic spirit into the minds of his auditors; they become as one man; actuated by one soul—and the universal shout is, "Liberty or Death!" This single speech of this illustrious man gave an impulse, which probably decided the fate of America. His eloquence seized and moved the assembled sages; as the descending hail-storm, bursting in thunder, rending the forest, and shaking the mountains. God bestows on nations no greater gift than great and good men, endowed with the high and commanding powers of eloquence. Such a man as Patrick Henry may, on some great occasion, when the happiness or misery of millions depends on a single decision, render more important service to a nation than all the generations of a century.

J. MAXEY.

INVECTIVE AGAINST ÆSCHINES.

TAKE then the whole course of your life, Æschines, and of mine; compare them without heat or acrimony. You taught writing. I learned it: you were an instructor, I was the instructed: you danced at the games, I presided over them: you wrote as a clerk, I pleaded as an advocate: you were an actor in the theatres, I a spectator: you broke down, I hissed: you ever took counsel for our enemies, I for our country. In fine, now on this day the point at issue is—Am I, yet unstained in character, worthy of a crown? while to you is reserved the lot of a calumniator, and you are in danger of being silenced by not having obtained a fifth part of the votes.

I have not fortified the city with stone, nor adorned it with tiles, neither do I take any credit for such things. But if you would behold my works aright, you will find arms, and cities, and stations, and harbors, and ships, and horses, and those who are to make use of them in our defense. This is the rampart I have raised for Attica, as much as human wisdom could effect: with these I fortified, not the Piræus and the city only, but the whole country. I never sank before the arms or cunning of Philip. No! it was by the supineness of your own generals and allies that he triumphed.

DEMOSTHENES.



THE STREET MUSICIAN.

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A Rich Treasury of Song for the Home

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath."

—THOMAS MOORE.

There are few persons who cannot appreciate the force and beauty of the saying that music is the speech of angels.—WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

HOW TO SING.

WE desire to preface our selections for the lover of music with some brief remarks about how to sing, which will aid in acquiring some degree of perfection in the art. The singer must combine the arts of the musician, the public speaker, and, to a certain extent, the actor. Clearness of pronunciation and correctness of emphasis are included in the range of his study. Nor are these so easy of acquirement as many persons suppose. To a novice, the almost inevitable nervousness inseparable from the prominent position which a solo singer necessarily holds in the company, or before the audience to which he is singing, is very apt to render the enunciation less distinct and more rapid than is natural to him. His ear guides him less safely; and, in fact, every sense, influenced by the abnormal state of his nerves, is apt to play him more or less false. It is only by having carefully studied and mastered every detail of manner, posture, and speech, as well as of the music to be performed, that a singer can rise superior to the treachery of his nerves, in whatever form that treachery may show itself.

Nervousness.—A few words as to nervousness. You will often hear persons boast that they are not the least nervous in public; and, perhaps, will feel inclined to envy them. Get rid of any such notion at once If by "nervous" is meant "frightened," that is another thing altogether; and it is perfectly true that there are hundreds of persons who are not in the least afraid of appearing in public, nor affected by timidity when so appearing. But fear is only one form of nervousness. I firmly believe that it is impossible for a real artist ever to appear in public without being *nervous*. But the nerves act in many ways: the fervor of an eloquent speaker carried away by his subject; the "*abandon*" of a fine actor thoroughly entering into his part and identifying himself with it; the sustained energy of a declamatory singer; the faultless and unerring agility of a florid *soprano*, who astonishes her hearers by wonder on wonder of execution—all these things are due, in their subtle charm, to nervousness—*i. e.*, to delicate nervous organization in active play. These artists are not frightened, it is true, but excited, stimulated, roused from the normal state of eating, walking, and sleeping; something of the spiritual kindles the mere physical forces in them—some breath of inspiration sustains that living power which so influences the hearers. In some way or other every great artist is always nervous; were it not so, the essence of their power would vanish. Persons of cold and phlegmatic temperament lack the very life-breath of art; and, though they may train themselves into fair imitations of some great artists, they will generally be detected

with ease, by any hearer of true sensibility, as imitations, not the real thing. Therefore do not be ashamed to admit that you are nervous, if it be so. Nerves are a cruel master, but a splendid servant; instead of letting them overcome you, force them to do your bidding; and instead of "nervousness" meaning "fear," you will find that it means courage and power to do your best.

Pronunciation.—Study correctness of pronunciation and propriety of emphasis quite apart from singing. Remember that in speaking or singing in a large space and to a number of persons, every sound must have not only additional force, but additional volume. And that comes to mean that every vowel-sound in the words sung must be intensified, and every consonant be delivered with more accuracy than is necessary in ordinary speaking. If you were to pronounce the syllable "die" (for instance), in singing, *exactly* as you do in speaking, you would produce on the notes or note to which that word belonged a thinness of tone which would be very ugly, and probably would not "carry" far. And the same with any vowel-sound—even "Ah," or "Oh,"—which, though not producing a thin tone, would certainly produce a coarse one, if sung exactly as spoken in ordinary conversation.

Vowel-Sounds.—The reason of the need of this slight change is as follows. Every vowel-sound, like every musical sound (for vowel-sounds are nothing less than musical sounds), is composed of *two* sounds. Combined with the prominent and chief sound which first attracts the ear is a second, which, though not prominent, lends point and force to the other. Thus our English vowel-sound "A" is really *Eh-è*; "E" is *E-è*; "I" is *Ah-è*; "O" is *O-oo*, or even *Aw-oo*; "U" is *Ee-oo*. Of course I do not mean to say that those absurd-looking syllables really express exactly the sounds which we produce in speaking the vowels, for no combination of letters can do that, or can bring within reach of the eye the subtleties of sound in human speech; but if you attempt to pronounce those syllables, you will find that you are really pronouncing the vowels from which I "translated" them.

Now, in conversation or rapid speaking, the subordinate sound of the vowel is scarcely noticeable, while the more prominent sound is heard for the short interval of time required. But in singing or public speaking, where the production of tone is more deliberate, the space to be filled with sound larger, or, in other words, the column of air to be set vibrating is greater and heavier, the *complex* sound of the vowel must not be ignored. It is impossible to lay down any set of rules by which the student may overcome this difficulty; but every one, by bearing in mind the absolute necessity of attention to this point, may easily accustom himself to the slight change of pronunciation (as it will at first appear) which is required to give vowel-sounds when sung, or spoken "*ore rotundo*," the same tone, to the hearer's ear, as they have in ordinary speaking. As a general rule this is done by keeping the throat more open, the larynx (or "Adam's apple") as low down as possible, and the root of the tongue flat, depressed, even hollowed like the bowl of a spoon. The truth of all this may easily be tested by singing any short passage deliberately and distinctly, with the exact pronunciation of ordinary speaking, and then repeating it with attention to the above hints. In the first instance the result will be meagre, hard to be heard at a moderate distance, and very likely extremely ludicrous to the hearer. In the second, you will find that the tone of the notes gains in roundness and fulness, while

the words are clearly heard in every part of the room with the exact effect belonging to them. I purposely refrain from attempting to write down the difference discernible in any words so sung, because, as I have already said, *letters* cannot accurately express distinctions so delicate, yet so all-important to the singer, speaker and hearer.

Consonants.—In pronouncing consonants, be careful to give each its due value, but without exaggeration. Be especially particular to sound the *last* letter of each word distinctly. But take care to avoid adding a slight sound (as of an *e* mute) after the final letter: for instance, do not say "When other-*è* lips," etc., or "bright-*è* days," and so on. Do not over-aspirate the letter "*H*." "*N*," "*L*," "*M*," "*B*," "*P*," and "*V*," are all letters requiring care in firm pronunciation.

Avoid prefixing a slight sound of "*N*" to the first word of a song or passage in singing. It is a common trick with beginners to do this, and they frequently do it without being in the least conscious of it. It is produced by a kind of nervous feeling of the teeth with the tongue, as if to make sure that all is right for the start! I have heard an aspiring youth actually begin a well-known song thus: "*Nwaft her Rangels Nthrough the sky*," etc.

English Words.—The English language is not the most suitable one under the sun for singing purposes; nevertheless, it is not nearly so intolerable and unfavorable an one as it is the fashion to make out. The grand old Scripture passages which Handel, Mendelssohn, and others have set to music testify to this. Yet musical care *is* needed when singing English words, and especially in pronouncing the "sibilants," as *S*, etc. These "sibilants" must never be enunciated rapidly, or their ill effects will soon be found in a series of *hissings*. Let it be your study, then, to avoid this ill effect in singing English words, and to utter such sounds slowly and carefully, with the endeavor to produce a soft and agreeable effect; for it is, indeed, unpardonable to hear an English singer unable to render perfectly the words (if not the music) of his native country's songs and ballads.

Emphasis.—Having accustomed yourself to carefulness over each letter in your pronunciation, the next thing is to study correctness of emphasis, etc. All this is apart from the strictly musical portion of your studies, and, while you can work at this without music, you will certainly spoil the effect of your singing (however good your voice and voice production may be), unless you do so study your "words." I should recommend you to practise reading aloud for not less than a quarter of an hour at a time, say once a day. Read *standing*; place your book on a desk, on a level with your eyes, and speak out deliberately, and with full tone of voice, and as much variety of intonation as the matter read requires. Shakespeare is your best author for this study. You will feel at first as if you were doing a very absurd thing, but never mind that—do it, and do it as well and as carefully as you can.

Position of the Lips.—In speaking and reading aloud during your preliminary training for singing, be very careful that there be no change in the aperture of the mouth or position of the lips while uttering any one sound, however prolonged. If the lips move from their first position, however slightly, the tone immediately changes, and the pronunciation ceases to be pure and refined.

Study of Words.—The words of a song are as much worthy of the singer's study as the music; that is, if the song is worth singing at all. I do not mean to say that in themselves they must necessarily be of

equal merit, but that they require as much attention on the part of the singer to bring out their meaning. Study the text, therefore, apart from the music. Read the words aloud deliberately; master the sentiment of them, and note the prominent words and phrases, so as to be able to give them their due value when you have to combine them with the music. Avoid giving prominence to such words as "of," "for," "the," "and," "in," etc., etc., but yet let each be distinctly pronounced, and not slurred over in an indefinite murmur. Learn the words of your song by memory. Master the text, and consider the whole from an elocutionist's point of view before you attack the musical side of the matter. A singer when singing in public should not be troubled with his words and music too.

VOICES AND THEIR VARIOUS QUALITIES.

THE life of the singing voice is so comparatively short, that the study of singing is rendered more difficult than that of any other art. You may buy a violin or a pianoforte, ready-made and perfect, in your childhood, and nothing remains for you but to study the instrument diligently under a good master. But the vocal instrument cannot be said to exist at all, for purposes of singing study, before the age of eighteen or twenty in males, and (in our climate) sixteen in females. Even at those ages the organ is necessarily immature and undeveloped. Consequently the study of the art has to be carried on during the progress of the instrument to maturity.

To counterbalance this disadvantage, however, we must bear in mind that that very study materially helps to perfect the instrument. Singing is by no means all "style," and the study of it includes the formation of the voice and production of a good tone, and it is, of course, easier to manipulate an unfinished article than a finished one—to educate youth and suppleness than to bring maturity and stiffness into subjection to new conditions.

Therefore begin your study in the youth of your voice; but recollecting that its life is the most short-lived of your faculties, let your study be most earnest and painstaking. Especially if singing is to be your profession, act upon the wise advice of Dr. Burney, and "Never go to bed till you have learned something which you did not know the previous night."

Voices.—"What is your voice?" is a very common question, sometimes expressed in the rather less polite but more intelligent form, "What do you call your voice?" The answer almost invariably is either "Soprano," "Contralto," "Tenor," "Bass," or "Barytone." Here is a warning for you at starting. Do not limit your notions of what voices are to those four or five generic names. Because choral music is generally written in four parts, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, the non-musical public, and a great many musical people (some composers included) seem to think that those names are an inclusive description of every human voice.

This would be of very little consequence if it were only a question of names; but it is of no use to say "What is in a name?" if the result of a wrong name is to lead to mischief. The misfortune of wrongly naming your voice is that it will lead you to practise wrongly, and to choose the wrong style of music for study and performance. For instance, a young lady may call herself a *soprano* because she can "*sing up to C*," and may therefore fancy that the whole repertoire of a Tietjens or a Clara Novello is within her reach; and acting on this notion, she may fatally dam-

age a naturally bright and pleasing voice by giving it work to do which belongs of right to a voice of totally different calibre, the *mezzo-soprano*.

Naming the Voice.—Remember always that the character of a voice is determined not by compass or range of notes, but by quality, or body and *timbre*, of tone. Two ladies may have voices ranging from A to A—two octaves—and yet one might be a pure light soprano, and the other a genuine contralto; while in length of compass a mezzo-soprano may even beat them both. And so with male voices (the variety in which is even greater than in female), you may have a voice of pure tenor quality, and yet of such limited compass that your energetic barytone friend next door may make your life miserable with jealousy of the ease with which he bellows high Gs, G sharps, and even on great occasions an A or so.

But compass has nothing whatever to do with the name of the voice: it may limit the quantity of music which can be performed, but it should have no influence on the choice of the style of music to be studied. This is a point of the greatest importance, therefore I repeat it briefly once more—*Your voice must be described and used with reference to its quality, or volume and timbre, and not with reference to the number of notes which you can sing.*
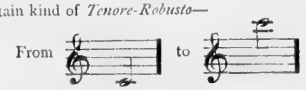
Male and Female Voices.—The actual varieties in tone and quality in different voices cannot, of course, be expressed on paper; but a careful use of your ears in listening to good public singers will soon teach you to discriminate. Female voices are of at least four kinds: soprano, mezzo-soprano, mezzo-contralto, and contralto. Male are of five or six, or even more. Alto; tenore-leggiero or light tenor; tenore-robusto or strong heavy-voiced tenor; barytone—basso-cantante (erroneously identified with the barytone by some persons); basso-profondo or bass.

Besides all these divisions or species, voices must be again classed according to their power. Any one who has ever heard an opera singer in a moderate-sized private drawing-room, will readily appreciate the difference between a *voce di camera*, or "chamber voice," and a *voce di teatro*.

Compass.—The respective compasses of the several voices may be roughly set down as follows, but it should be borne in mind that it is by no means a matter of course that a singer of any particular voice should possess or cultivate the whole range of notes supposed to belong to that voice. He or she may be none the less a tenor or a soprano because the one cannot produce an "*Ut de poitrine*," or the other "*F* in *Alt*." There is a special individuality in every voice, as in every face, and therefore every voice must be treated, by a good teacher, on its own merits, as a thing in some respects unique.

Perhaps it will be best, therefore, instead of saying that the compass of any given kind of voice is from — to —, to say that music for such and such a voice is generally written between such and such limits. The range allotted by composers to the various voices is about two octaves to each—for solo work, of course—and is as follows, it being understood that the male voices are an octave lower in pitch than the female:—

Soprano, and *Tenore-Leggiero*, and in operatic music a certain kind of *Tenore-Robusto*—



Mezzo-Soprano and *Tenore-Robusto*—



Mezzo-Contralto and *Barytone*—



Contralto and *Bass*—



The basso-cantante is a low barytone, or high bass with a lighter quality of tone than the basso-profondo. The alto voice, or counter-tenor as it used to be called, is not a natural voice at all, but is artificially produced by training the *falsetto* to the exclusion of the other parts of the voice. It is totally distinct from the contralto voice of a female, in quality, average compass, and the style of music best suited to it. It is of more use in part-singing and cathedral music than for solo work, although in some oratorios solo parts have been allotted to it. It is rarely pleasing when heard alone, for very few alto singers are able to avoid the appearance of singing with effort; and the whole performance, except in some instances, appears unnatural and forced. The alto voice ranges generally



but its best notes are confined to the octave of B flat.

Soprano.—The soprano is generally clear, bright, and penetrating in tone; capable, if rightly produced, of "carrying" far without any appearance of force or effort. Its lower register is often weak and ineffective, and the forcing of those notes by a bad singer often damages the voice, and spoils the evenness of tone, which is of far more importance than power and noise in singing. Low notes, even if naturally weak, may be trained to take their proper share of the work of the voice, and every year will add to their natural power. Most soprano voices have a "break" on



and another, and more difficult one to deal with, on



The lower notes are the (so-called) "chest" register; the middle ones, between the breaks, the "falsetto," and the upper ones the "head" notes. I shall speak of these often-used and frequently-misapplied words presently; I merely mention them now for the sake of pointing out to soprani, what many young lady amateurs utterly ignore, that they have these "breaks," and possess "chest," "falsetto," and "head" notes, as well as male singers.

Soprano voices are frequently capable of great flexibility, and passages are easy to them which tax the powers even of a light mezzo-soprano severely. The high notes, especially, are in many cases easily produced in a staccato manner, like notes of a piccolo flute, and an effect is thus made, which, though pretty and pleasing if judiciously employed, becomes a great snare to many singers, who, for the sake of astonishing their audience, work the upper part of their voices unfairly, and, neglecting steady use and practice of the lower registers, will very soon find that they have weakened the power and thinned the tone of the whole voice.

But there are many voices of pure soprano tone which lack this flexibility: let the fair owners console themselves with the recollection that good *sostenuto* singing is quite as pleasing, in the long run, as displays of vocal gymnastics. You may not be

able to attempt the "*Dinorah*" Shadow Song, or the "Rejoice Greatly" in the "*Messiah*," but you will find that you have plenty of good work left for you in such music as "Dove Sono," "Deh vieni, non tardar" ("*Figaro*") or "Jerusalem" ("*St. Paul*").

Moreover, you may possibly have what is a much rarer gift (in a pure soprano) than flexibility—you may have a tone of voice capable of executing declamatory music with fine effect. Music of this kind is generally appropriated by some mezzo-soprano of high compass, and more properly belongs to voices of that class; nevertheless, the effect of sustained declamatory music, well executed by a real soprano, is unrivalled in its way.

Mezzo-Soprano.—The mezzo-soprano voice is perhaps the commonest of all female voices, and yet one of the rarest met with in perfection. It is fuller and rounder in quality than the soprano—less flexible, and more adapted to a *sostenuto* or declamatory style. Mezzo-soprano voices vary so much that it is difficult to name any note on which the "break" will be found. Sometimes it is on the same notes as a soprano—sometimes on the same as a contralto—on the average, perhaps, nearer the former. Wherever it may be, however, a judicious teacher will soon point it out, and put the student into the way of rightly treating it. Teaching, and *good* teaching, is especially necessary for voices of this class, or their fortunate possessors are generally ignorant of the value of the treasure which they possess in a good mezzo-soprano; and if it be of light quality, they fancy themselves soprani, and force the upper register of the voice in trying to "stretch their compass;" or if their low notes develop first, they think that "with practice" they are to be contralti; and by over-exercise and fondness for displaying those deep notes, they run the risk of widening the break and rendering the quality of the whole voice hopelessly uneven.

What lies within the sphere of a good mezzo-soprano has been shown in late years by a Grisi and a Tietjens, the latter of whom will live in the recollection of all who ever heard her as the perfect model for every mezzo-soprano in the production of the pure tone and even quality.

Mezzo-Contralto.—The name mezzo-contralto speaks for itself. It is by no means an uncommon voice, and if used with discrimination is an effective and useful one. Both in compass and quality it lies between the contralto and the mezzo-soprano. Heavier in tone, less resonant, and less flexible than the mezzo-soprano, it is yet lighter than the contralto. Pure contralto voices are so rare that many mezzo-contralto singers appear as exponents of contralto music, and by paying chief attention to the lower register of their voices they become fair imitations, and more than passable substitutes, for the real article. The possessor of this voice must be guided by the advice of a good teacher as to the direction in which her voice should be trained. Sometimes the natural quality of the voice renders it advisable to attempt rivalry with the mezzo-soprano, rather than with the contralto; sometimes the reverse. It is a question for decision by a competent adviser in each individual case, and therefore I shall not attempt to lay down any decided rule, except my oft-repeated one, "GO TO A MASTER, AND A FIRST-RATE ONE"—a point on which I shall have more to say further on. How impossible it is to lay down rules for a mezzo-contralto is shown by the fact than an eminent living "mezzo-contralto" is gladly accepted on our opera stage as a leading contralto, and yet succeeds admirably in such a part as Rossini wrote

for a mezzo-soprano of the most florid kind—*Rosina* in "*Il Barbiere*."

Contralto.—The quality of a true contralto voice is so peculiar that it is impossible to mistake it for any other voice, although other voices may be mistaken for it. Of course there are exceptional cases in which the contralto and mezzo-contralto are combined in one voice: the lower range being of full and pure contralto quality, while instead of the somewhat limited upper notes of the contralto a rich mezzo-contralto range of notes may develop themselves; and in such a case careful training will be able to soften these two into each other, so that a complete voice of peculiar charm and great usefulness will result. But such cases, if not rare, are certainly the exception and not the rule, the deep and powerfully resonant tone of the true contralto being comparatively seldom met with. There is generally an awkward break between the low B and the D above it in this voice, and E♭ or E are the highest notes within reach of the average contralto. Voices of this class are better adapted for a species of ballads, for solemn declamation, or music of a calm and flowing character, than for elaborate execution or lively melodies. But here again exceptions must be made in favor of those who have the physical means, as well as the artistic skill, to study such music as that of the *Page* in "*Les Huguenots*," *Arsace* in "*Semiramide*," or "*La Cenerentola*." For an average English contralto, however, the best line of study is in good songs and ballads, and, chief of all, oratorio music.

Alto.—The alto, or counter-tenor voice, is said by a well-known English alto singer to be "simply a development of the *falsetto*—generally the *falsetto* of an inferior bass voice." It is said to be almost peculiar to English singers, and to that fact is ascribed its extensive and effective use in the fine works of the English Cathedral School of composers. Of course, in a voice which is so artificial, there must be expected a worse "break" than usual—the break in this case being the point below which the falsetto cannot be extended, and where the natural "chest" quality of tone has to be used. This break generally lies near the same place as the contralto break—if anything, rather higher—say between C and E in the middle of the voice. The effective notes of an alto usually lie in the octave of B or B♭, and the repertoire of music for which this voice is suited is comparatively limited. That repertoire, however, includes the greater number of oratorios, a good deal of fine old Italian music, and a few old English songs; while a singer of cleverness and cultivation will find many ballads which he may make his own by the help of transposition and style of delivery.

Great pains must be taken by the possessor of an alto voice in the formation and production of a good tone. The voice must be made to sound as *natural* as possible; and, if necessary, power must unhesitatingly be sacrificed to sweetness There is great danger of producing a harsh, reedy, or nasal tone, which, to the hearer, is simply distressing or offensive.

Above all, let him be content to develop his own means, and to keep to music suited to or written for his voice. A good alto will make no effect, and will do his voice and style harm, if he "poaches on the preserves" of other voices—tenors, for instance, or basses—(singing the songs of the latter an octave higher). I once heard an alto—a fair singer so long as he stuck to his own work—make an absurd exhibition of himself by attempting the great song "Love Sounds the Alarm," in "*Acis and Galatea*," at a public concert.

Let him also beware of the snare of contralto music. The alto in a man is to

tally distinct from the contralto in a woman. The tone is utterly different—the best notes of the one are certainly not the best notes of the other; and although in certain cases a contralto may sing with good effect music written for a male alto (*e. g.* in some oratorios), yet the converse is scarcely ever true. The low notes, which are so fine in a contralto, and so unlike any other tone except perhaps a few notes of some tenors, are utterly wanting in charm, and generally in power, in a male alto; while the sweet and ringing middle notes of the latter are far more effective in alto music than the (frequently) weak and uncertain middle notes of a contralto. Choose your music as you name your voice, by the quality of tone you can produce, and not by the range of notes.

Tenore-Leggiero.—The *tenore-leggiero*, or "light tenor," is the male voice corresponding to the female soprano; it is perhaps the most delicate and difficult to manage of all human voices. In the present day, when fashion is all in favor of noise, it is difficult for any but the strong-minded to stand firm against the tendency to shout and bawl, which appears to be the highest aim of many singers, and the highest admiration of most audiences. Now for a light tenor to attempt this style of singing is simply suggestive of the old fable of the frog who tried to make himself as big as the bull, and burst in the attempt. There is a modern school of singing, which, though it may be suitable enough for heavy voices such as basses and robust tenors, is fatal to light and delicate voices. The style of singing, and of music to be sung, by this voice, is quite different from that appropriate to strong and full organs; and, if you are the possessor of a light tenor, you must at once rid yourself of the common amateur fancy (a fancy, too, by no means confined to amateurs) that you must imitate a certain ever-popular living tenor, whose name has passed almost into a proverb as typical of the perfection of English singing. You *cannot* be a "Reeves" or a "Braham," therefore it is only waste of time and strength for you to try. But there is a great deal of music which neither a "Reeves" nor a "Braham" could sing, which is well within your reach; and more than that, there is a great deal of excellent music which, though you cannot sing it *like* them, you may render very effective in a totally different style. Very often a *pianissimo* is quite as expressive as a *fortissimo*, and grace and sweetness are frequently an excellent substitute for power and force. You must be content to recognize that the latter are out of your reach, and that the effects which you can produce are to be attained by other means.

However, while assuring you that power and force are not given to you, I do not mean to say that voices of your class need be at all inaudible in a space however large. The tone of a light tenor is generally clear, resonant, and penetrating; sometimes there is a metallic ring about it which is extremely pretty, if not forced.

A light tenor must be careful not to force up the lower register of his voice beyond its natural and easy limit. The charm of the voice is in the perfect blending together of the lower, middle, and upper registers, and to do this the upper notes of each register should be equally at command, as the upper notes of that register or the lower notes of the one above it. In order to attain this, the change from one register to another should generally be made considerably lower than the place where the real "break" in the voice comes. For instance, supposing the "break" to be on E♭, the singer should be able to change his register as low as B or B♭, and to take

all the notes between those two places, either in the upper or lower register, with equal effect.

In voices of this character there is often one note which requires to be *made*—*i. e.*, which is so naturally defective in tone and quality that it can only be produced effectively by imitating as nearly as possible the quality of the register above or below it. This note is generally E, F, F♯, or (sometimes) G, between the middle and upper registers; and if you find that you unfortunately have such a refractory note, remember not to try and force the tone of it from the next note above or below; *e. g.*, if your bad note is F, do not try to improve it by singing E well and then passing on to F; but try and form the note from the fifth above or below (whichever it happens to resemble most in tone). Rounden the refractory note—give it a full tone in practising, and produce it well from the chest, letting the sound reverberate from the centre of the roof of the mouth—neither too far back towards the throat, nor too much on the teeth. Your teacher, if he knows his business, will soon put you into the way of this. Voices vary so much that these very general remarks must suffice here; but each voice, if it has its peculiar difficulties, has also, doubtless, its peculiar charm; and for light tenors, rich in both charms and difficulties, the rule is all-important: Do not try to imitate anybody else, but let your aim be to do the best that can be done with such natural gifts as you may have, aided by the best training that you can procure for them.

Tenore Robusto.—The robust or strong tenor is the male voice corresponding to the mezzo-soprano of a female. It is not an uncommon voice, but is rarely met with in anything like perfection. A robust tenor voice of large compass and round full tone is a treasure of the utmost value. The fact is, that too frequently the possessor of a good voice of this kind, instead of taking care of it and training it for the future, begins using it too soon, strains and forces it into coarseness, and spoils it forever. People do not realize that a voice may be strong in quality and powerful in tone, and yet in itself be an excessively delicate thing to keep in order.

Moreover, voices of this kind in their youth frequently resemble barytones, and their owners, fired with ambition to rival some popular barytone singer, mistake their vocation, and shout and bellow on the very part of the voice—the upper "chest" register—which requires the tenderest nursing to fit it for future difficulties. Consequently, when the voice develops with age, and the singer finds that barytone work is too heavy for the lower part of the voice, and that he can without much difficulty extend his compass beyond the barytone limits, he discovers that what he has been using as the top of his voice is nearer the middle of it, and that the mode of using those notes which he has practised is excessively difficult, if not impossible, with those which now lie above them. The result is either the creation of a very awkward "break," which even time and practice can never entirely remove, or else (and this is a commoner case) the same process of forcing which has been employed hitherto is applied to the upper notes, as far as strength can take it! This is the reason why so many tenor singers are utterly unable to produce the real tenor "tone," and sound like barytones forced up to a higher compass. There is no sweetness in the upper notes so produced—nothing but force and noise; while the hapless perpetrator of the howls which represent high notes turns scarlet in the face, and quivers all over with his exertions. I therefore give to tenors

of this class exactly the same warning that I gave to soprani: Do not ignore the fact that you have three, or at all events two, distinct registers of the voice, the (so-called) "chest," "throat," and "head." Do not suppose, when you hear a great singer produce on a high note exactly the same quality of tone as he produced on a low one, that he did it exactly the same way, or "got it from the same place," as some people say. The perfection of his training and the diligence of his practice have enabled him to assimilate the quality of one register to that of another so completely as to deceive your ear. The proof that this is true may be found in inspecting a great deal of music written for and sung by the most famous operatic tenors of the past—the singers of that pure Italian school of which so few disciples now remain.

There are notes and passages in that music which no "chest" register could by any physical possibility execute, but some of which have been sung within the recollection even of the "rising generation" with all the effect intended, and with the very tone that critical slang calls "chest notes" (simply because it so closely resembles the tone of chest notes that few, if any, can detect that they are differently produced from the low notes).

I have entered into this at some length because it is a point which is more and more ignored by the singers and teachers of this generation. I might almost say that a school of singing exists the whole aim of which is to abolish the natural upper part of the voice, in order to stretch and force the one lower register up beyond its natural compass. I do not deny that in certain cases a voice results from this treatment which is powerful, effective, and capable of executing a good deal of music with much success and satisfaction to the performer; but for one case where this treatment so far succeeds, it fails in twenty to produce a voice both pleasing and useful; it is, moreover, in singers trained on this method that we most commonly hear the odious (and involuntary) trembling of the upper notes commonly called the *vibrato*.

Therefore, to sum up those who find, when their voices begin to form, that the natural quality of their voice is lighter than that of a bass, had better make up their minds at once to give the voice fair play, and let it alone for a time; then consult a good master, or one really experienced in hearing singers, as to what the future of the voice is to be. It is by no means easy always to decide at that early period whether the permanent quality of the voice will be tenor or barytone, and therefore it is folly to try and settle the question for yourself by singing, in untaught style, music which may prove to have been all along unsuited to you. Your patience in waiting till the voice really declares itself will amply repay you afterwards by the absence of the difficulties which too early a use of the voice would have created for you to overcome.

Barytone and Basso-Cantante.—The barytone voice is thus described in Stainer and Barrett's Dictionary of Musical Terms: "A voice of fuller quality than a tenor, and lighter than a bass, having a compass partly included in both. . . . . This voice has only been distinguished by name as being of a separate character within the present century. Early writers indicate its existence by the use of its special clef. The term barytone is unmeaning unless it be looked upon as a corruption of a barytenor; but it is quite possible it was borrowed from the instrument barytone or bardone, which occupied a place between the tenor and bass viols."

The derivation of the name from "barytenor" is slightly absurd, considering that half that extraordinary word is Greek and the other half Latin; whereas the name barytone is a Greek word, used by Aristotle, and meaning "deep-sounding."

The distinctive character which this voice has assumed within the present century is due, I believe, to the great change in the pitch of musical instruments which has taken place. In the last century the pitch was so much lower than that at present in use, that a "high barytone" was much the same as a "robust tenor." Consequently, music was not written exclusively for the barytone voice, its existence as a separate class of voice not being sufficiently recognized. Gradually, as the pitch was raised, the barytone separated itself clearly from other voices, and has now a repertoire of music and a style of singing of its own; and instead of appropriating tenor music, it, if anything, has stolen away some of the property of the bass; for the raising of the pitch which placed tenor music beyond the reach of a barytone has also rendered a good deal of music originally written for a bass far more suitable for a barytone, or at all events for a basso-cantante. I am well aware that by many musicians the basso-cantante is identified with the barytone. The distinction is so slight that it is not worth while to quarrel over names; but that the two voices are distinct I am persuaded. The basso-cantante is of fuller and rounder quality than the barytone proper; less flexible, less metallic in tone, and generally rather lower in compass. But the method of using both voices is the same, and for all purposes of amateur singers no distinction need be insisted upon. Professionals, however, who have to deal with heavy work on a large scale, will soon find that there is a good range of music more suited to the rich voice of greater volume and less flexibility (which I distinguished as the basso-cantante) than to the bright, flexible voice which has something of the tone of a full "tenore-robusto," and which is the barytone proper. Neither of these voices is much troubled with a "break," although there is a perceptible difference between the natural quality of the lower and upper octaves of the voice when quite uncultivated. This difference, however, which



makes itself felt in the region of these notes, is got rid of in practice without any of the same difficulty which is encountered by tenors or contralti in managing the decided breaks in their voices. The possessors of barytone voices may therefore be looked upon as having comparatively "easy times of it." There is a large repertoire of music at their disposal, including much of the most popular ballad music of this century and the last; the voice is generally a favorite with an audience; the style of barytone singing is undisputed, and the singer will not find himself violently criticised by the partisans of a rival school of singing to that in which he himself has been trained, which is inevitably the fate of tenors!

Only let him avoid the temptation to shout, and to sing up to the very top of his compass at full pitch. Unfortunately, an audience does like a noise, and appreciates plenty more than beauty of tone. It is tolerably easy for a barytone to be a showy singer, and therein lies the greatest danger to his chance of ever being a really good one. He must be content to go through his training quite as self-denyingly and perseveringly as any one else who is gifted with fewer natural advantages.

Bass.—Of the bass voice less need be

said here, not because it is a less important voice than any of the others, but because it is more generally known and better understood. A perfectly pure bass voice is, however, a rare thing. This voice has no upper register, properly speaking; the whole voice consisting of "chest" notes, and not admitting of even the process of developing upper notes of extraordinary quality, which is part of the training of a barytone or a basso-cantante. Power and richness are the chief qualities of charm in a bass, while flexibility and true intonation are the qualities most rarely found in that voice. The young singer who finds that he certainly is not meant by nature for a tenor, and also that with all his efforts the upper notes of a barytone are quite out of his reach, need not be discouraged by any lightness or thinness of quality in his voice from the hope that he may develop into a good bass. The full and rich quality of this voice is later in showing itself than is the case with any other voice, and the young singer must be content to study for some time with the compass of a bass and the quality of a kind of barytone, till Nature puts him in full possession of his powers. Only he must study bass music, and not try, because his voice is of barytone quality, to sing barytone music. Let him, on the contrary, avoid trying to extend the compass of his voice in the upper notes, and give his best attention to the lower ones. The upper ones will be well within his command in time, and if he will be content to let them alone at first, he may become a truly "celebrated bass;" but, if he persists in shouting at them now, he will never have anything but coarse upper notes, only fit to be heard in "comic" songs at the Music Halls.

Buffo.—The last remark reminds me that I have said nothing about a class of bass singers very useful in certain Italian and French operas—the *buffo*, or comic bass. The development of voice with these singers is of less consequence than the study of a peculiar style, a good deal of the point of their songs consisting in the entire elimination of anything like musical tone from many notes and passages. A clever and good buffo singer may very likely be able to sing other music well, but the style is so entirely dramatic and so utterly out of place anywhere except on the stage, that no amateur should ever attempt it, and no professional should appear *in a concert-room* as the exponent of such music. Therefore, for those who wish to sing, any remarks on the peculiarities of a buffo bass would be superfluous; those who wish to study that line as a profession, for stage work, must learn all that they need from a regular dramatic teacher; while those who wish to execute English "comic" songs may spare themselves any anxiety as to their voices: if they have any voice naturally, "comic" singing will soon destroy its charm, and that will not matter to them, for the last thing necessary to sing a "comic" song is the possession of a voice of any kind. Therefore, if you have a bass (or any other voice, indeed), avoid "comic" songs, and leave the "buffo" business to those who can do nothing better.

Qualities of Voice, Good and Bad.—It may not be unwelcome to the student to have pointed out to him those qualities of voice which are to be aimed at or cultivated, and also those which are to be avoided or overcome.

The charms of a voice are found among the following qualities: clearness, sweetness, evenness, flexibility, power, extent of compass, variety, brilliancy, firmness, persuasiveness.

On the opposite side must be ranked roughness, huskiness, feebleness (or want of

power), shrillness (or want of depth), hardness and want of flexibility, dulness, or want of "ring," etc.

It is, of course, impossible for any one voice to unite in itself all these merits or all these defects; and you cannot give yourself merit which Nature has withheld; but you may marvellously improve what natural merits you have, and do wonders in overcoming any difficulties which Nature has placed in your way.

ON INSTRUCTION, SINGING-MASTERS, AND TUTORS.

THE voice, and how to use it, is a subject which has troubled many minds, and no doubt this will continue to be the case; but the difficult problem will not be solved by running to pettifogging teachers, who advertise to teach all that is known of singing, and a little more, in twelve easy lessons, without previous knowledge or practice at home, for the small fee of five dollars! Let it be stated once for all: singing cannot be taught in twelve easy lessons, and can scarcely be acquired in one hundred very severe lessons. Therefore distrust at once any one who holds out so tempting a bait to you; remember that there is no "royal road" to singing, any more than there is to the acquirement of any other art; and the person who tells you that he can teach you to do without trouble that which costs great artists the study of a lifetime, proclaims himself, *ipso facto*, to be a humbug.

Schools of Singing.—There are several so-called Schools of Singing. There is a French School, which for any language but French is bad, and which very seldom turns out a pleasing singer. There is a German School, which is worse, being simply the production of coarse noise. Some people say that there is an English School. I hope there may be some day, but at present its existence is rather doubtful, unless those who talk of an English school of singing mean the Cathedral style—which for solo work is detestable—or the old school of Oratorio singing, with its Handelian traditions, which was not an English, but an Italian, and the best Italian, school.

In fact, there is but one school of singing in the world, and that is the Italian. Whatever language you wish to sing in, whatever style of music you wish to study principally, you must train your voice, produce it, and learn to use it in the Italian method, if you hope ever to deserve the name of a singer.

Masters.—If possible, study only under a master whom you know to have lived in Italy, and to have studied there for some years under some good master or in some good Conservatoire—Naples, Milan, and Florence generally supply the best. A good singer is not necessarily a good teacher, nor is it necessary for a first-class teacher to be able to sing at all. Nor need you necessarily look for your master among foreigners with fine sounding names. There are two or three good teachers of singing in this country who are foreigners; but there is also some native talent equally capable of teaching singing, as it is accepted in this country at the present time.

Bad Lessons.—Never take a bad singing lesson till you know how to sing. You may then do so (if you care to), and learn the "how not to do it" of singing. It is commonly supposed that the earliest singing lessons may be administered by any "dabbler," and the last touches given afterwards by a "finishing master." Never was there a greater error. Pay your high prices first, and your low prices afterwards. If you cannot afford to have good instruction in beginning to sing, you will be still less able to take it afterwards, for artistic rea-

sons. Remember that every bad singing lesson which you take hardens old faults and creates new ones, and, moreover, takes you farther and farther away from your original starting-point. So, when you begin under the right man and the right method, you have to *undo* all this that you have expended toil and money to acquire.

Bad Teachers.—It is astonishing how much money is wasted by people who want to sing, through not going at once to the fountain-head for the necessary training. Because a man is a musician many people conclude that he must necessarily be able to teach singing! Such an idea is scarcely less monstrous than that of a man being a good physician and consequently competent to amputate a limb, or to take out and reset an eye. Do not follow this "multitude to do evil." Be as careful in inquiring about your singing-master as you would be about your doctor. Everywhere there are "professors" whose knowledge of singing stops at professing—the class of people who (very likely) keep a music-shop, tune your piano, play polkas and waltzes for your evening parties, and have a brass plate on their doors to this effect:

> MR. HANDEL MOSCHELES IGNAZIO JONES,
> PROFESSOR OF THE PIANOFORTE, HARMONY,
> THE VIOLIN, ITALIAN, AND SINGING.

All honorable professions, no doubt; but to profess to combine them all is dishonorable, and insulting to the common sense of those who know anything of any one of the subjects professed. A singing-master, if he is worth anything, must be a man of one trade—singing. For the teaching of singing is a "specialty," and the man who can teach it *properly* is not likely to be a man of all (musical) work.

Books of Exercises, etc.—There are numerous "Singing Tutors" published, giving rules, exercises, *solfeggi*, etc. Many of these are excellent, and some nearly perfect. But all alike are useless or worse than useless to the tyro, without a master. You might as well suppose that a child could learn to be a carpenter by having some fine wood and a box of good tools.

I have before observed that voices vary as faces do; no two are exactly alike, each voice having its peculiar merit and its peculiar defect. Now, a good master will treat each voice on its own merit, and not place it at first on the Procrustean bed of a book of rules and exercises. He will probably write down his own exercises expressly for his pupil, and if not that, he will select certain exercises from the book, and forbid others to be attempted for a time. You must also let your master select such a book for you, so that you may have one in which the rules do not contradict those which he has already given you verbally, or else you will be perplexed with a multitude of counsellors.
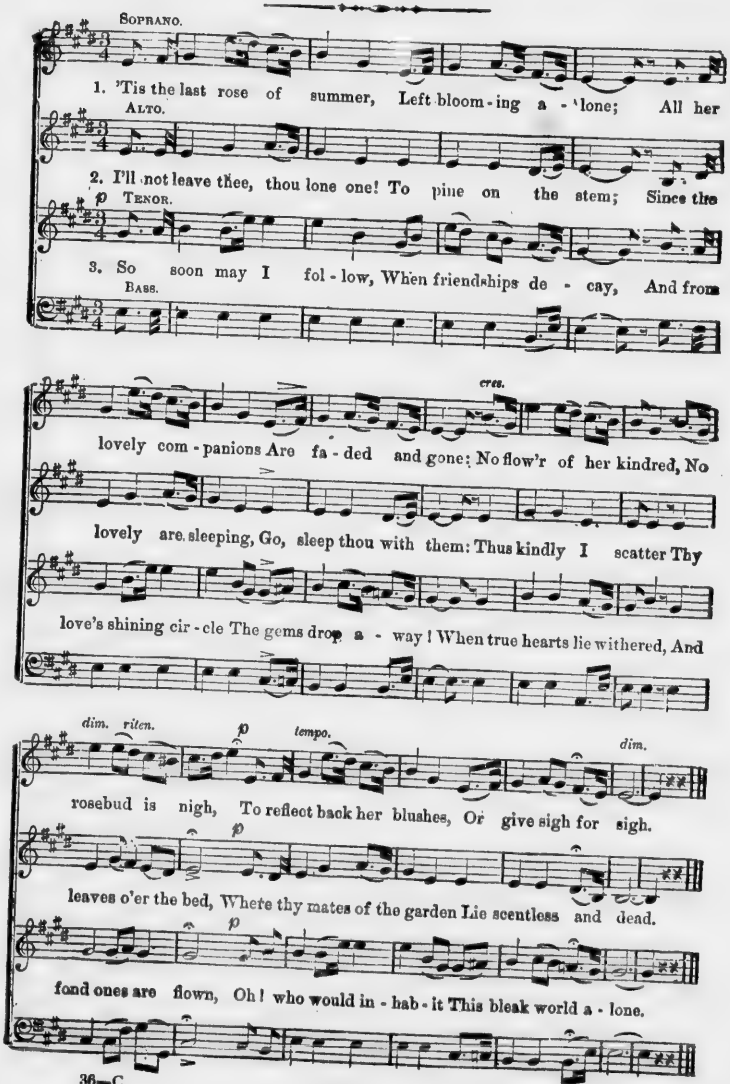
It is not till a certain stage in singing has been reached, under the training of a master, that any book of exercises can be of service to you. When that stage is reached, you will find such a work of great use in a part of your labors.

ON THE PRACTICE OF SINGING.

REMEMBER that the voice is of all instruments the most difficult one to study, and to bring perfectly under control, especially for the first year or two. Do not attempt to cultivate it with the view to professional remuneration, unless you can set apart at least two hours daily for most careful study, and can also afford to wait at least eight or ten years for any *substantial* pecuniary reward for your labors.
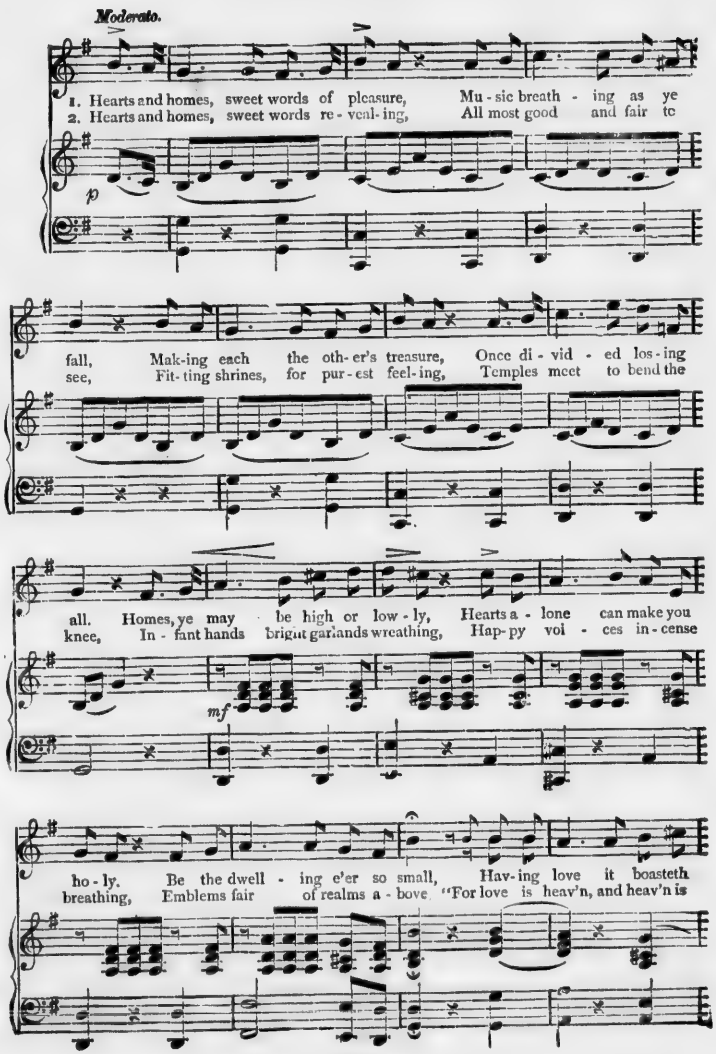
The Last Rose of Summer.
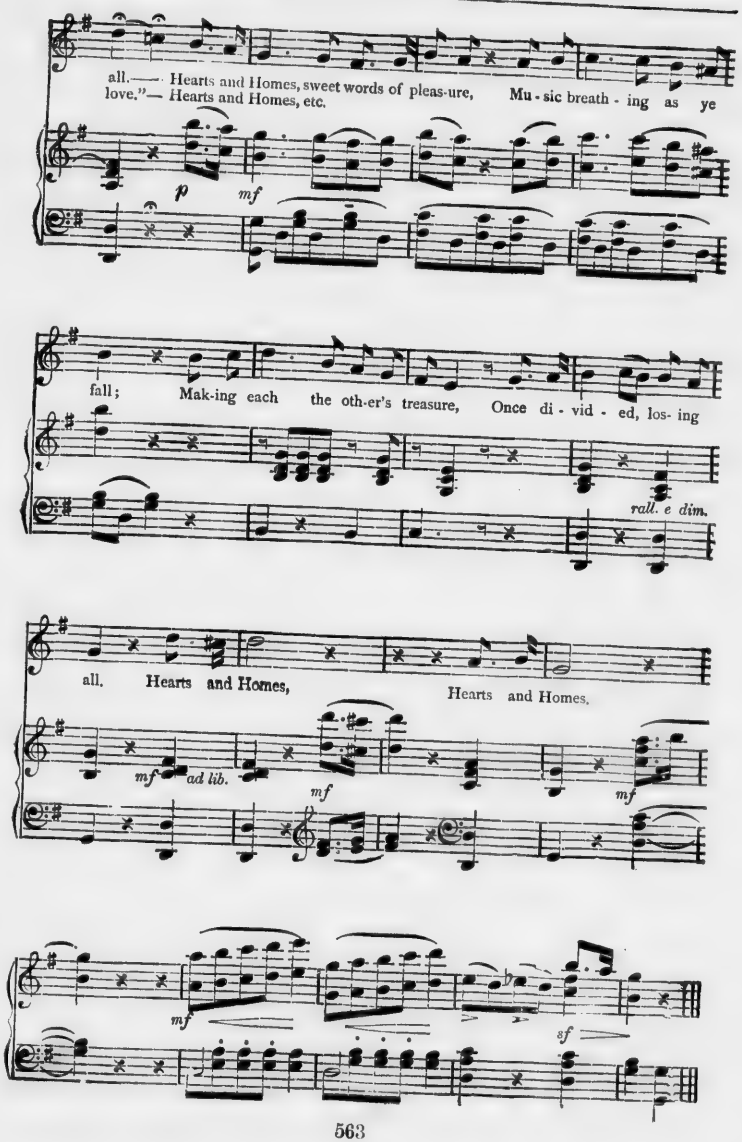
FLOTOW.



Hearts and Homes.
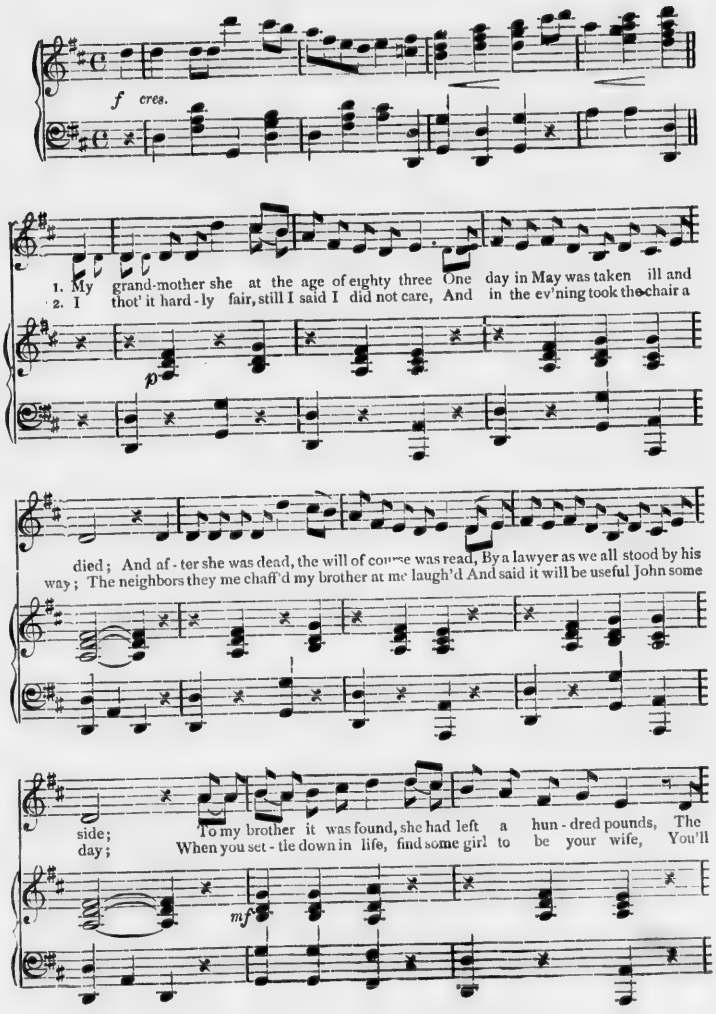
J. BLOCKLEY.
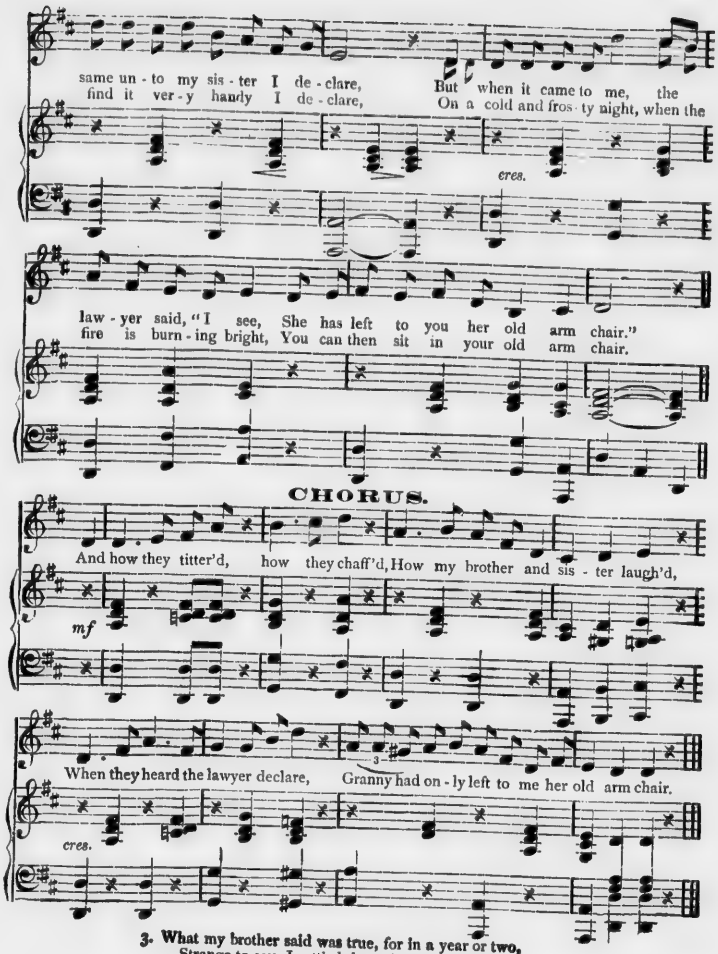



all.— Hearts and Homes, sweet words of pleas-ure, Mu-sic breath-ing as ye
love."— Hearts and Homes, etc.
p
mf
fall; Mak-ing each the oth-er's treasure, Once di-vid-ed, los-ing
rall. e dim.
all. Hearts and Homes, Hearts and Homes.
mf
ad lib.
mf
mf
mf
sf

Grandmother's Chair.

Written, Composed and Sung by JOHN READ.
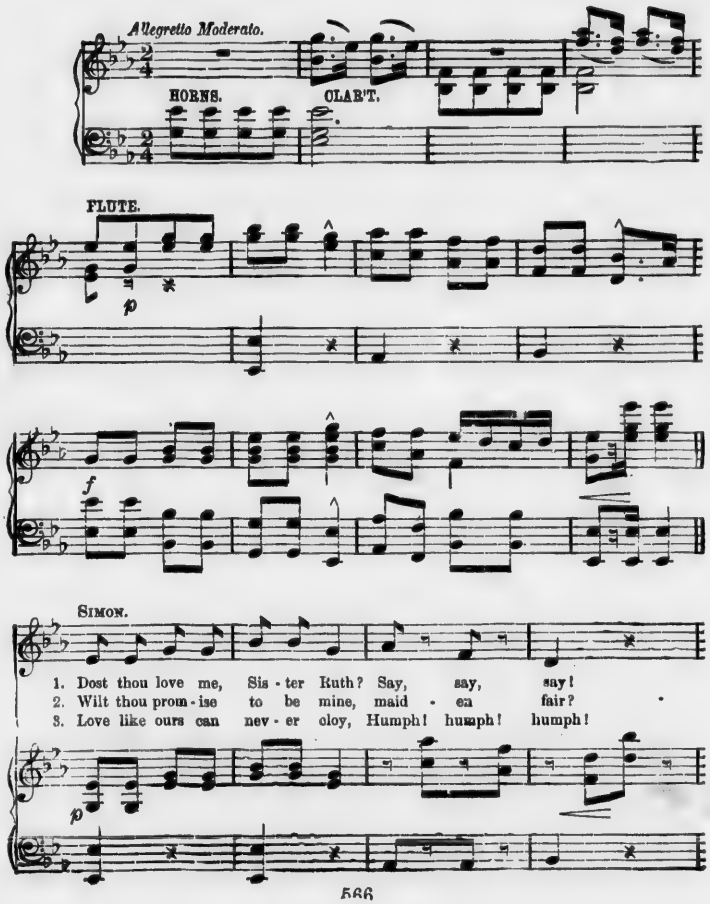




3. What my brother said was true, for in a year or two,
Strange to say, I settled down in married life;
I first a girl did court, and then the ring I bought,
Took her to church and when she was my wife;
The old girl and me, were as happy as could be,
For when my work was over I declare,
I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night would stay at home,
And be seated in my old arm chair.—CHORUS.

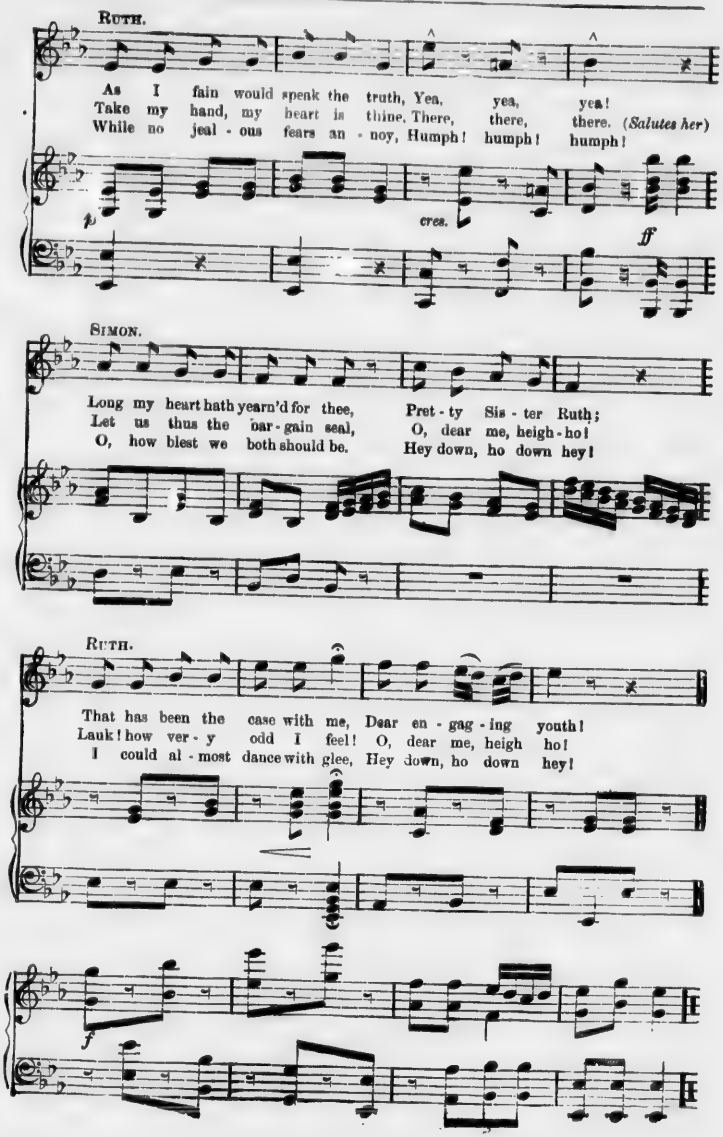
4. One night the chair fell down, when I pick'd it up I found
The seat had fallen out upon the floor;
And there to my surprise I saw before my eyes,
A lot of notes, two thousand pounds or more;
When my brother heard of this, the fellow I confess,
Went nearly mad with rage, and tore his hair.
But I only laughed at him, then said unto him "Jem,
Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?—CHORUS.

Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth?

COMIC DUET.

JOHN PARRY.
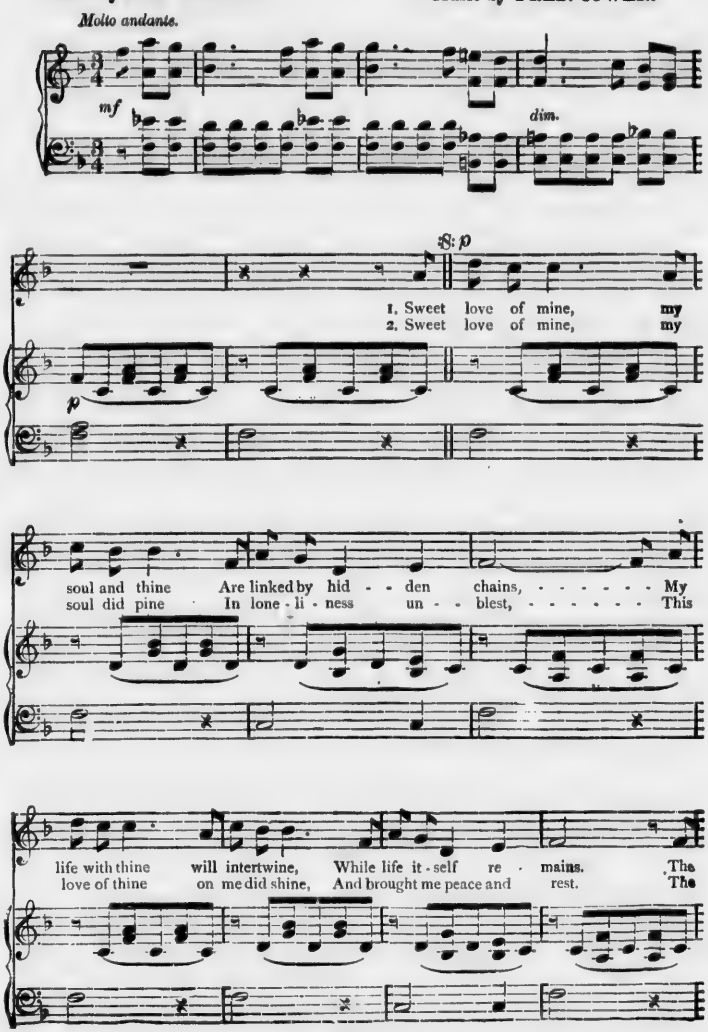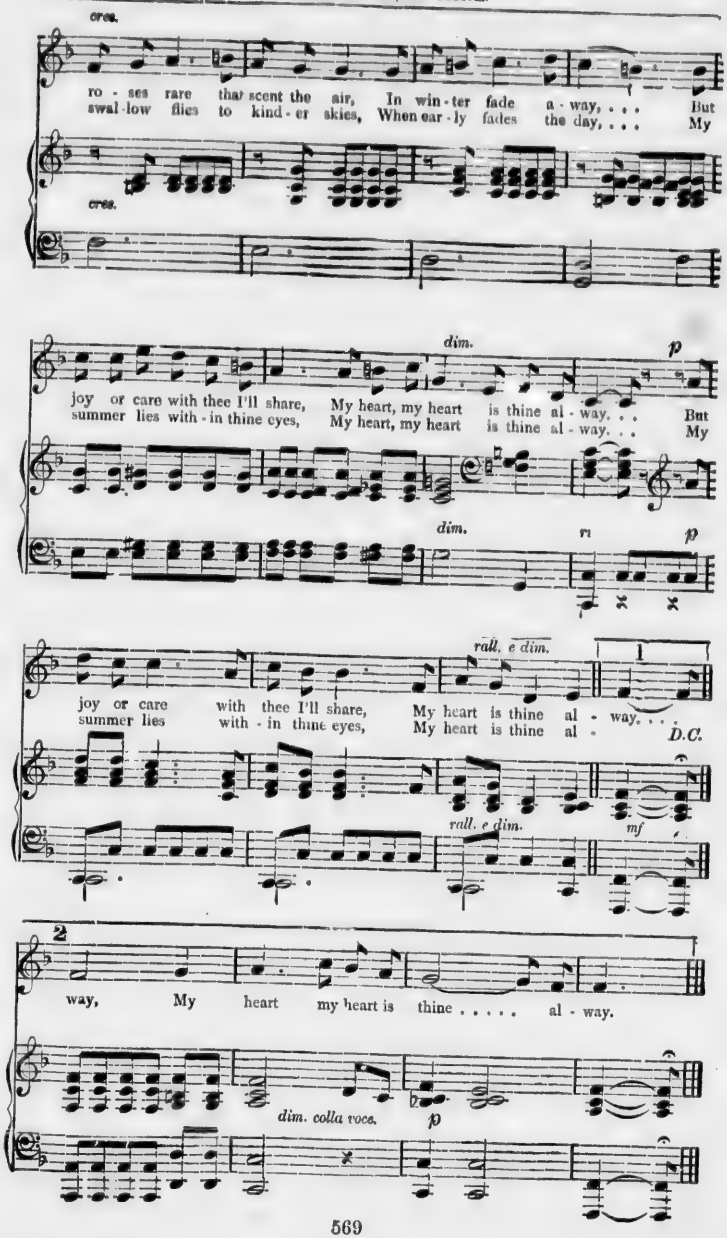



RUTH.
As I fain would speak the truth, Yea, yea, yea!
Take my hand, my heart is thine. There, there, there. (Salutes her)
While no jeal - ous fears an - noy, Humph! humph! humph!
p
cres.
ff
SIMON.
Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee, Pret - ty Sis - ter Ruth;
Let us thus the bar - gain seal, O, dear me, heigh - ho!
O, how blest we both should be. Hey down, ho down hey!
RUTH.
That has been the case with me, Dear en - gag - ing youth!
Lauk! how ver - y odd I feel! O, dear me, heigh ho!
I could al - most dance with glee, Hey down, ho down hey!
f

Sweet Love of Mine.

SONG.
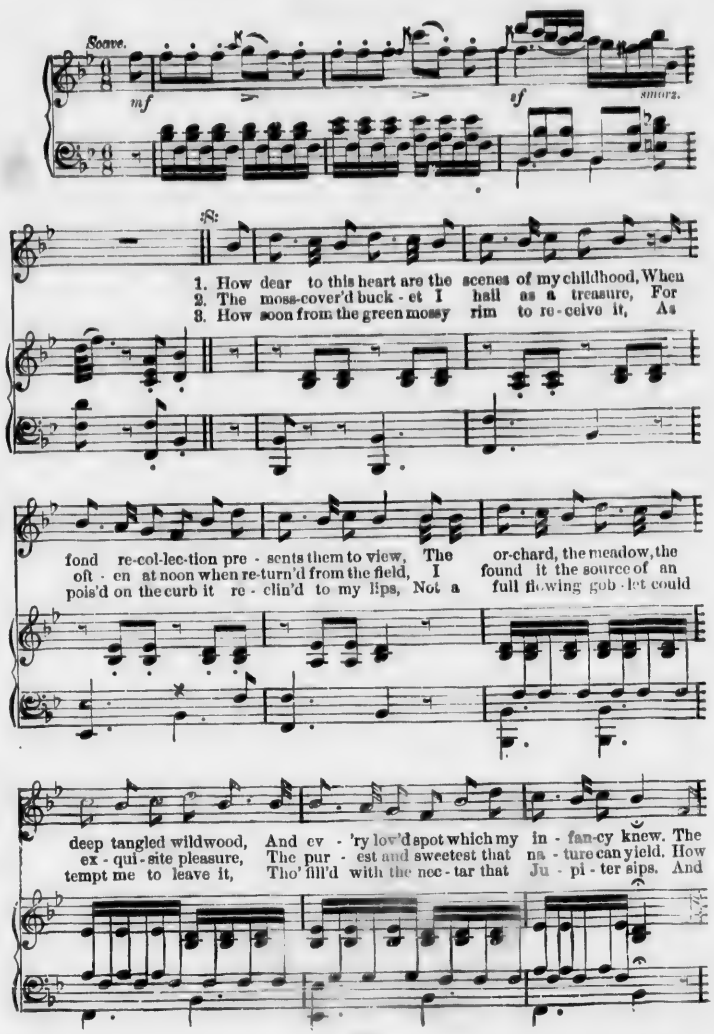
Words by S. M. SAMUEL. **Music by FRED. COWEN.**
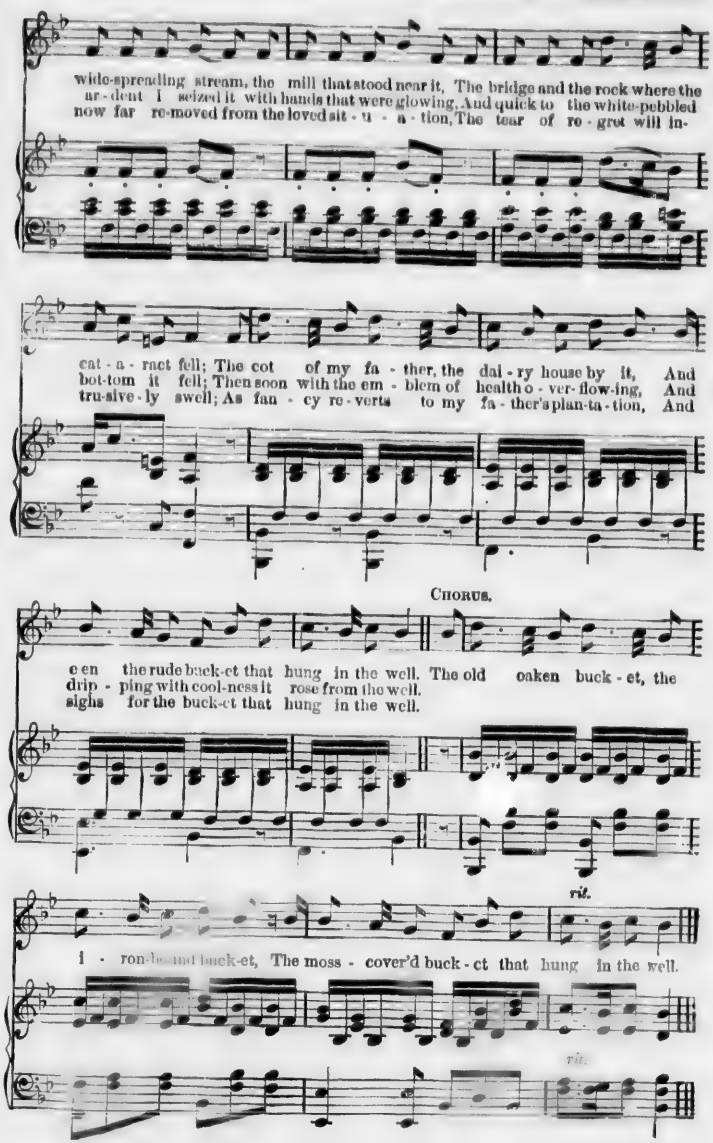



cres.
ro - ses rare that scent the air, In win - ter fade a - way, . . . But
swal - low flies to kind - er skies, When ear - ly fades the day, . . . My
cres.
dim.
p
joy or care with thee I'll share, My heart, my heart is thine al - way. . . But
summer lies with - in thine eyes, My heart, my heart is thine al - way. . . My
dim.
rall. e dim.
1
joy or care with thee I'll share, My heart is thine al - way. . .
summer lies with - in thine eyes, My heart is thine al -
D.C.
rall. e dim.
mf
2
way, My heart my heart is thine . . . . . al - way.
dim. colla voce.
p

The Old Oaken Bucket.

KIALLMARK.
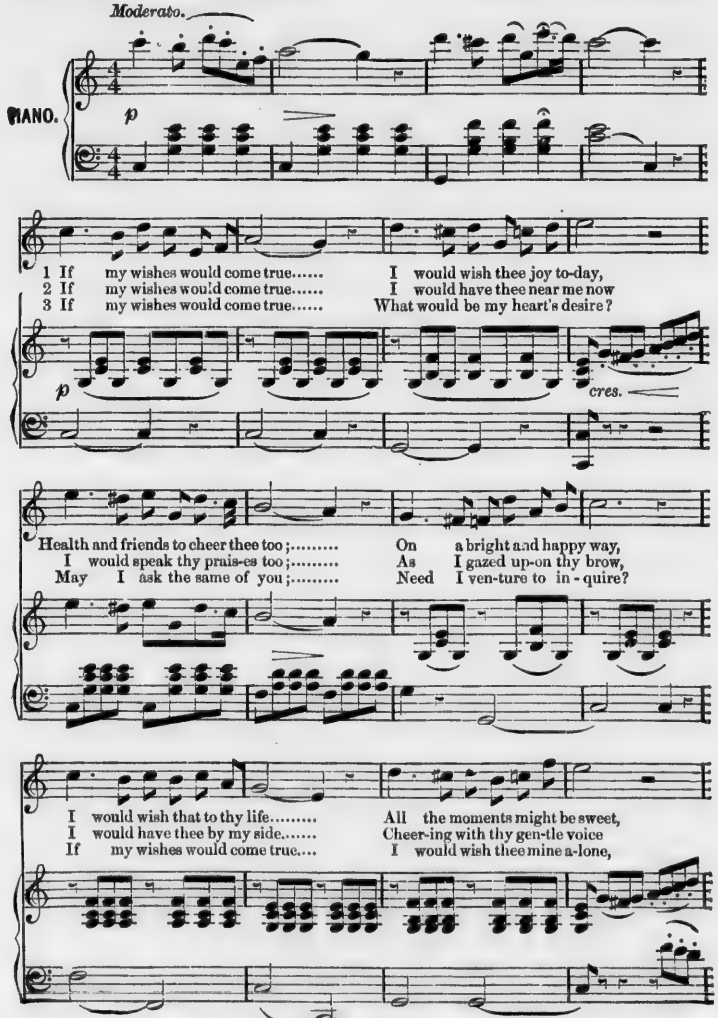



wide-spreading stream, the mill that stood near it, The bridge and the rock where the
ar-dent I seized it with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-pebbled
now far re-moved from the loved sit-u-a-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-
cat-a-ract fell; The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry house by it, And
bot-tom it fell; Then soon with the em-blem of health o-ver-flow-ing, And
tru-sive-ly swell; As fan-cy re-verts to my fa-ther's plan-ta-tion, And
Chorus.
e en the rude buck-et that hung in the well. The old oaken buck-et, the
drip-ping with cool-ness it rose from the well.
sighs for the buck-et that hung in the well.
rit.
i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cover'd buck-et that hung in the well.
rit.
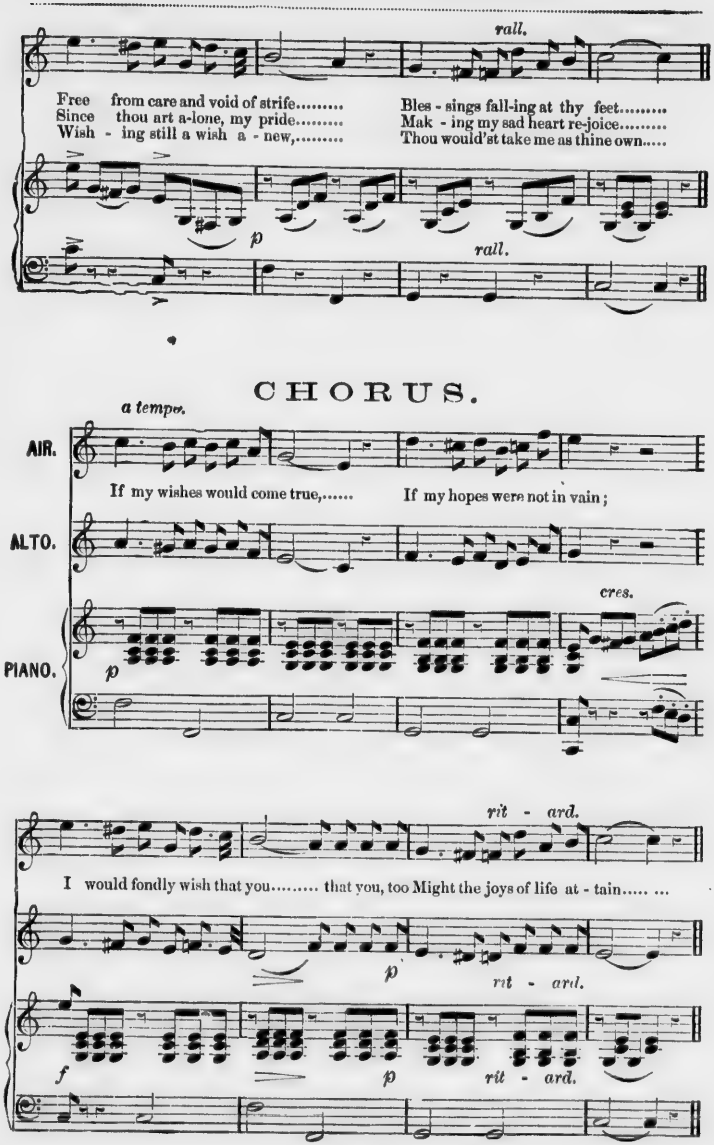
If my Wishes would Come True.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE. Music by SEP. WINNER.
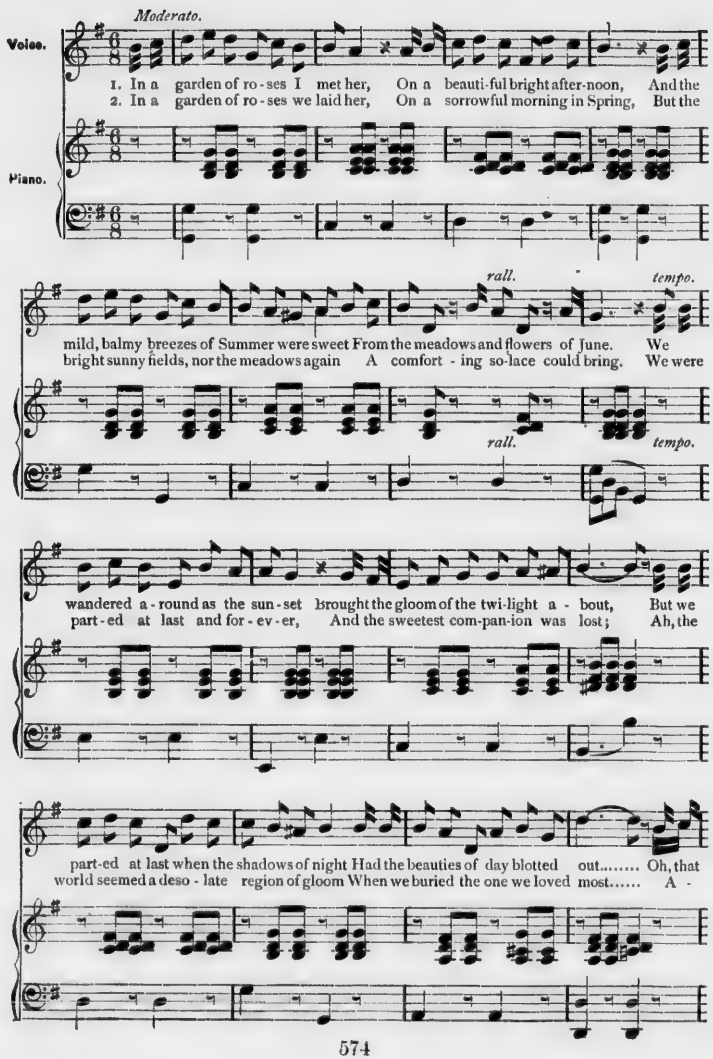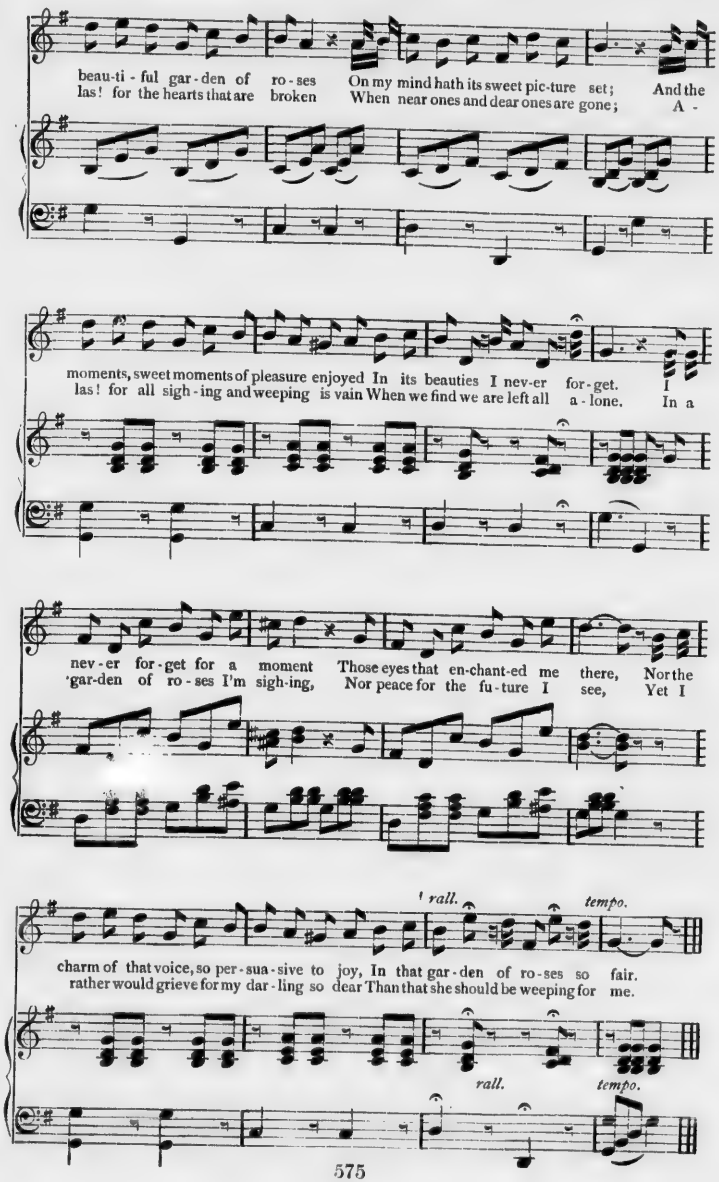


By per. SEP. WINNER.


rall.
Free from care and void of strife.....
Since thou art a-lone, my pride.....
Wish - ing still a wish a - new,.....
Bles - sings fall-ing at thy feet.....
Mak - ing my sad heart re-joice.....
Thou would'st take me as thine own.....
p
rall.
CHORUS.
a tempo.
AIR.
If my wishes would come true,.....
If my hopes were not in vain;
ALTO.
cres.
PIANO.
p
rit - ard.
I would fondly wish that you..... that you, too Might the joys of life at - tain..... ...
p
rit - ard.
f
p
rit - ard.

A Garden of Roses.
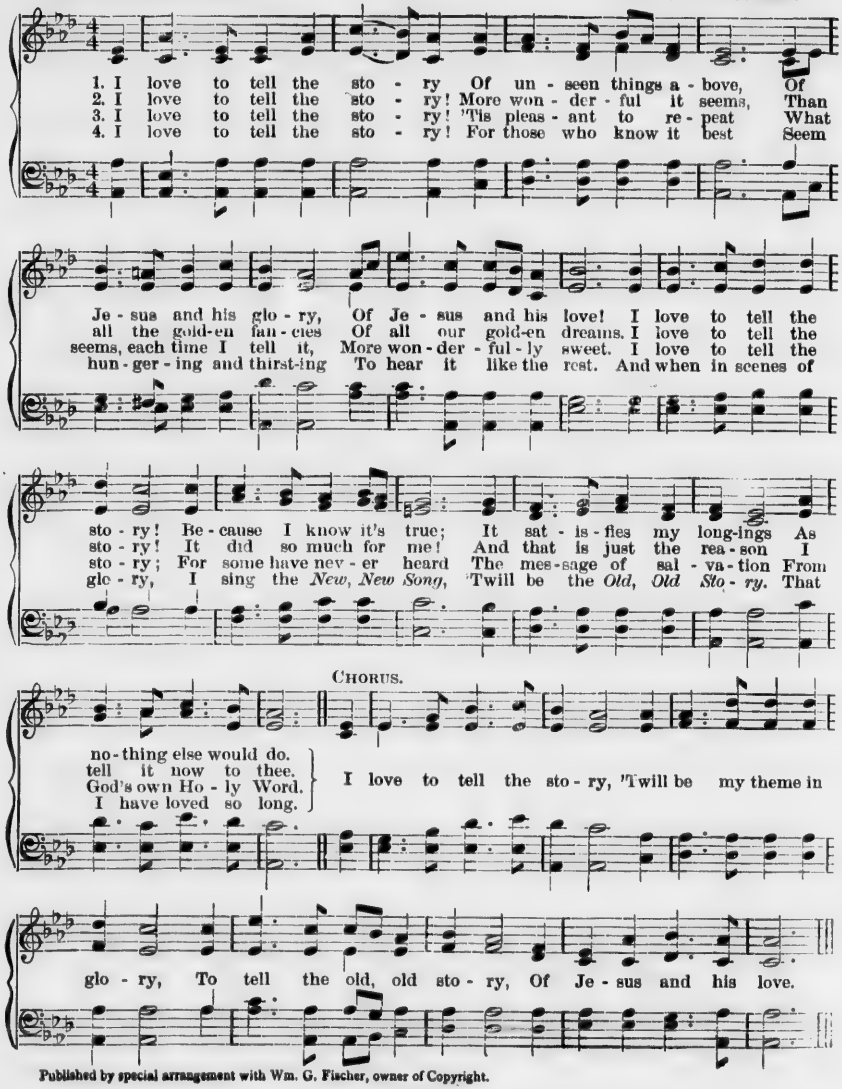
Words and Music by ALICE HAWTHORNE.




beau-ti-ful gar-den of ro-ses On my mind hath its sweet pic-ture set; And the
las! for the hearts that are broken When near ones and dear ones are gone; A -
moments, sweet moments of pleasure enjoyed In its beauties I nev-er for-get. I
las! for all sigh-ing and weeping is vain When we find we are left all a-lone. In a
nev-er for-get for a moment Those eyes that en-chant-ed me there, Nor the
'gar-den of ro-ses I'm sigh-ing, Nor peace for the fu-ture I see, Yet I
rall.
tempo.
charm of that voice, so per-sua-sive to joy, In that gar-den of ro-ses so fair.
rather would grieve for my dar-ling so dear Than that she should be weeping for me.
rall.
tempo.

I Love to Tell the Story.
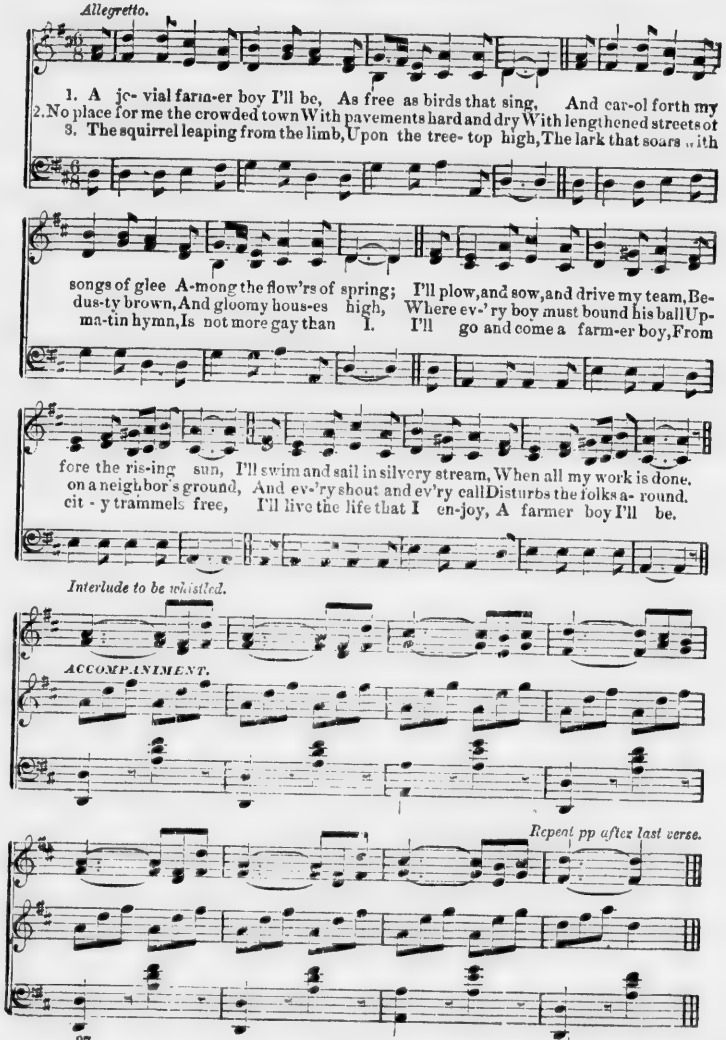
Miss KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER.



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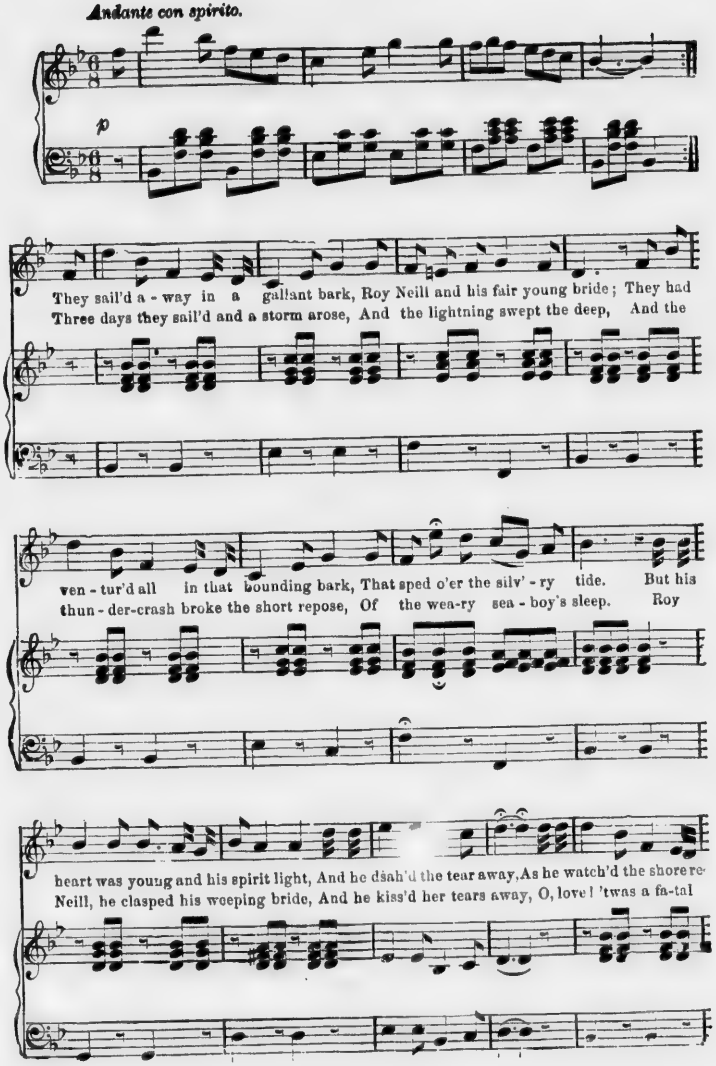
The Jovial Farmer Boy.

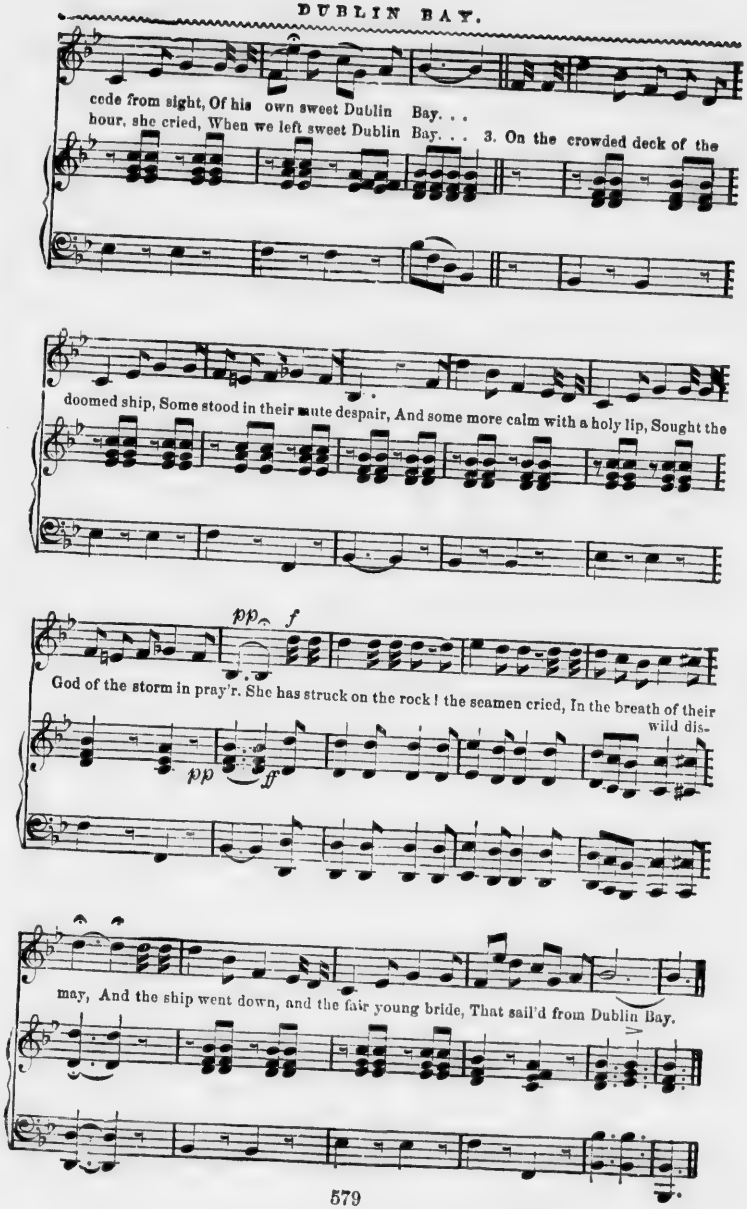
Arr. from "Trumpet of Reform." By per.



Dublin Bay.
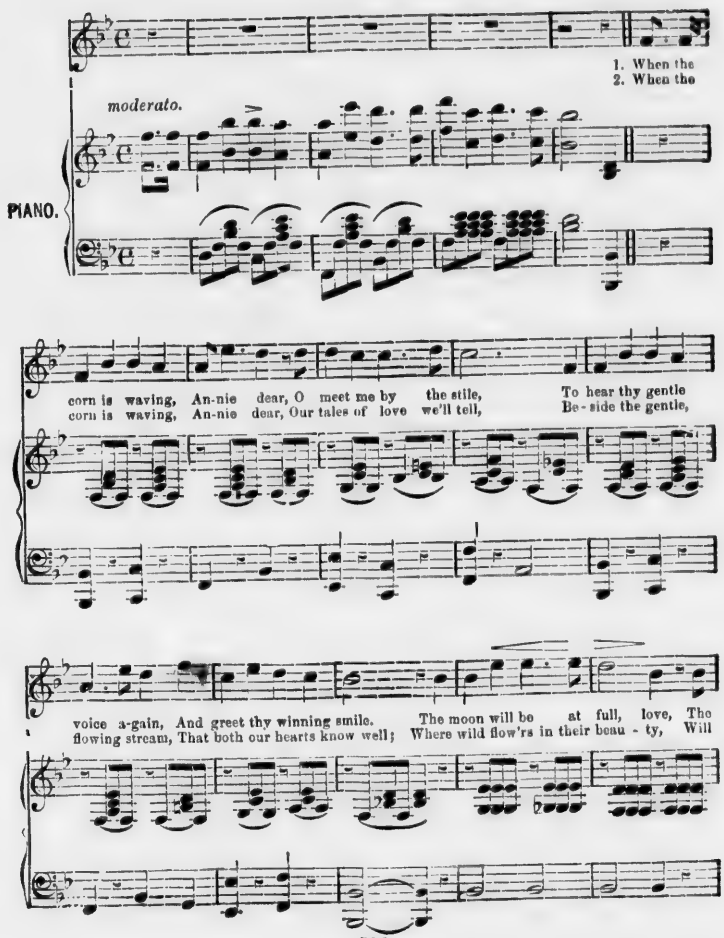
Andante con spirito.

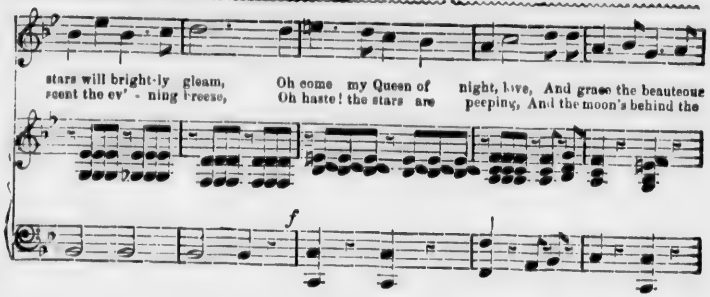



cede from sight, Of his own sweet Dublin Bay. . .
hour, she cried, When we left sweet Dublin Bay. . . 3. On the crowded deck of the
doomed ship, Some stood in their mute despair, And some more calm with a holy lip, Sought the
pp f
God of the storm in pray'r. She has struck on the rock! the seamen cried, In the breath of their
wild dis-
pp ff
may, And the ship went down, and the fair young bride, That sail'd from Dublin Bay.
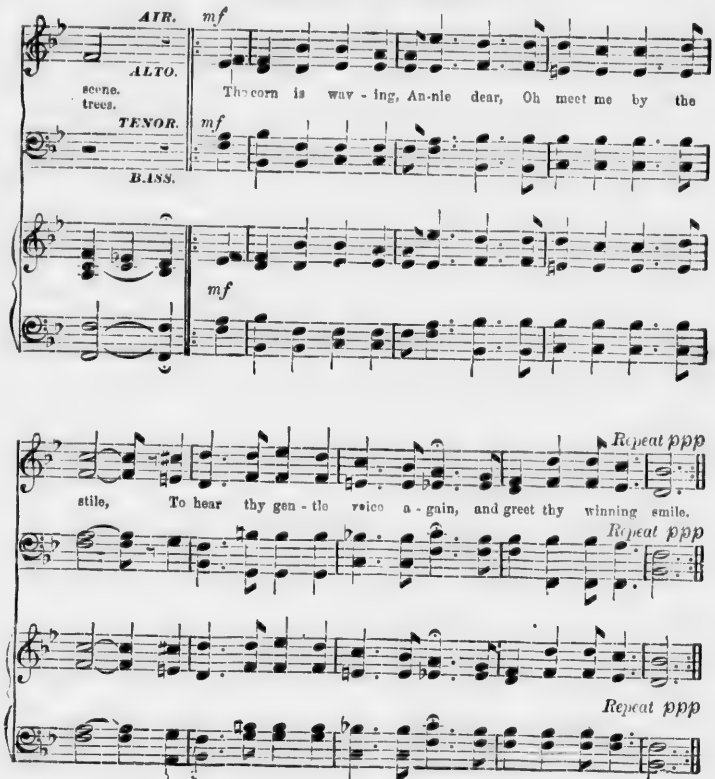
When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear.

Words and Music by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.




stars will bright-ly gleam, Oh come my Queen of night, live, And grace the beauteous
scent the ev' - ning breeze, Oh haste! the stars are peeping, And the moon's behind the
f
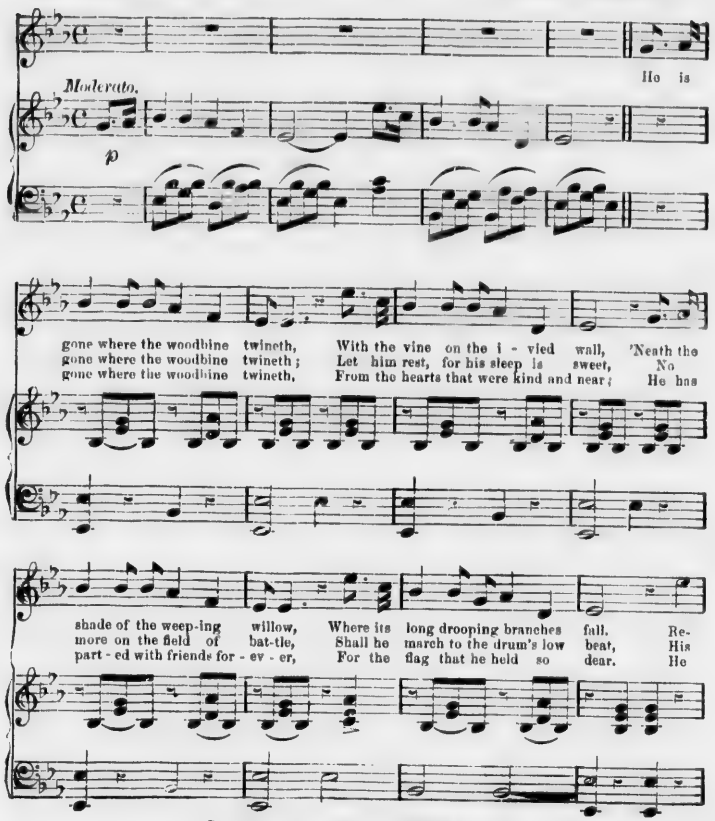
CHORUS.


AIR.
mf
ALTO.
scene.
trees.
The corn is wav - ing, An-nie dear, Oh meet me by the
TENOR.
mf
BASS.
mf
Repeat ppp
stile, To hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, and greet thy winning smile.
Repeat ppp
Repeat ppp
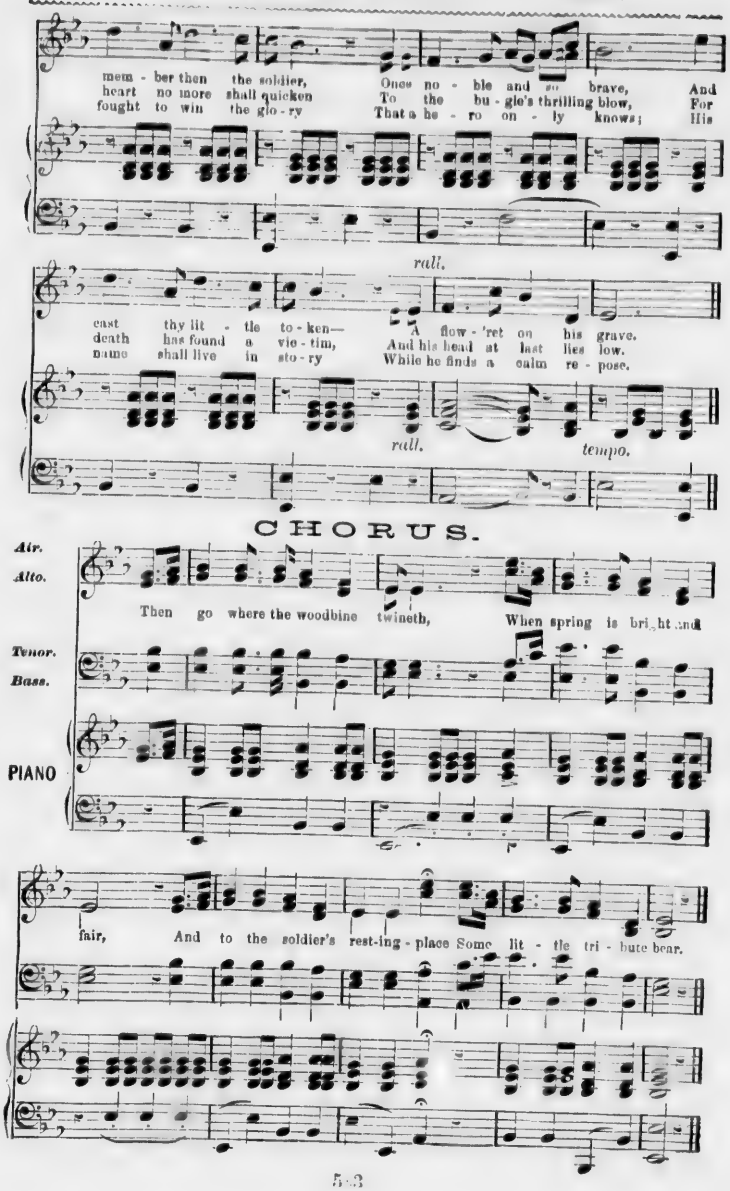
Gone Where the Woodbine Twineth.

SONG AND CHORUS.

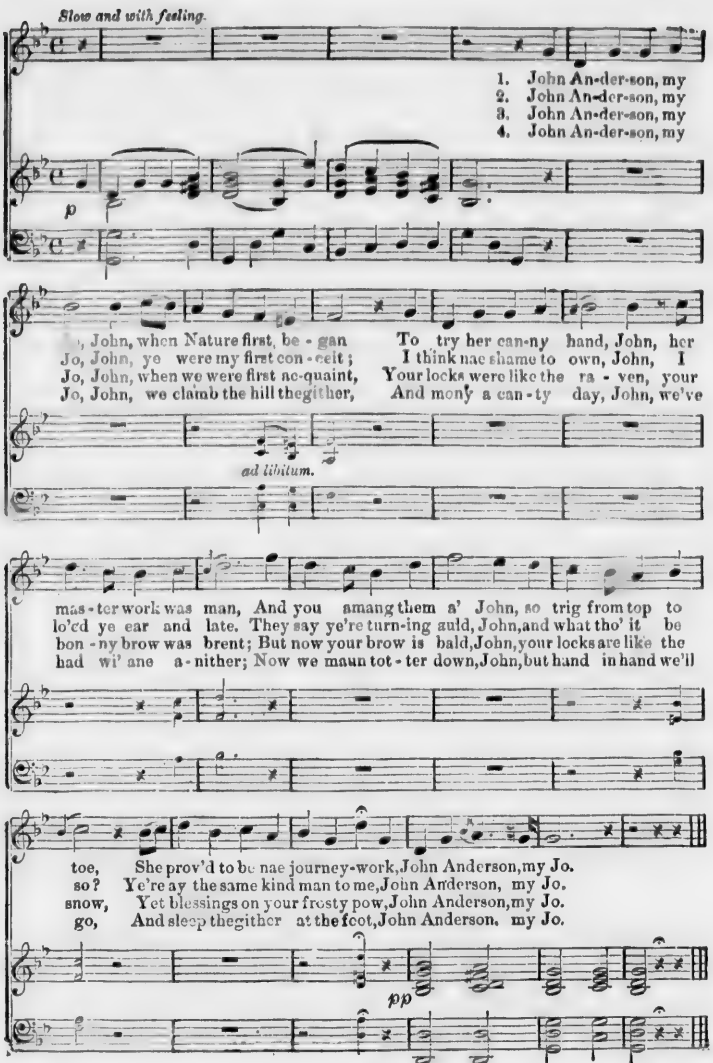
Arranged for the Piano-Forte. By APSLEY STREET.



By permission of SEP. WINNER & SON.

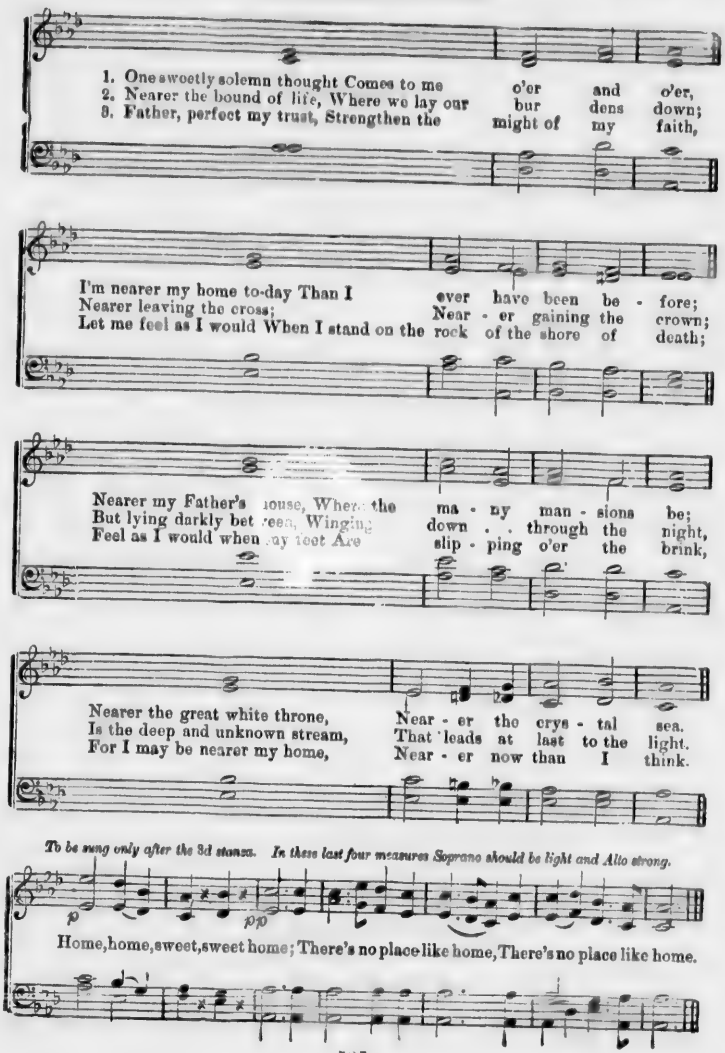

mem - ber then the soldier, Once no - ble and so brave, And
heart no more shall quicken To the bu - gle's thrilling blow, For
fought to win the glo - ry That a he - ro on - ly knows; His
rall.
cast thy lit - tle to - ken— A flow - 'ret on his grave.
death has found a vic - tim, And his head at last lies low.
name shall live in sto - ry While he finds a calm re - pose.
rall.
tempo.
CHORUS.
Air.
Alto.
Then go where the woodbine twineth, When spring is bright and
Tenor.
Bass.
PIANO
fair, And to the soldier's rest-ing - place Some lit - tle tri - bute bear.

John Anderson, My Jo.
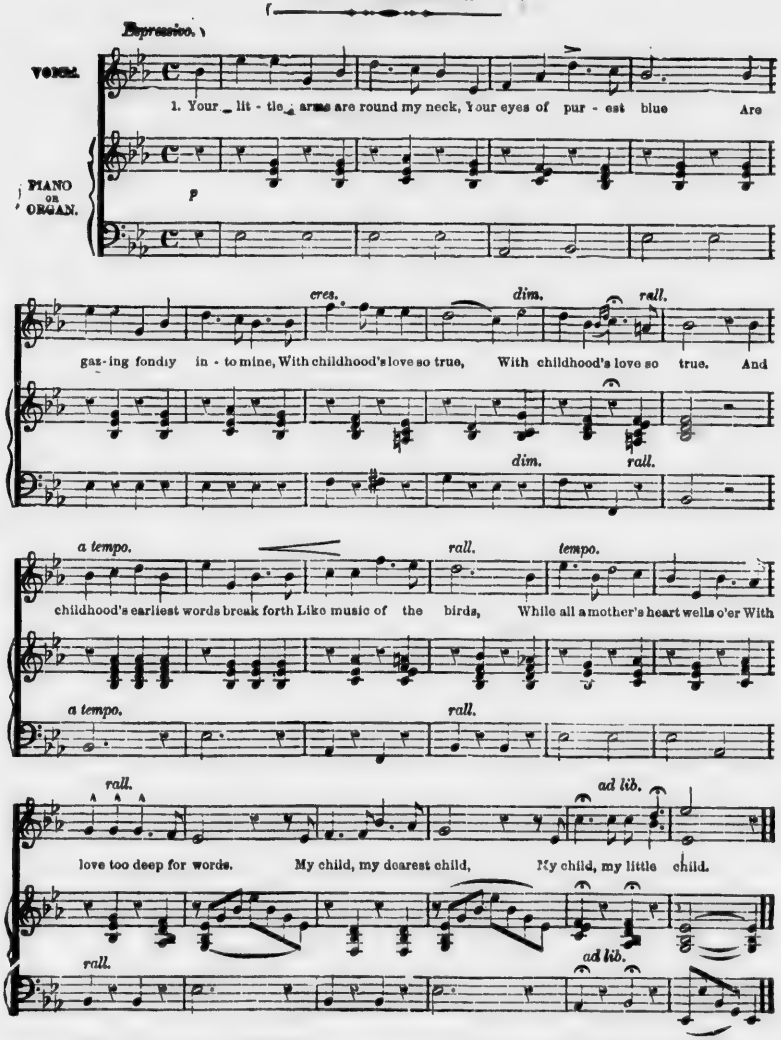


One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

CARY. PALMER.



My Little Child.
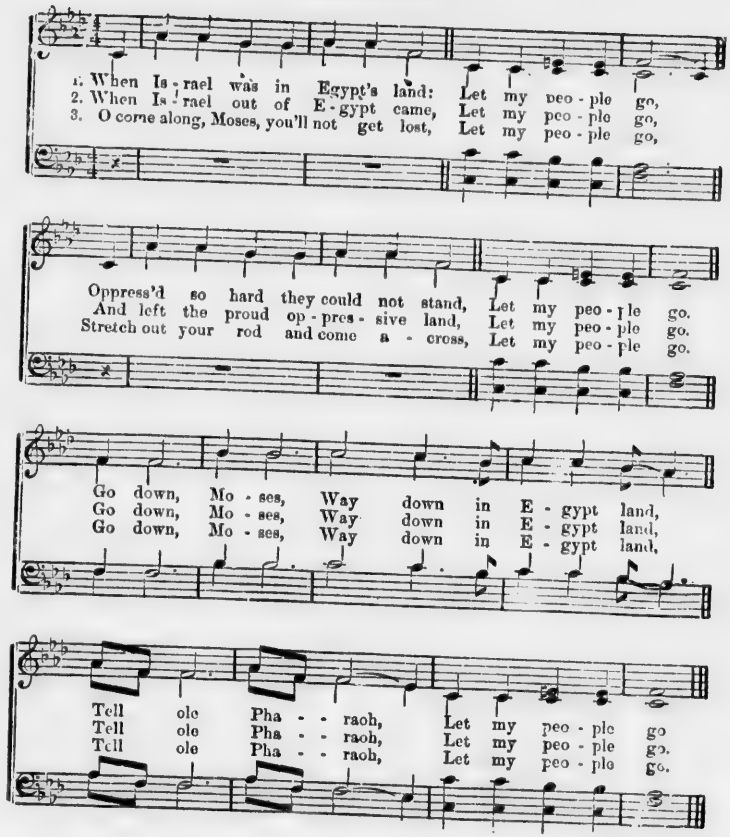
W. T. WRIGHTON.



2. Against my cheek your cheek is press'd,
A rose-leaf soft and warm,
My arm is girdled round your waist,
|: To shield your tender form. :|
Yet, in the far-off years to come,
What changes we may see;
I may become the feeble child,
Your arms encircle me.
My child, etc.

3. Tears, burning tears, may dim these eyes,
Dark cares o'ercloud my path;
For who can tell what smiles or tears
|: The unseen future hath? :|
So let them come, I will not shrink,
But still to God give praise,
If He but spare my little child
To cheer my latest days.
My child, etc.

Go Down, Moses.



4.

As Israel stood by the water side,
Let my people go,
At the command of God it did divide,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

5.

Pharaoh said he would go across,
Let my people go,
But Pharaoh and his host were lost,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

6.
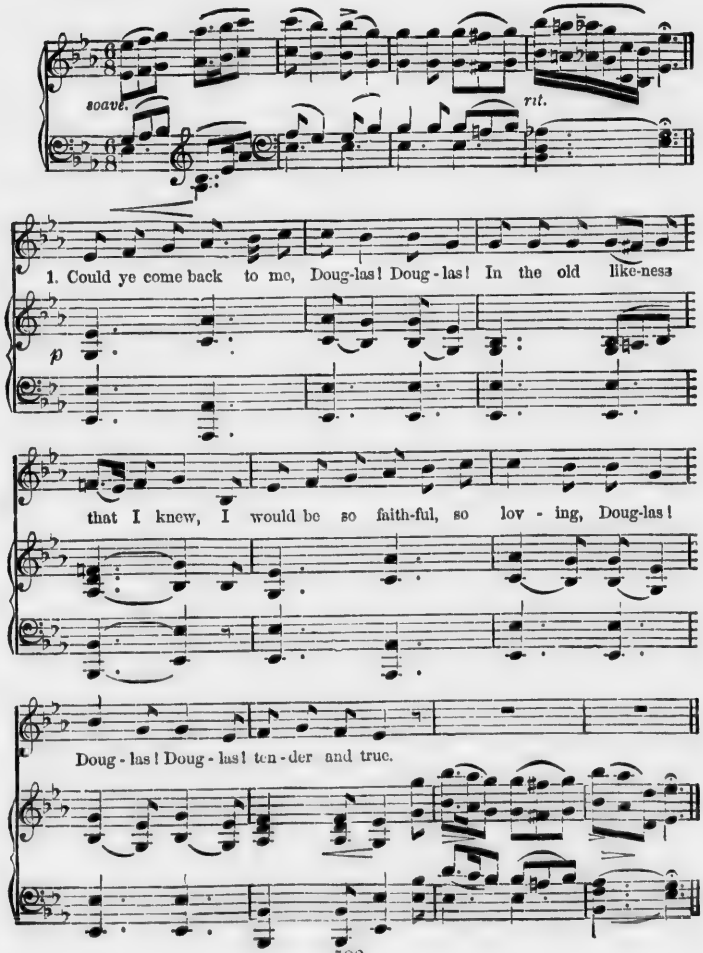
O bretheren, bretheren, you had better be engaged,
Let my people go.
For the devil he's out on a big rampage,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.
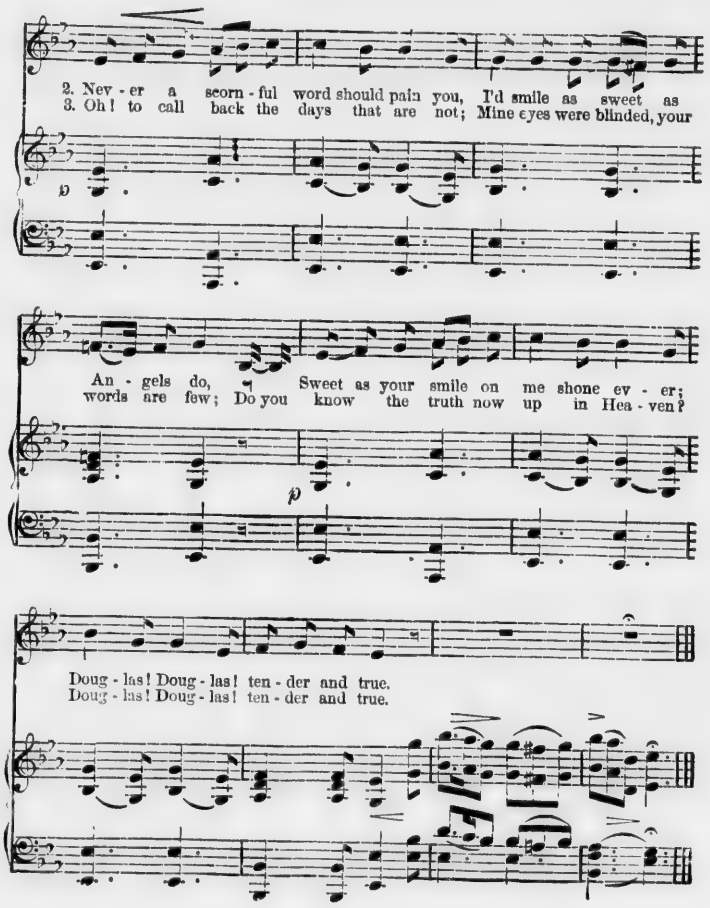
7.

O take your shoes from off yer feet,
Let my people go,
And walk into the golden street,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

Douglas, Tender and True.

Words by MISS MULOCK. Music by LADY JOHN SCOTT.
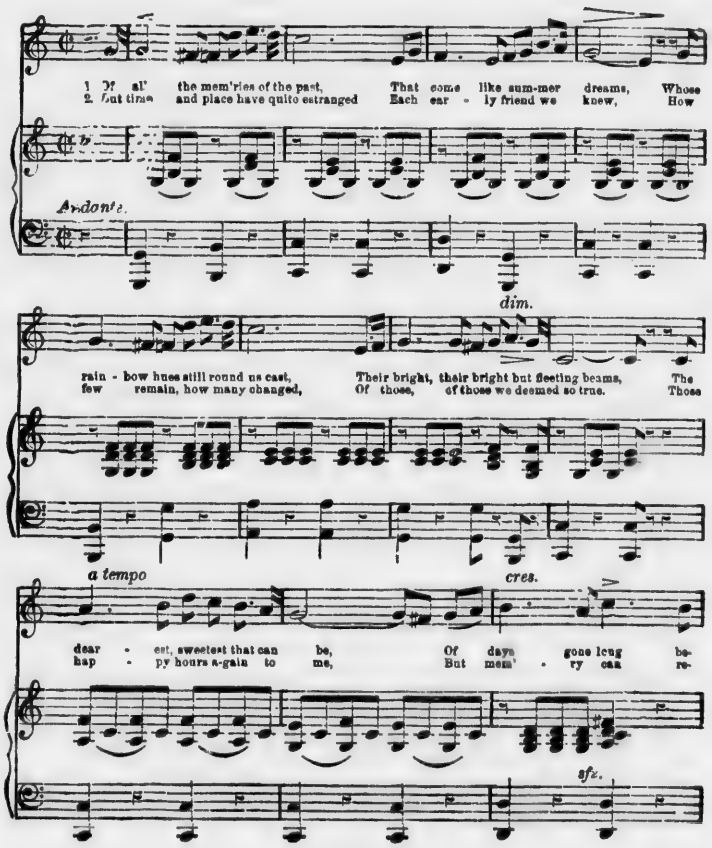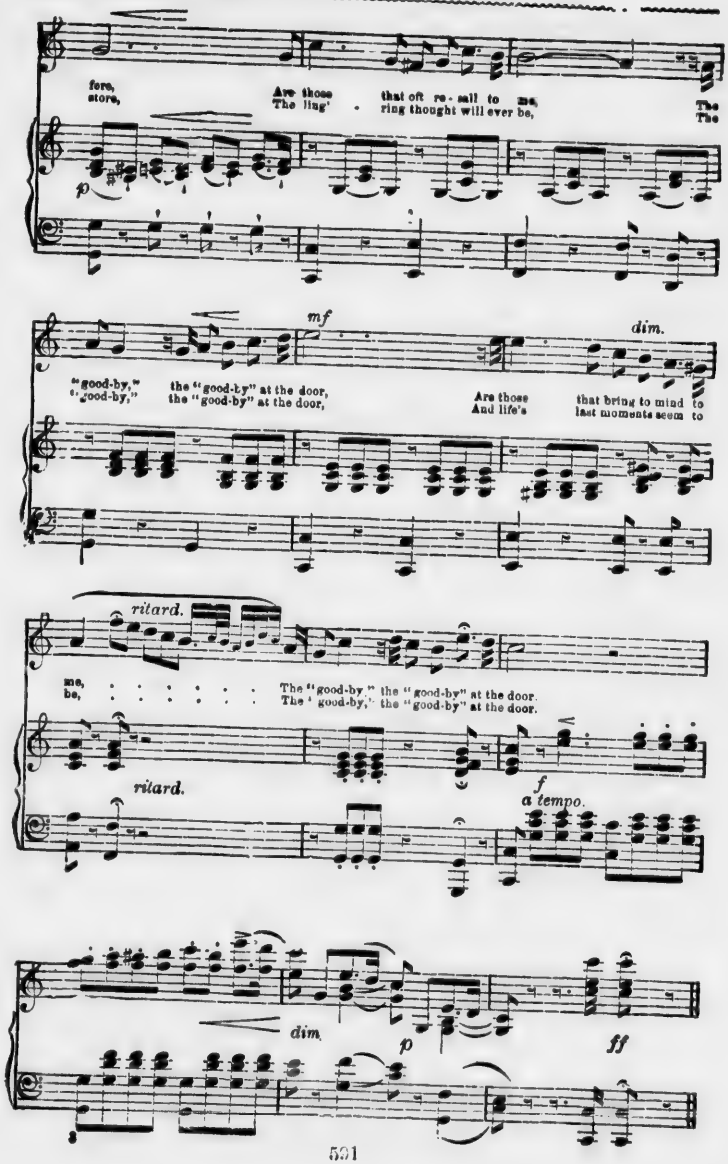




4 I was not half worthy of you, Douglas!
Not half worthy the like of you,
Now all men besides are to me like shadows,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

5 Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas! Douglas!
Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas!
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

The Good-Bye at the Door.
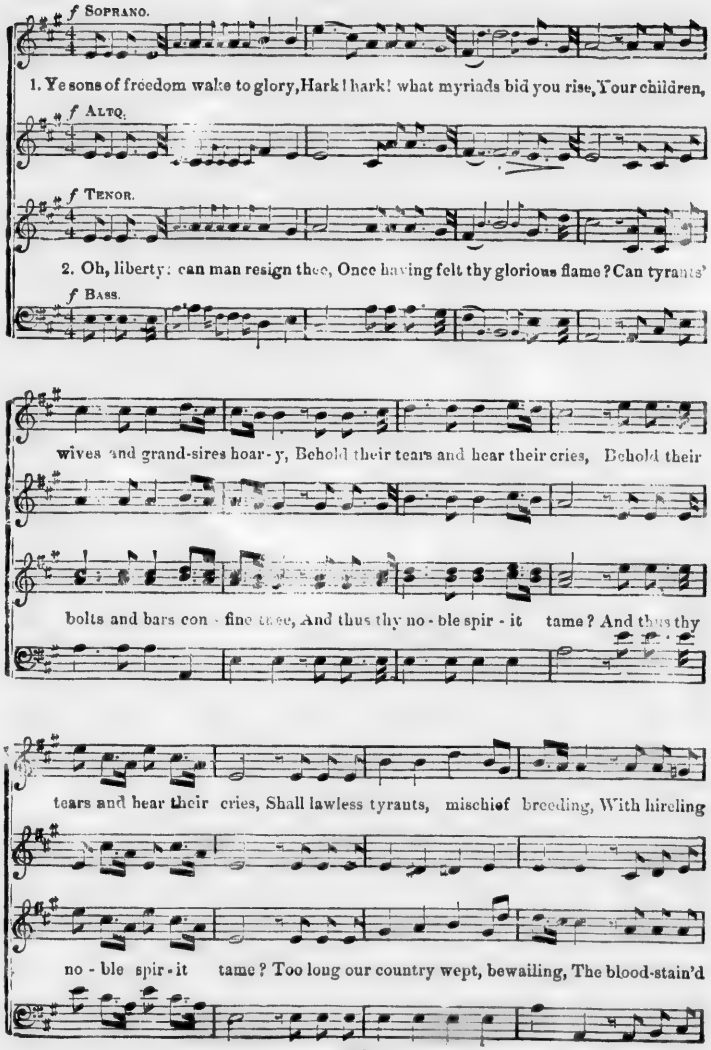
Words by J. A. CARPENTER. Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

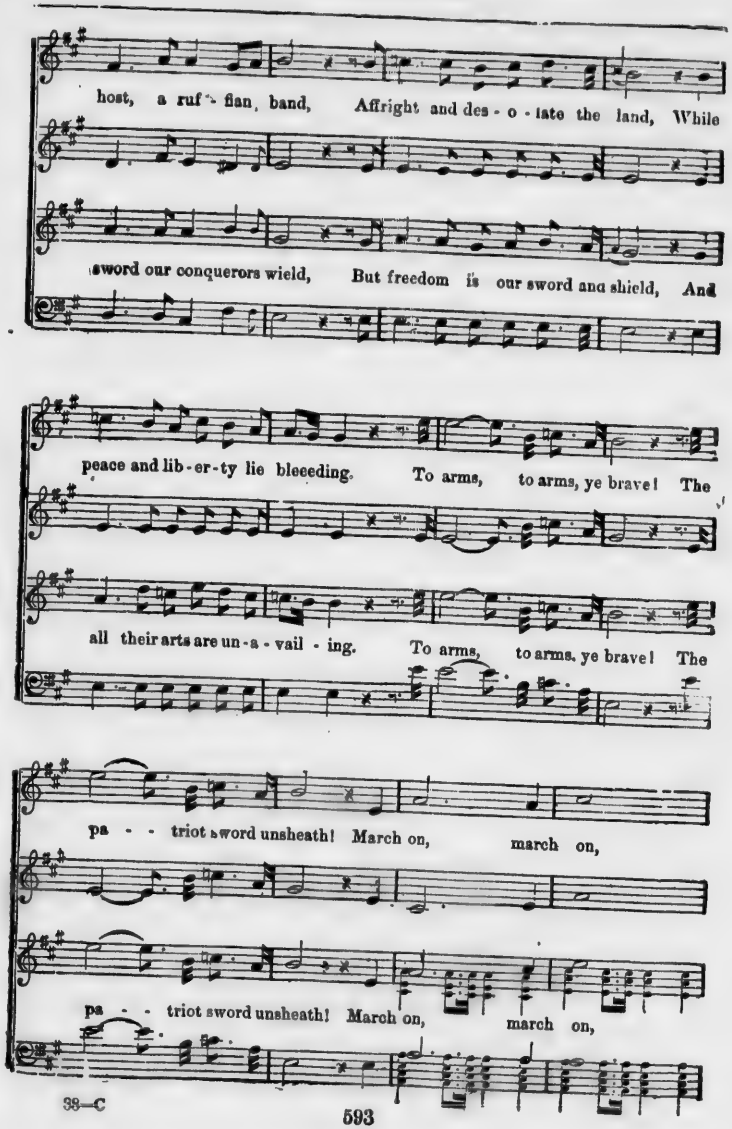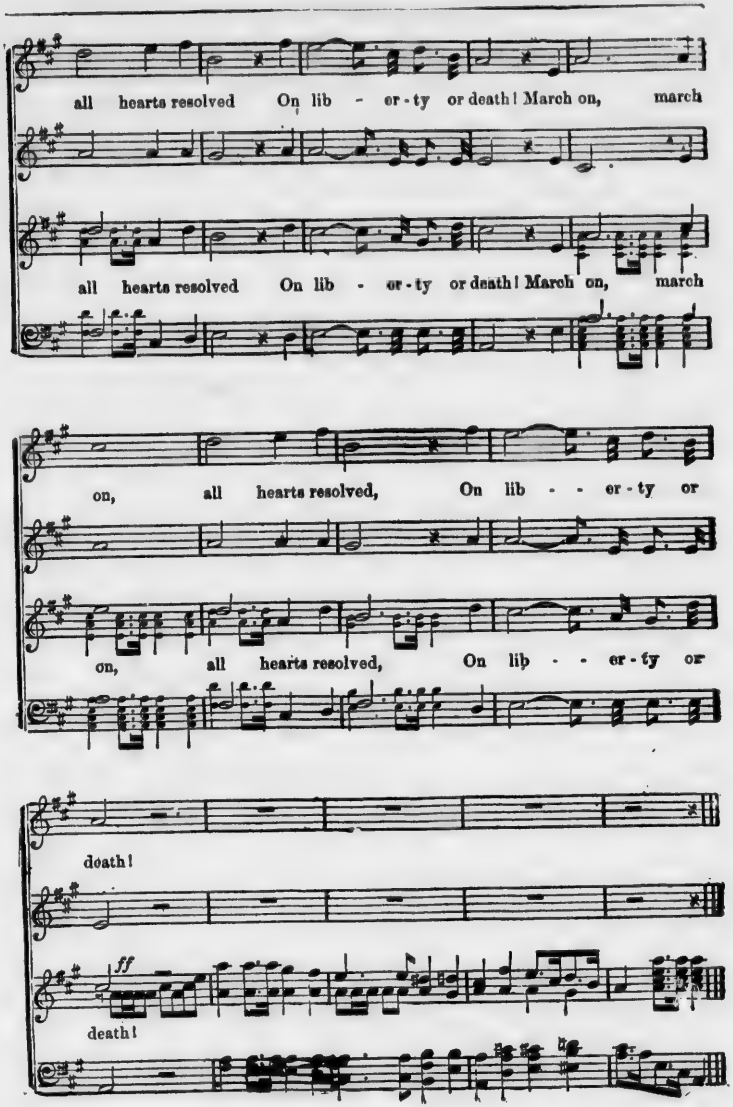



fore,
store,
Are those
The ling'
that oft re - call to me,
ring thought will ever be,
The
The
p
mf
dim.
"good-by,"
good-by,"
the "good-by" at the door,
the "good-by" at the door,
Are those
And life's
that bring to mind
last moments seem
to
to
ritard.
me,
be,
The "good-by," the "good-by" at the door.
The "good-by," the "good-by" at the door.
ritard.
f
a tempo.
dim.
p
ff

Marseilles Hymn.

QUARTET.

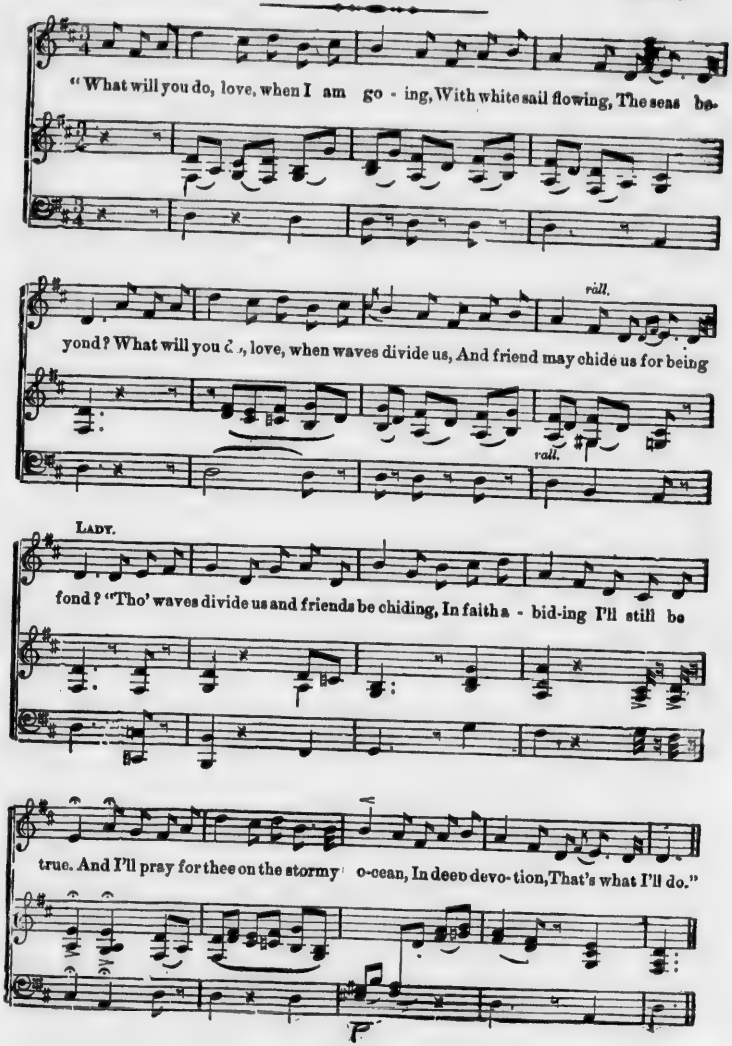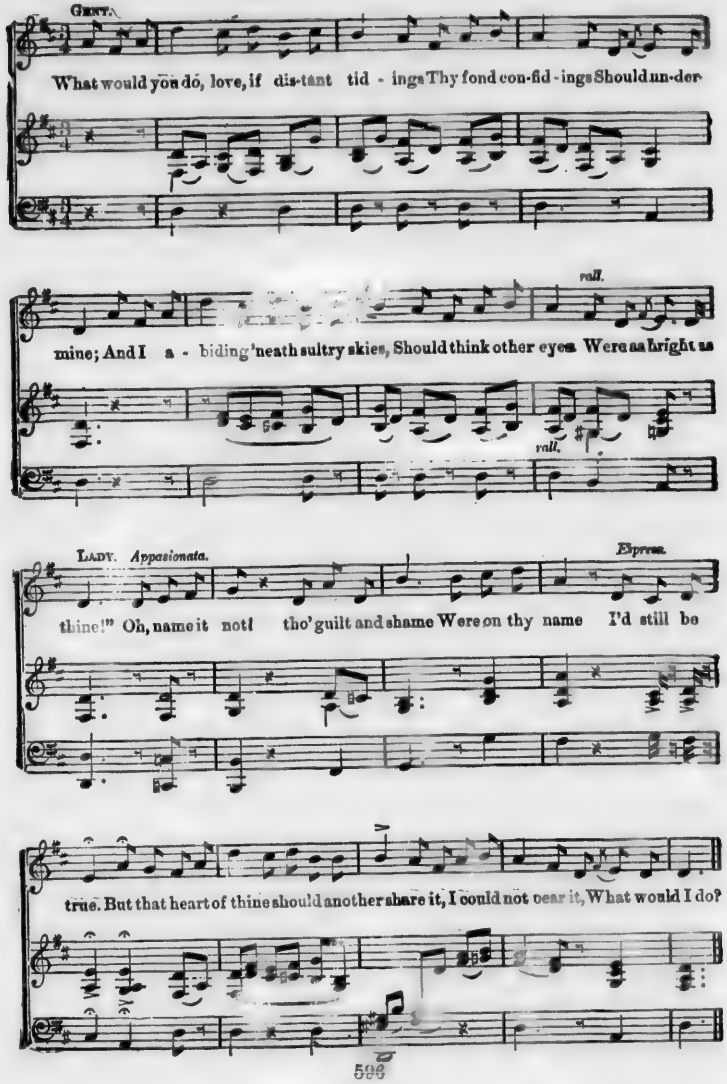



host, a ruf - fian band, Affright and des - o - late the land, While
sword our conquerors wield, But freedom is our sword and shield, And
peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The
all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The
pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,
pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,

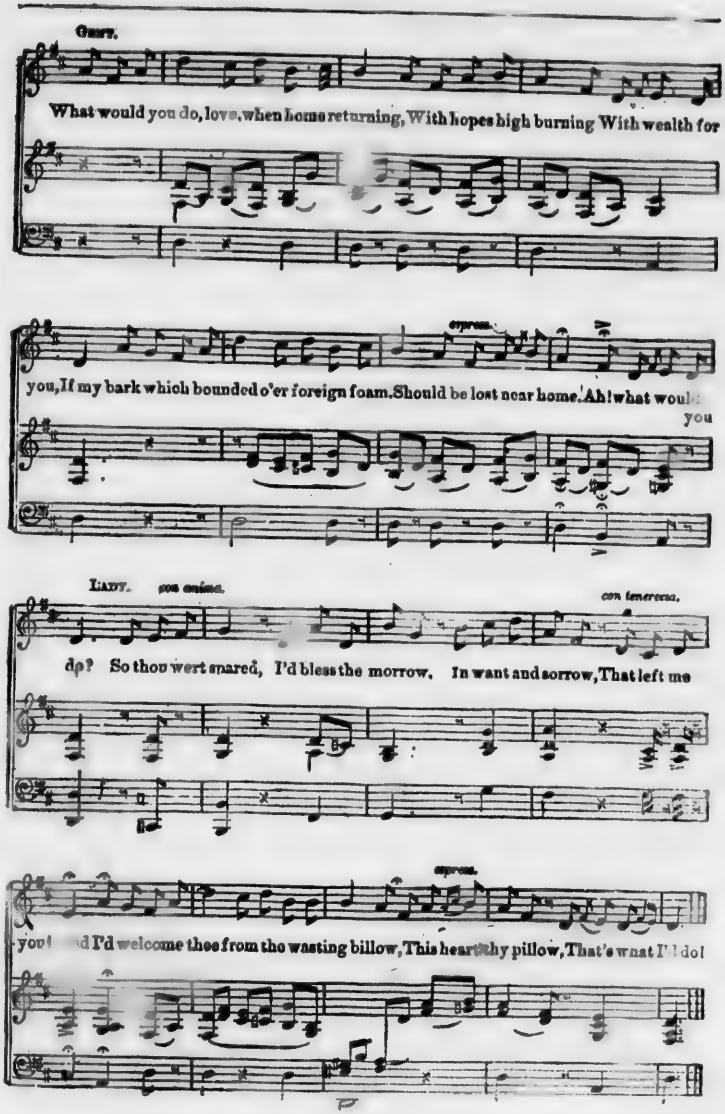

all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march
all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march
on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or
on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or
death!
ff
death!

What Will You Do, Love?

GENT. LOVE.
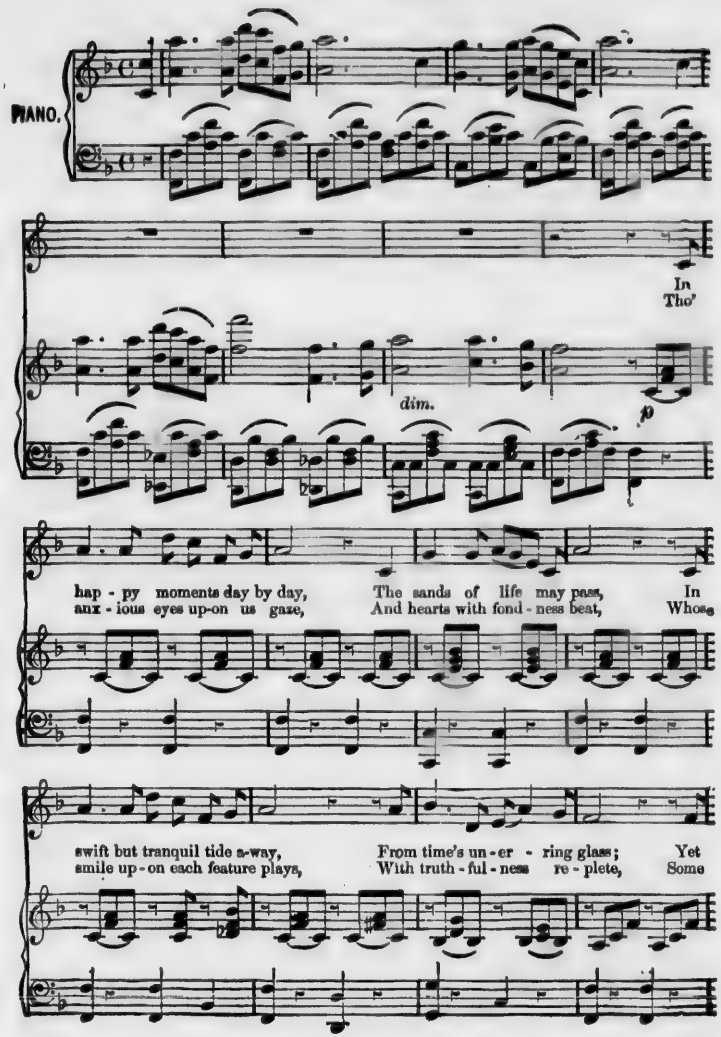


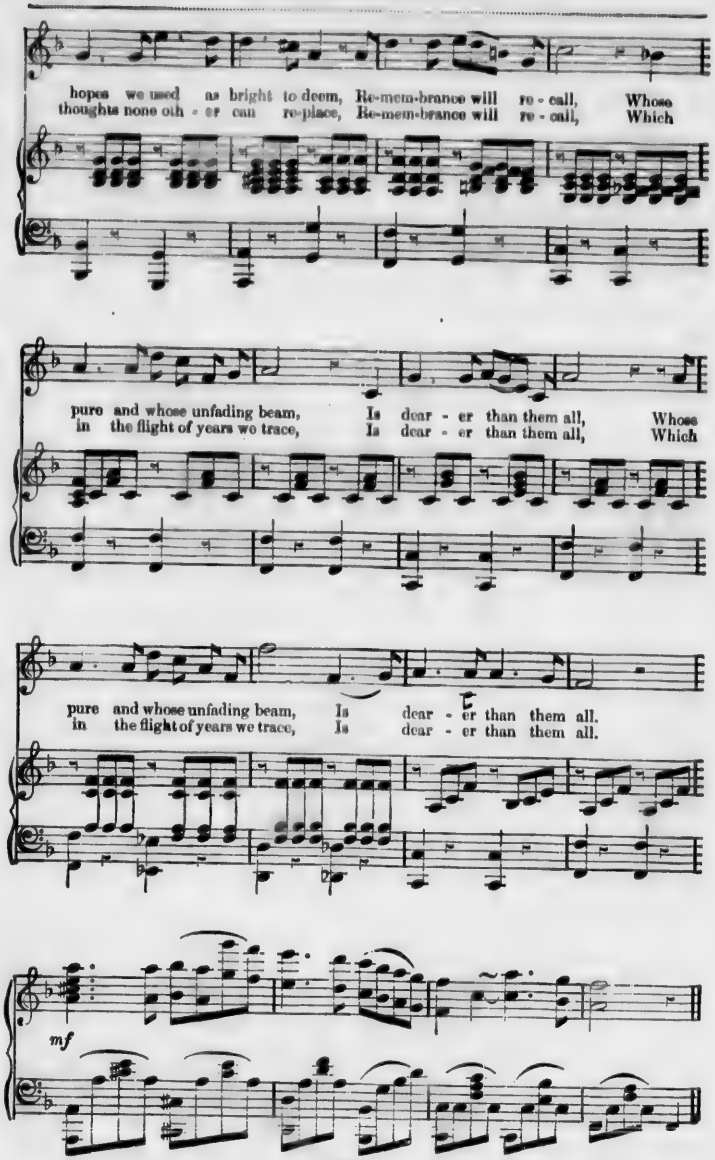

GENT.
What would you do, love, if dis-tant tid - ings Thy fond con-fid - ings Should un-der-
rall.
mine; And I a - biding 'neath sultry skies, Should think other eyes Were as bright as
rall.
LADY. Appassionata.
Espress.
thine!" Oh, name it not! tho' guilt and shame Were on thy name I'd still be
true. But that heart of thine should another share it, I could not bear it, What would I do?


GENT.
What would you do, love, when home returning, With hopes high burning With wealth for
espress.
you, If my bark which bounded o'er foreign foam. Should be lost near home. Ah! what would you
LADY.
con esspress.
con tenerezza.
do? So thou wert snared, I'd bless the morrow. In want and sorrow, That left me
espress.
you! I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow, This heart thy pillow, That's what I'd do!

In Happy Moments.
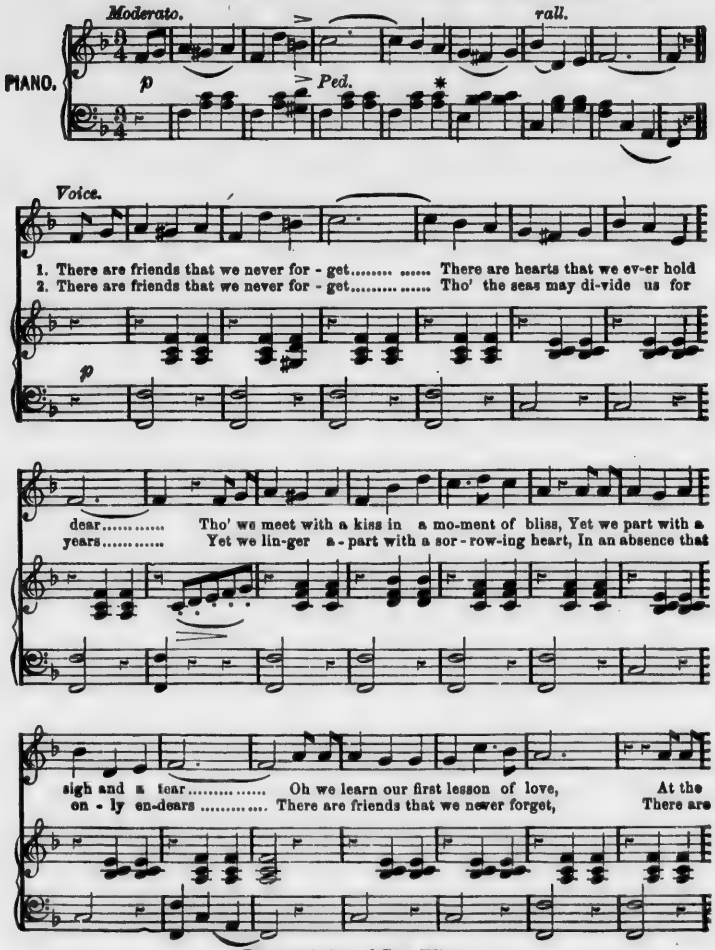
Composed by W. V. WALLACE.
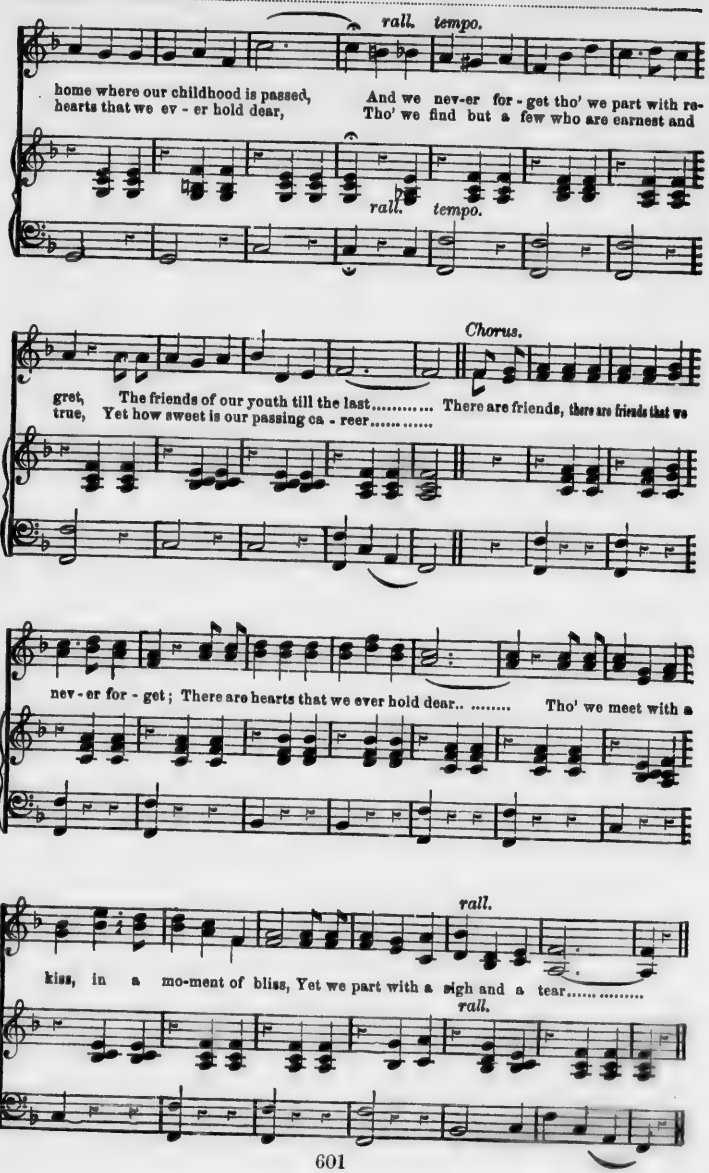



hopes we used as bright to deem, Re-mem-brance will re - call, Whose
thoughts none oth - er can re-place, Re-mem-brance will re - call, Which
pure and whose unfading beam, Is dear - er than them all, Whose
in the flight of years we trace, Is dear - er than them all, Which
pure and whose unfading beam, Is dear - er than them all.
in the flight of years we trace, Is dear - er than them all.
mf

There are Friends that We Never Forget.

Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE. Music by SEP. WINNER.
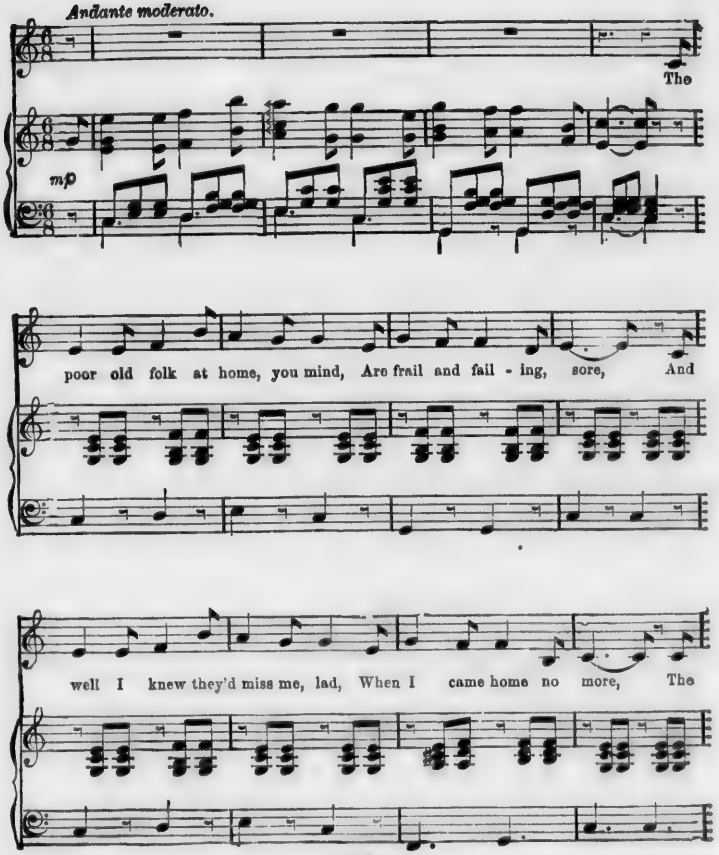


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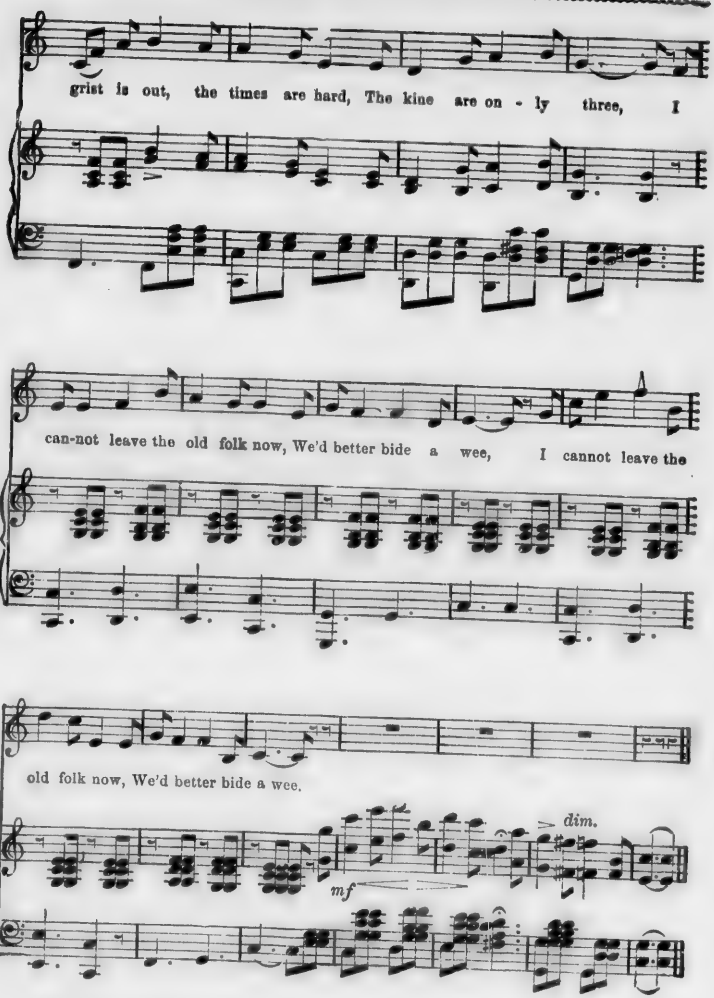

rall. tempo.
home where our childhood is passed, And we nev-er for-get tho' we part with re-
hearts that we ev-er hold dear, Tho' we find but a few who are earnest and
rall. tempo.
Chorus.
gret, The friends of our youth till the last..... There are friends, there are friends that we
true, Yet how sweet is our passing ca-reer..... .....
nev-er for-get; There are hearts that we ever hold dear.. ..... Tho' we meet with a
rall.
kiss, in a mo-ment of bliss, Yet we part with a sigh and a tear.....
rall.

We'd Better Bide a Wee.

Written and Composed by CLARIBEL.



WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.



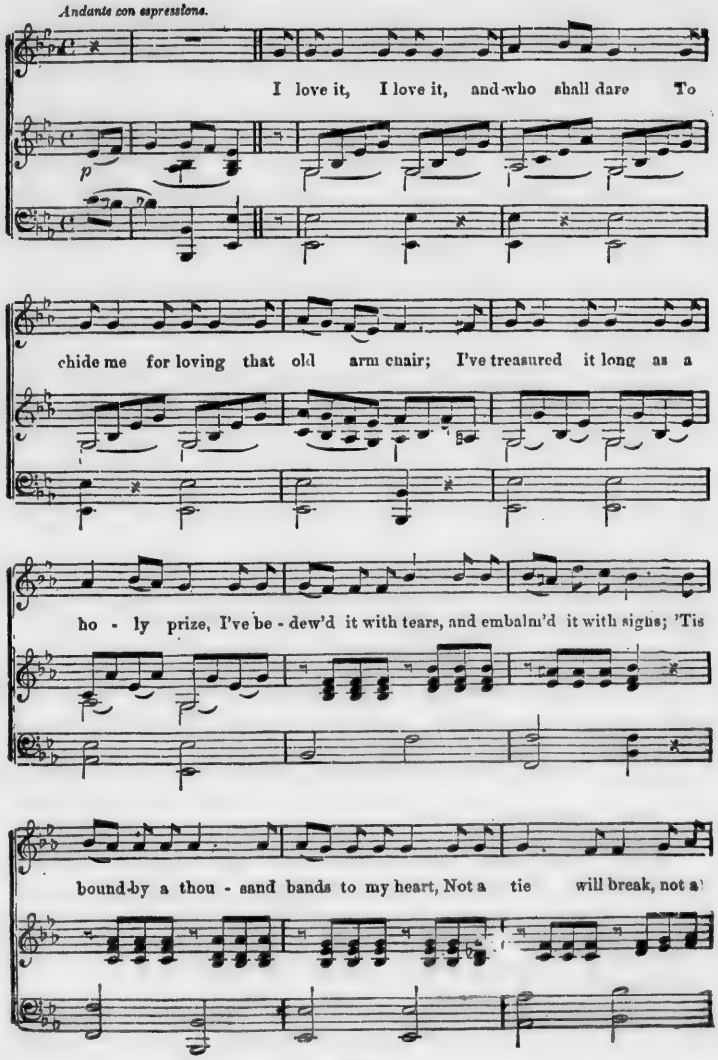
2 When first we told our story, lad,
Their blessings fell so free,
They gave no thought to self at all,
They did but think of me;
But, laddie, that's a time away,
And mother's like to die,
I cannot leave the old folk now,
We'd better bide a wee, etc.

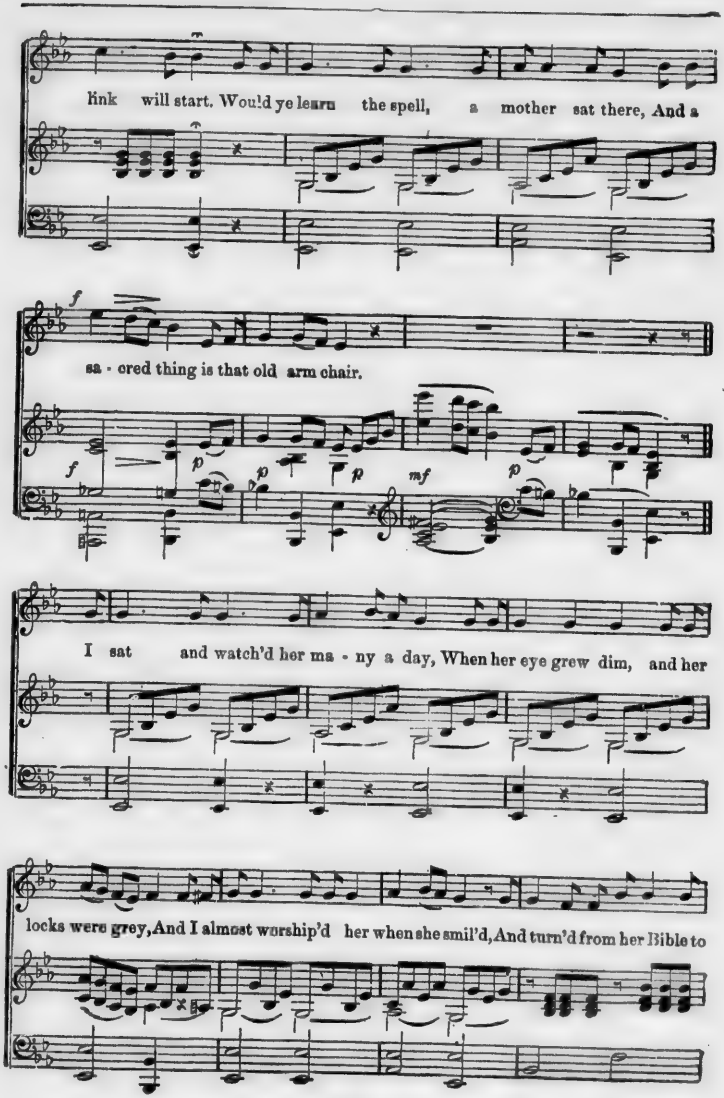
3 I fear me sore, they're failing both,
For when I sit apart,
They'll talk of Heaven so earnestly,
It well nigh breaks my heart!
So, laddie, do not urge me more,
it surely will not be,
I cannot leave the old folk now,
We'd better bide a wee, etc.
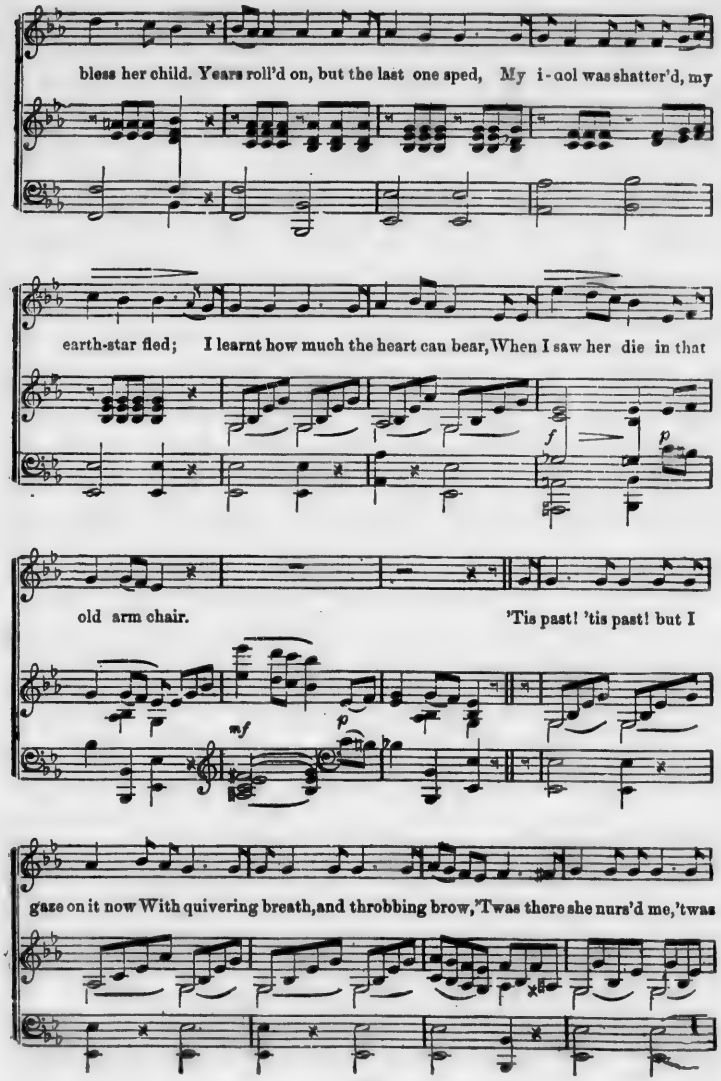
The Old Arm Chair.

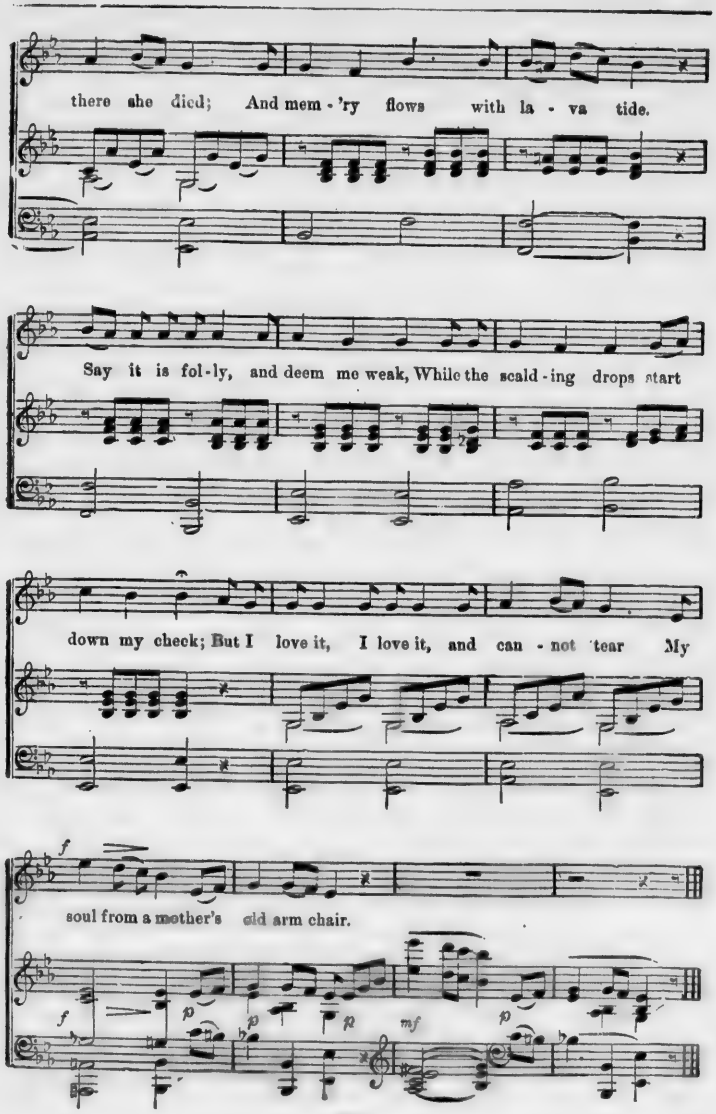
COOKE. RUSSELL.

Andante con espressione.
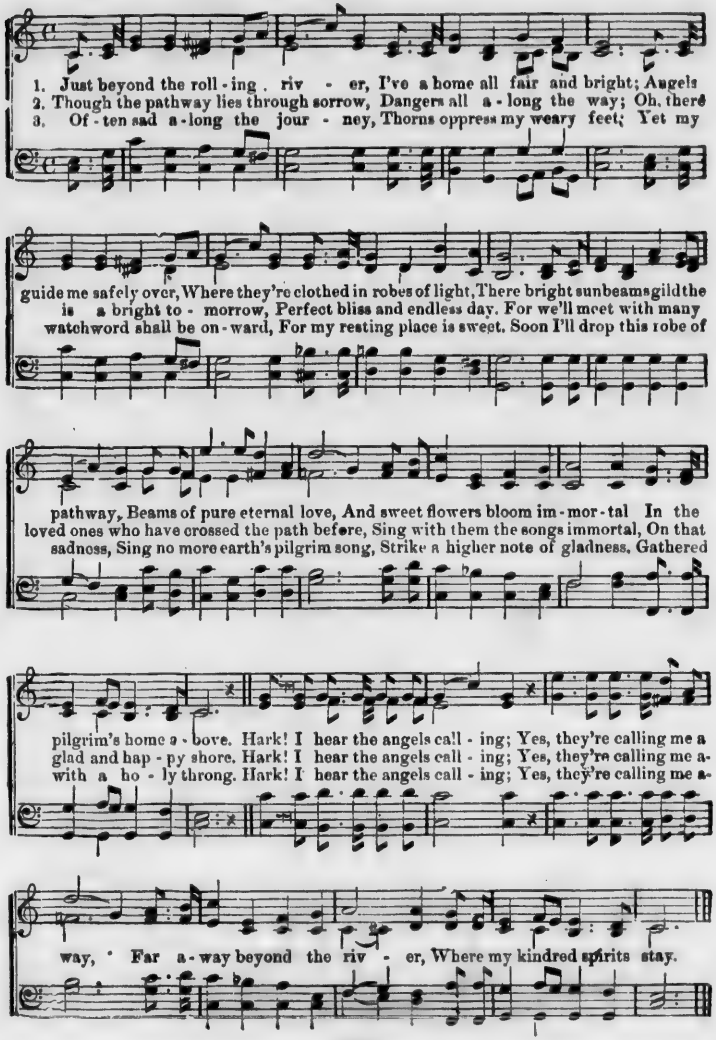



link will start. Would ye learn the spell, a mother sat there, And a
sa - cred thing is that old arm chair.
I sat and watch'd her ma - ny a day, When her eye grew dim, and her
locks were grey, And I almost worship'd her when she smil'd, And turn'd from her Bible to


bless her child. Years roll'd on, but the last one sped, My i-dol was shatter'd, my
earth-star fled; I learnt how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that
f
p
old arm chair. 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I
mf
p
gaze on it now With quivering breath, and throbbing brow, 'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas


there she died; And mem - 'ry flows with la - va tide.
Say it is fol - ly, and deem me weak, While the scald - ing drops start
down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and can - not tear My
soul from a mother's old arm chair.

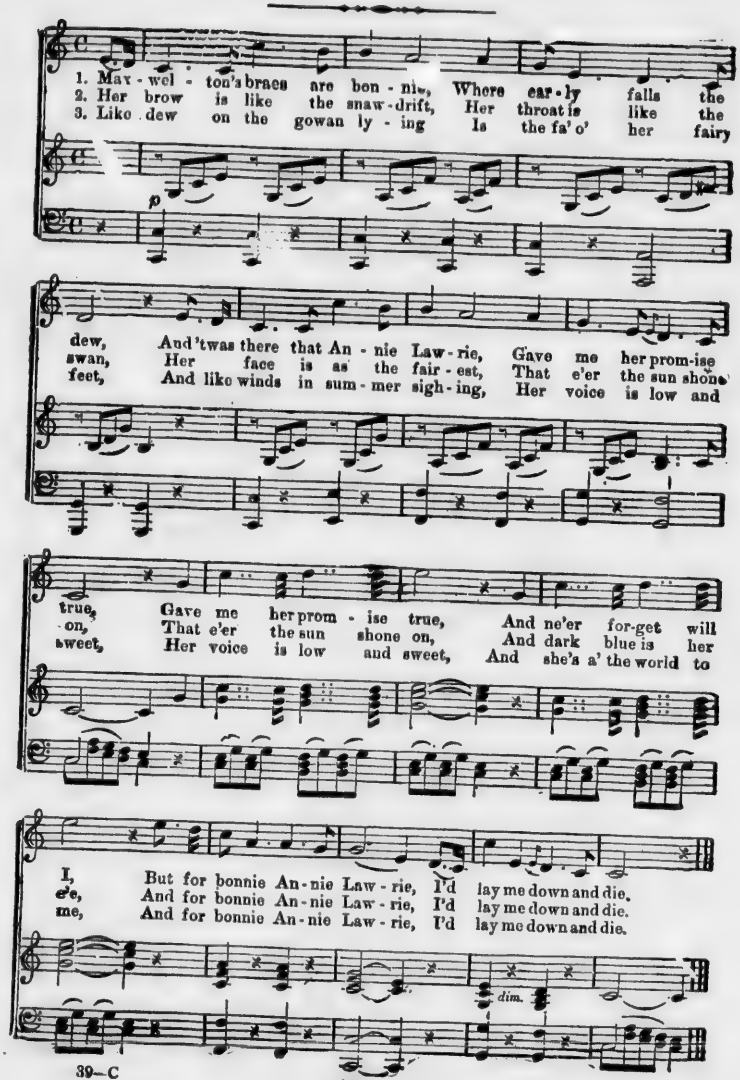
Hark! I Hear the Angels Calling.

MALONEY. GEIBEL.



Annie Lawrie.

SCOTCH SONG.
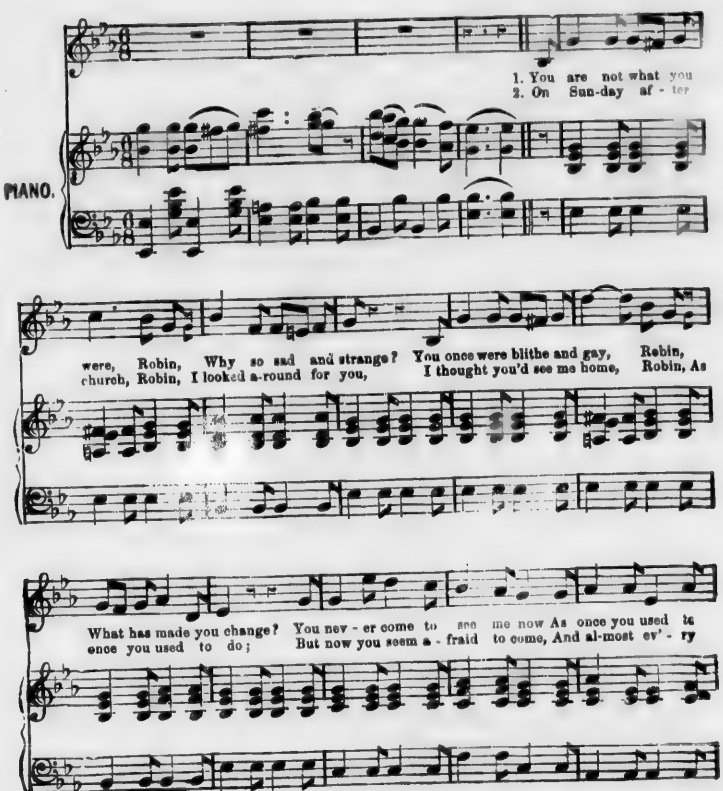


Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?

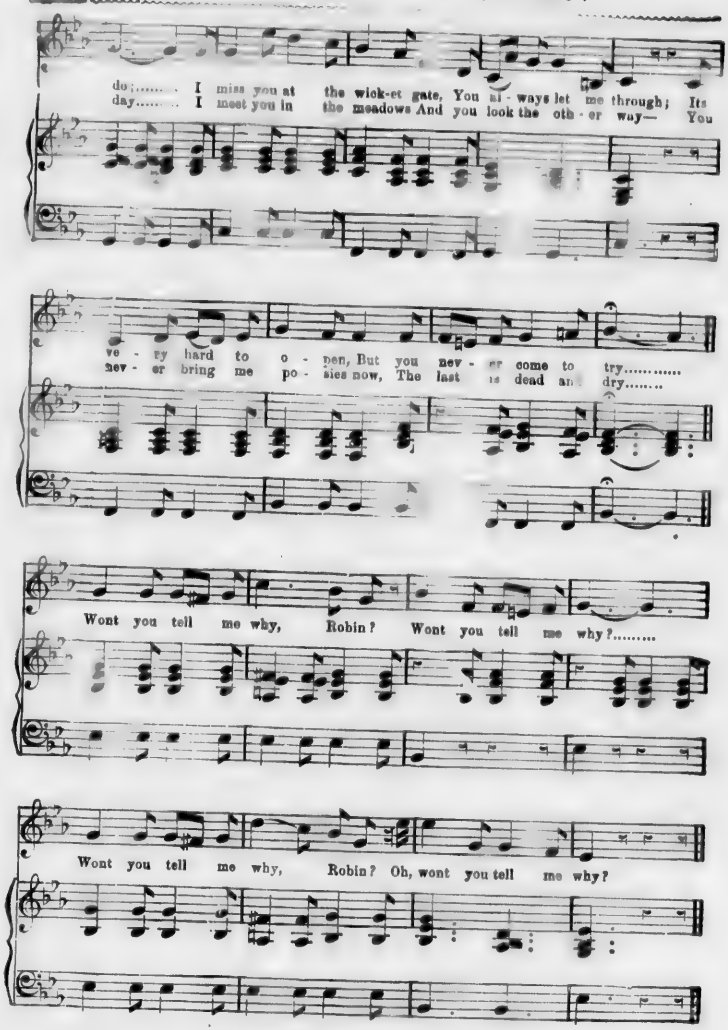
BALLAD.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By CLARIBEL.



WONT YOU TELL ME WHY, ROBIN?

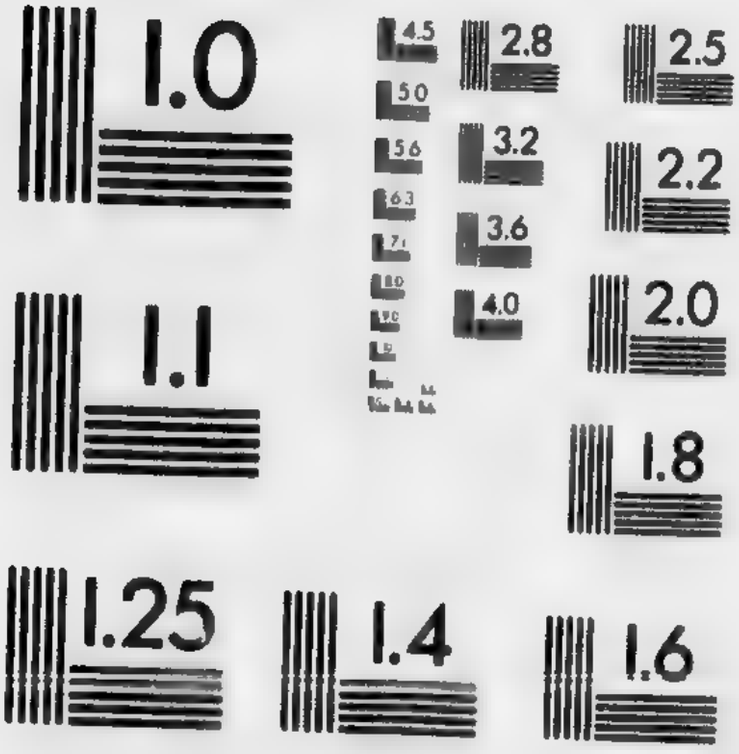


3 The other night we danced, Robin, beneath the hawthorn-tree,
I thought you'd surely come, Robin, if but to dance with me;
But Allan asked me first, and so I joined the dance with him,
But I was heavy-hearted, and my eyes with tears were dim,
ud, oh, how very grave you looked, as once we passed you by,
ont you tell me why, Robin? oh, wont you tell me why?



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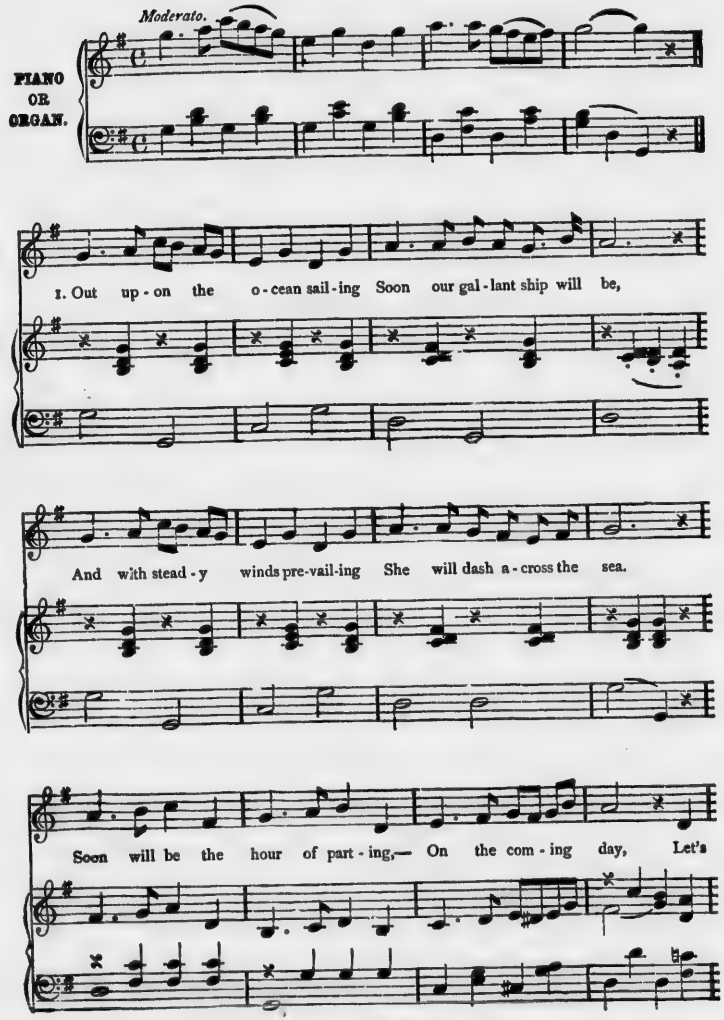


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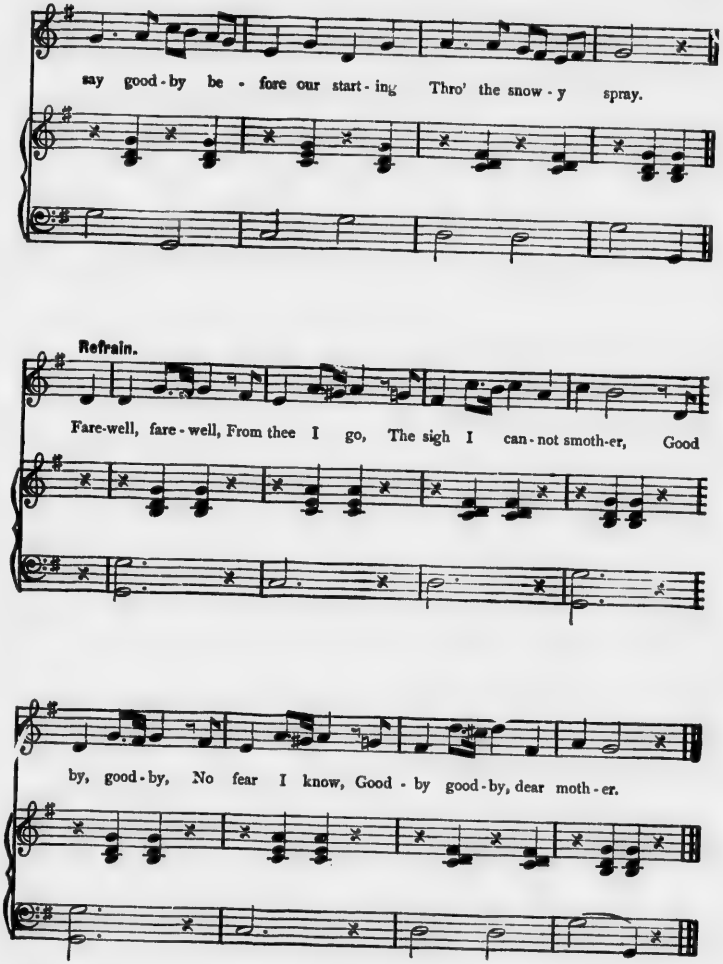
Good-by, Dear Mother.

Words and Music by Alice Hawthorne.



By permission of Sep Winner.

GOOD-BY, DEAR MOTHER.



2.

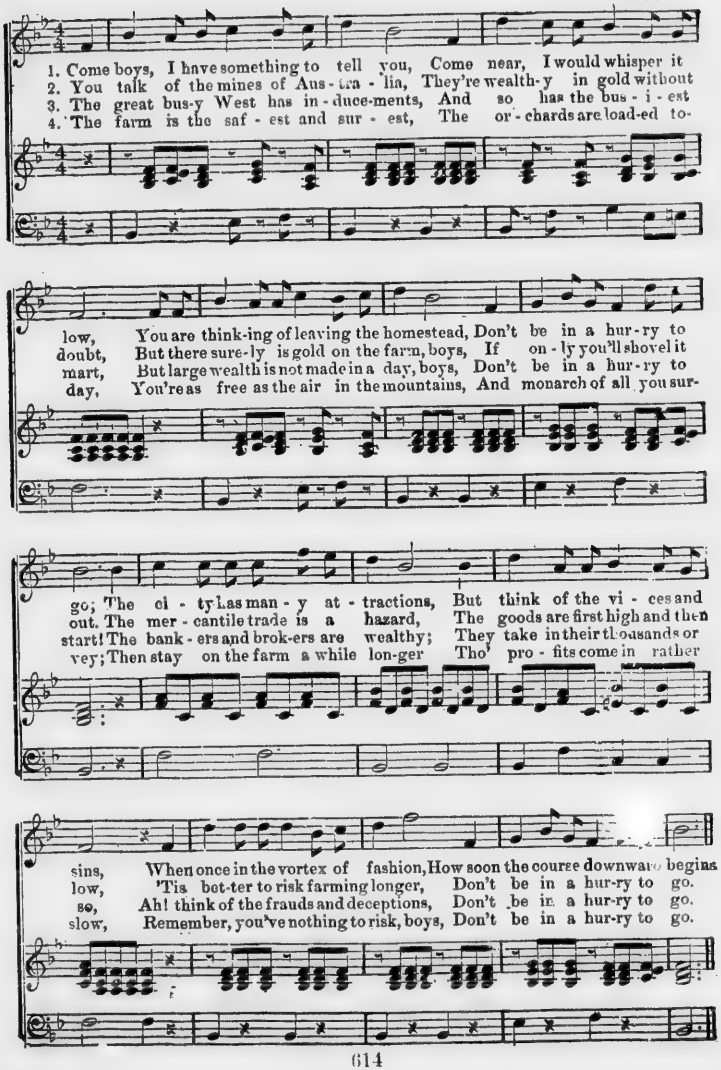
Storms are many on the ocean,
Wrecks are many on the sea,
Oh, with what a sad emotion,
Do I now depart from thee.
Dangers threaten every quarter
Wheresoe'er we roam,
But duty calls me o'er the water,
Far from thee and home.—*Refrain.*

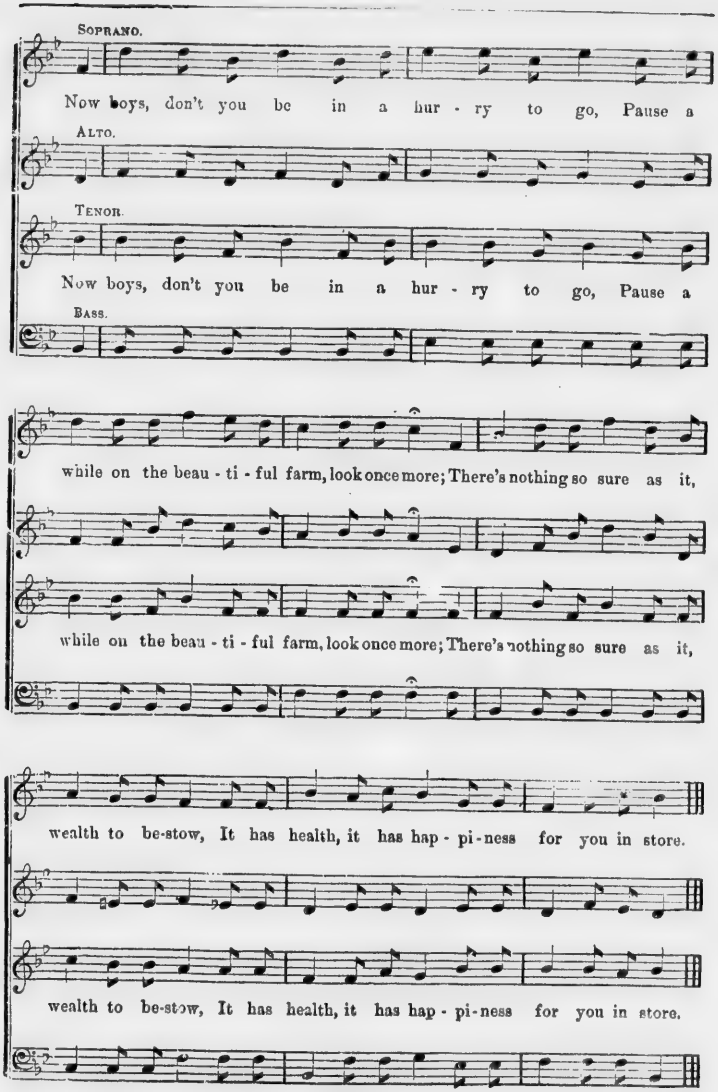
3.

When I rock upon the billow
O'er the bosom of the deep,
As I rest upon my pillow
Dreams of thee shall sweeten sleep.
Days may bring their passing pleasures,
Brief and few I own,
But I shall seek earth's rarest treasures
All for thee alone.—*Refrain.*

Don't Leave the Farm, Boys.

W. W. P. By per.
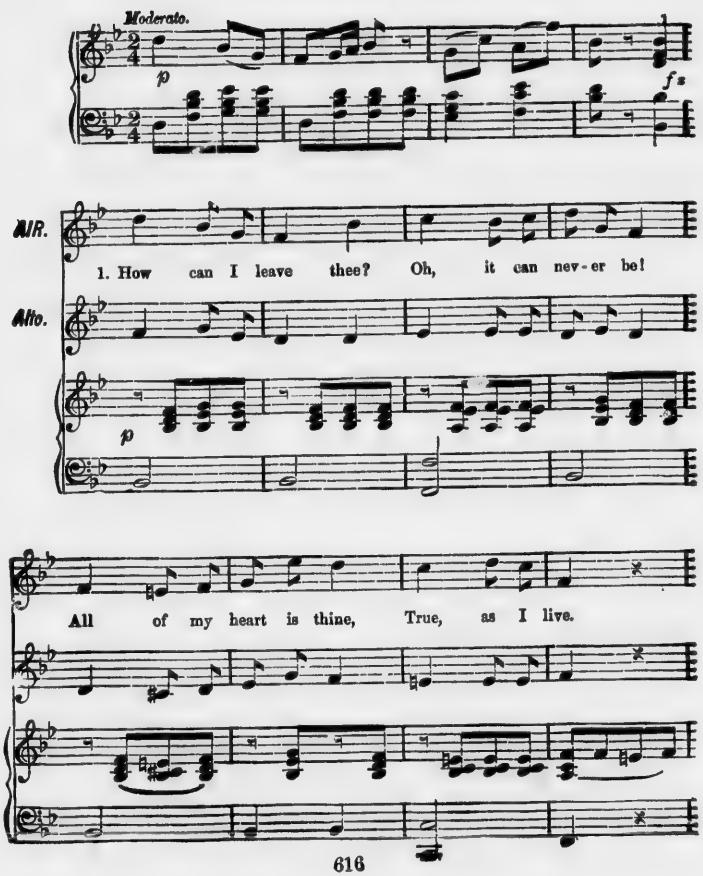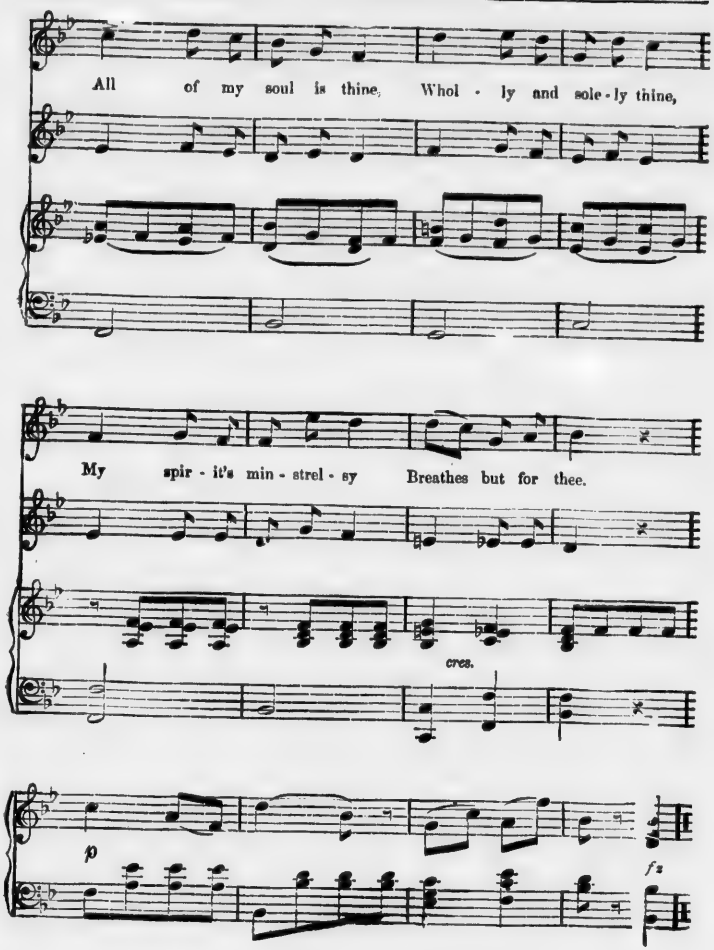



Soprano.
Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a
Alto.
Tenor.
Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a
Bass.
while on the beau - ti - ful farm, look once more; There's nothing so sure as it,
while on the beau - ti - ful farm, look once more; There's nothing so sure as it,
wealth to be-stow, It has health, it has hap - pi - ness for you in store.
wealth to be-stow, It has health, it has hap - pi - ness for you in store.

How Can I Leave Thee?

SOLO OR DUET.

H. CRAMER.





2.

Hid in the vine leaves,
Sweet blows the vintage bud;
Take it and cherish it:
It speaks of me.
What though the blossom fade
Swiftly as hope decayed,
Love, like the mortal fruit,
Clings to its root.
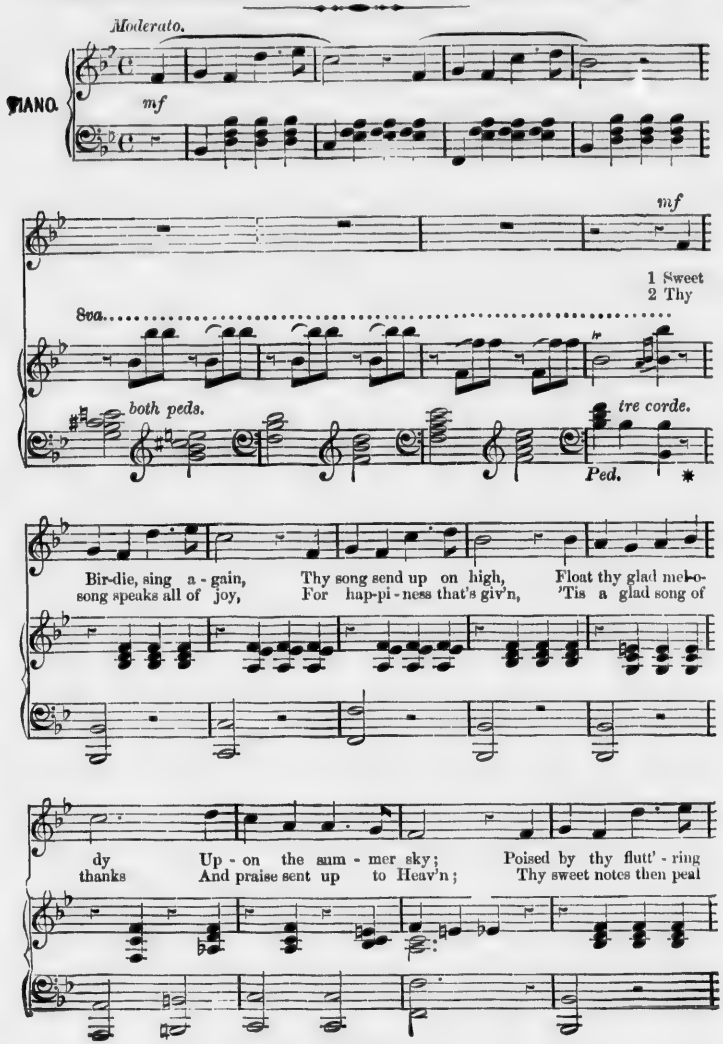
3.
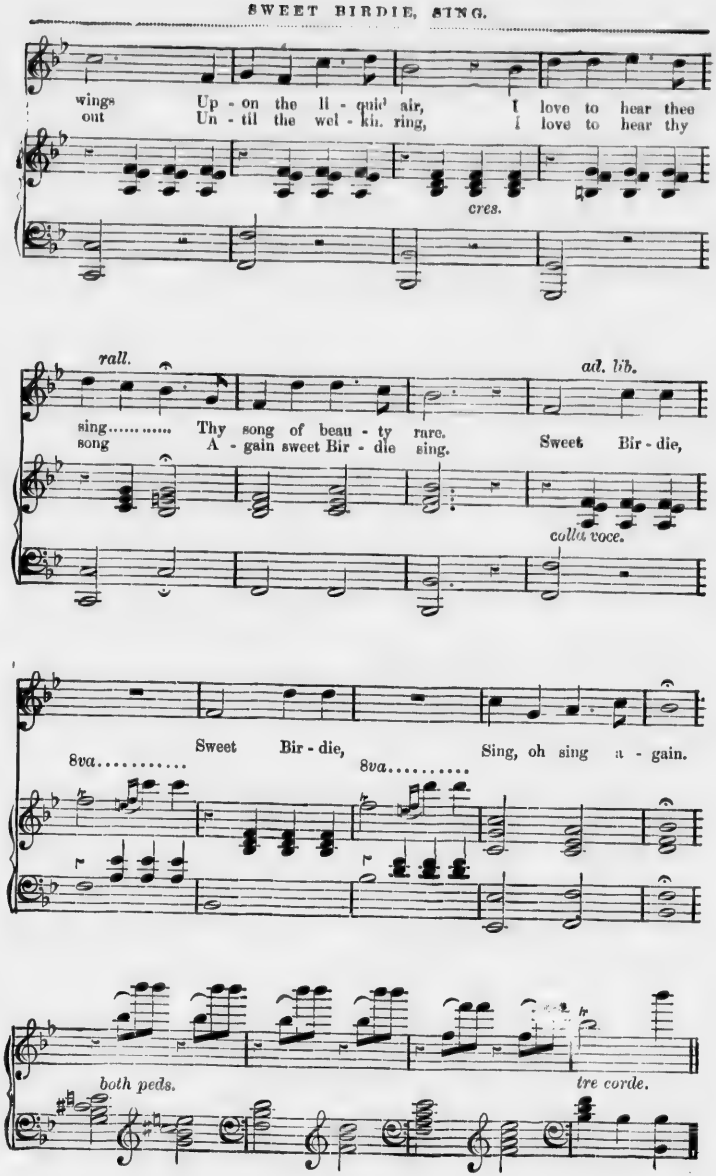
Had I a dove's wings,
How would I speed to the
Falcon and falconet
Holding for naught.
What if a feather'd dart
Fell'd me upon thy heart!
Unde thy tearful eye
I crave to die.

Sweet Birdie, Sing.

SONG.
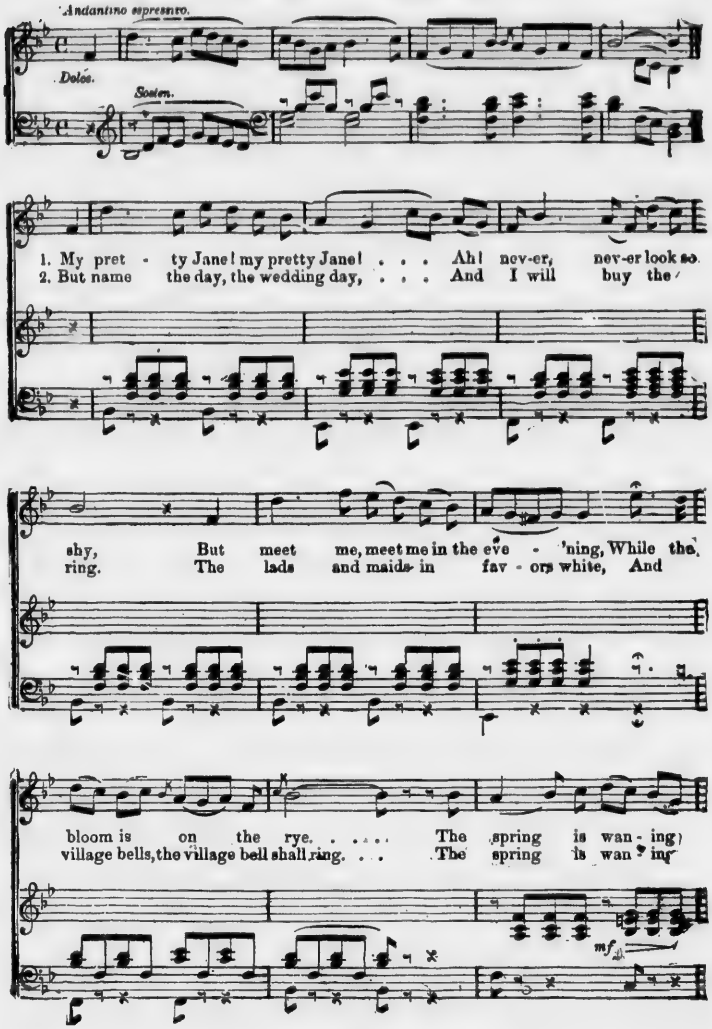
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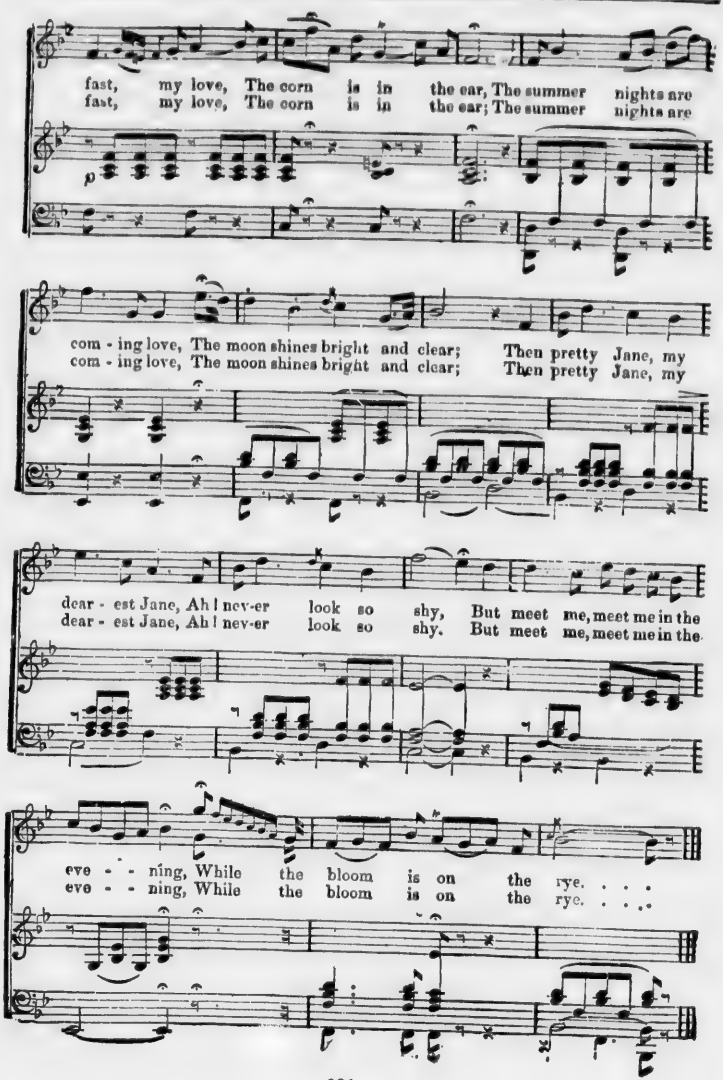



wings Up - on the li - quid air, I love to hear thee
out Un - til the wel - kin ring, I love to hear thy
cres.
rall.
ad. lib.
sing..... Thy song of beau - ty rare.
song A - gain sweet Bir - die sing. Sweet Bir - die,
colla voce.
Sweet Bir - die, Sing, oh sing a - gain.
8va.....
8va.....
both peds.
tre corde.

The Bloom is on the Rye.
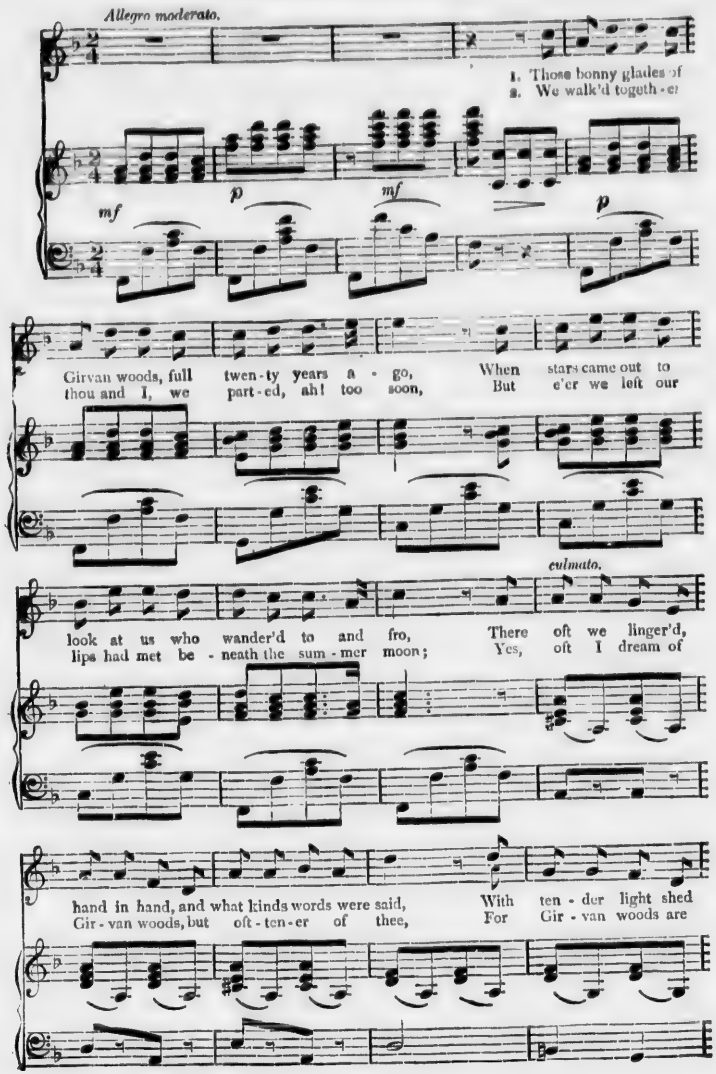
FITZBALL. BISHOP.
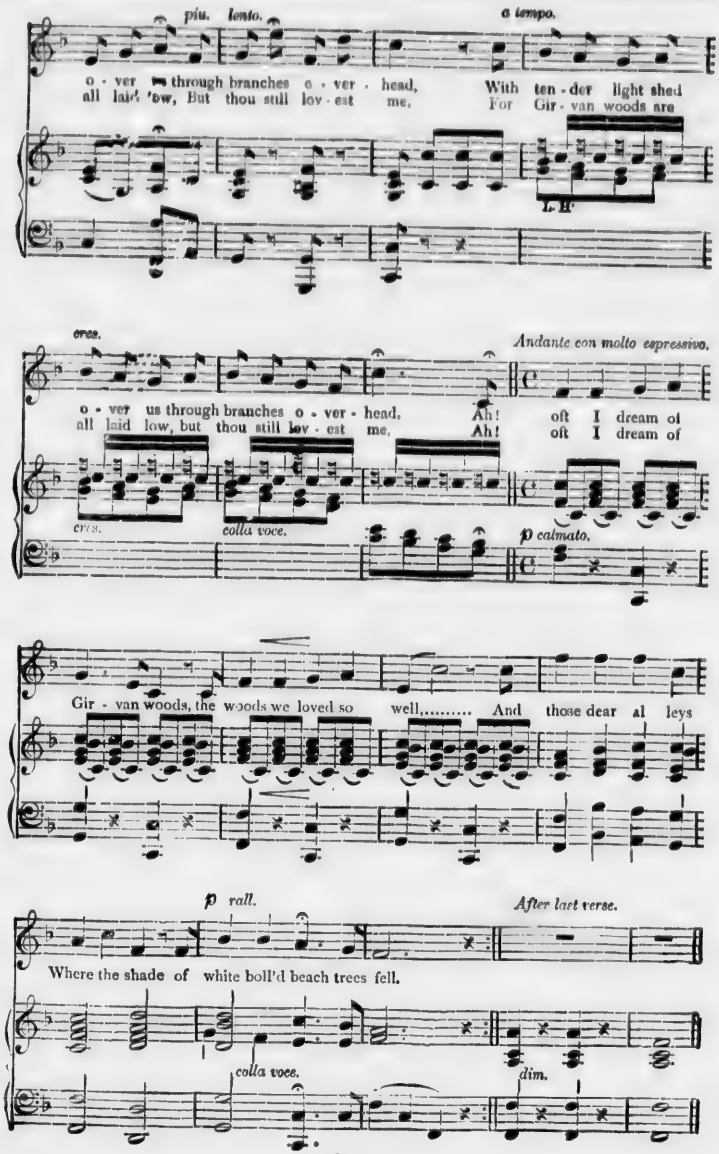



fast, my love, The corn is in the ear, The summer nights are
fast, my love, The corn is in the ear; The summer nights are
com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my
com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my
dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the
dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy. But meet me, meet me in the
eve - - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. . . .
eve - - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. . . .

Twenty Years Ago.
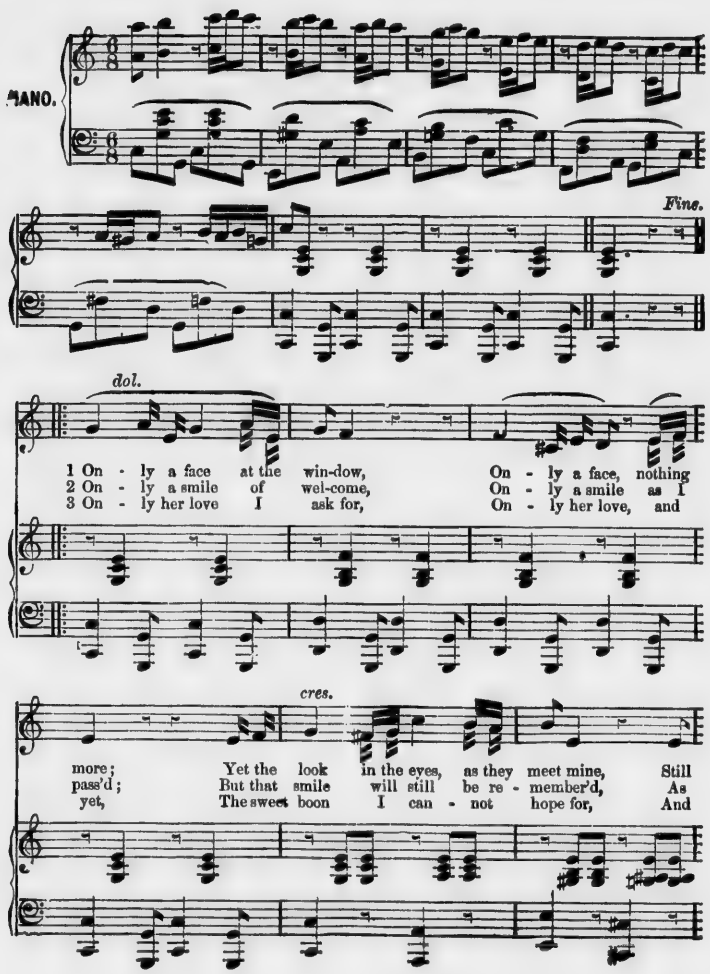
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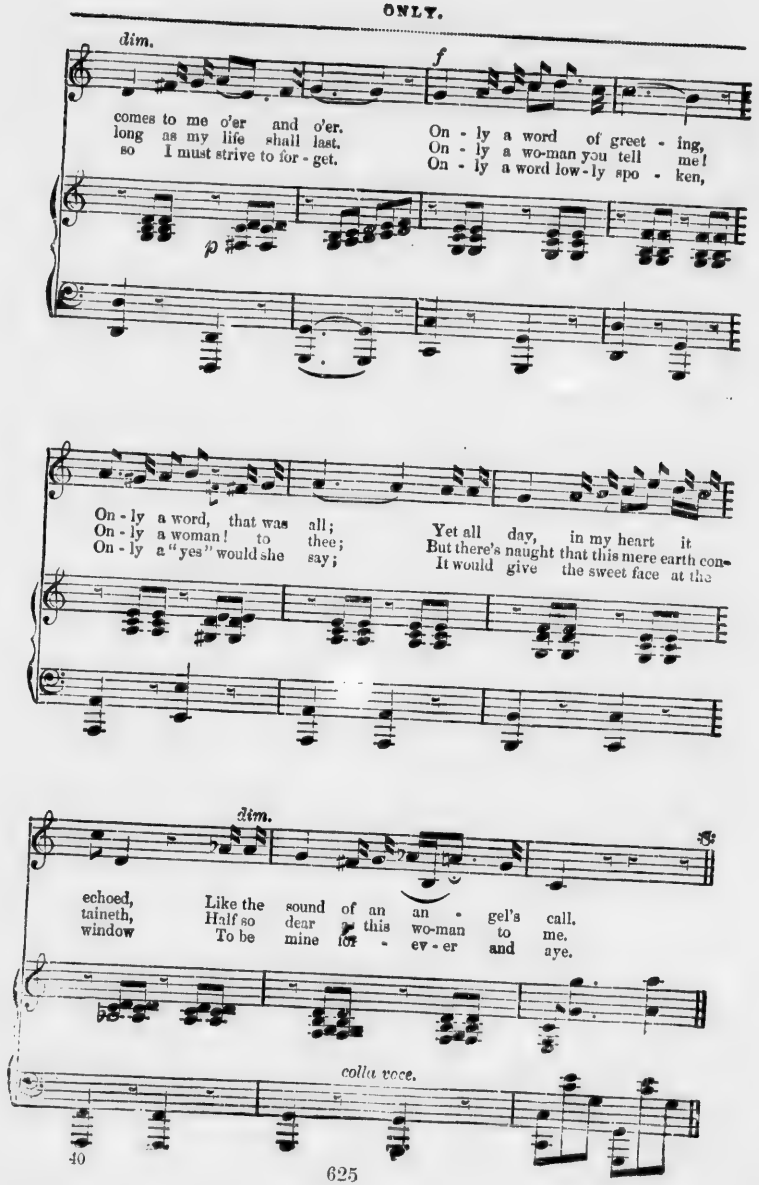



più. lento.
a tempo.
o - ver us through branches o - ver - head, With ten - der light shed
all laid low, But thou still lov - est me. For Gir - van woods are
L. H.
cres.
Andante con molto espressivo.
o - ver us through branches o - ver - head, Ah! oft I dream of
all laid low, but thou still lov - est me, Ah! oft I dream of
cres.
colla voce.
p calmato.
Gir - van woods, the woods we loved so well,..... And those dear al leys
p rall.
After last verse.
Where the shade of white boll'd beach trees fell.
colla voce.
dim.

Only a Face.
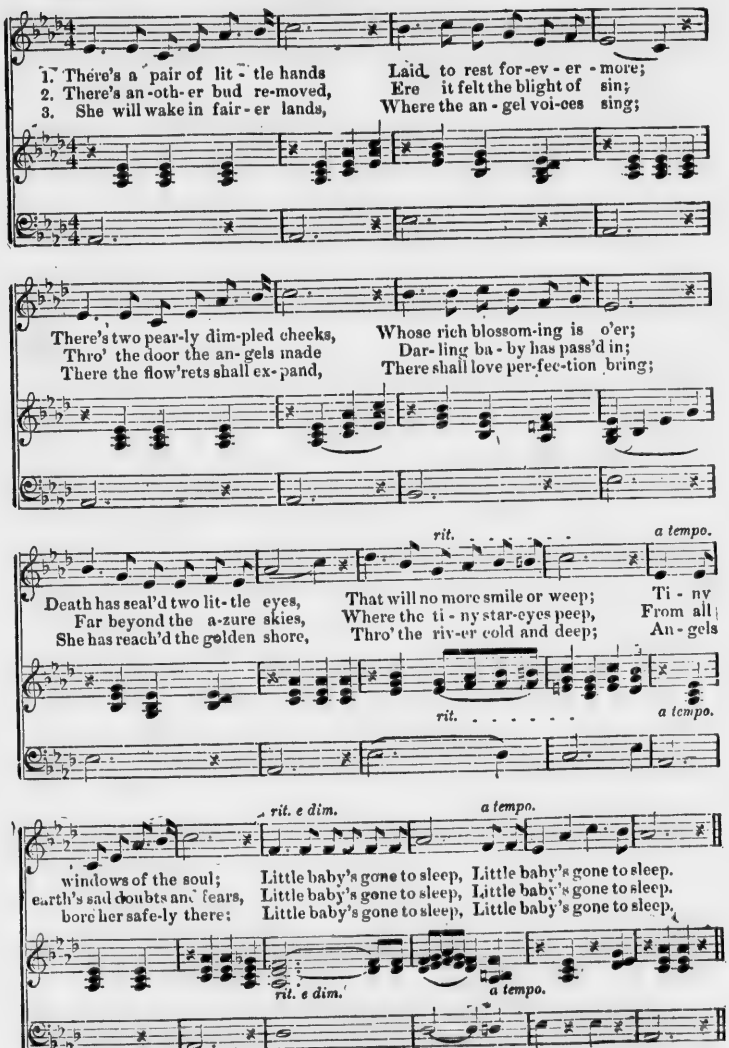
By VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

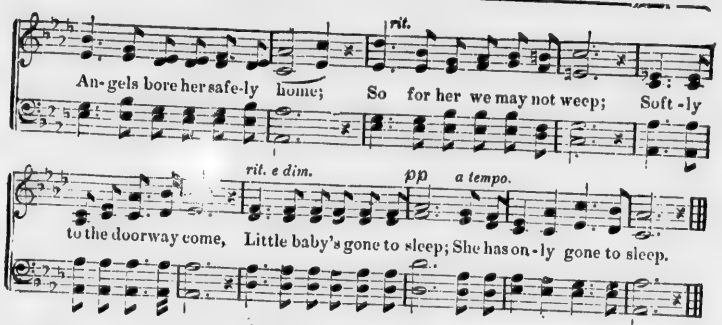



dim.
f
comes to me o'er and o'er.
long as my life shall last.
so I must strive to for - get.
On - ly a word of greet - ing,
On - ly a wo-man you tell me!
On - ly a word low - ly spo - ken,
p
On - ly a word, that was all;
On - ly a woman! to thee;
On - ly a "yes" would she say;
Yet all day, in my heart it
But there's naught that this mere earth con-
It would give the sweet face at the
dim.
echoed,
taineth,
window
Like the sound of an an - gel's call.
Half so dear as this wo-man to me.
To be mine for - ev - er and aye.
colla voce.

Baby's Gone to Sleep.
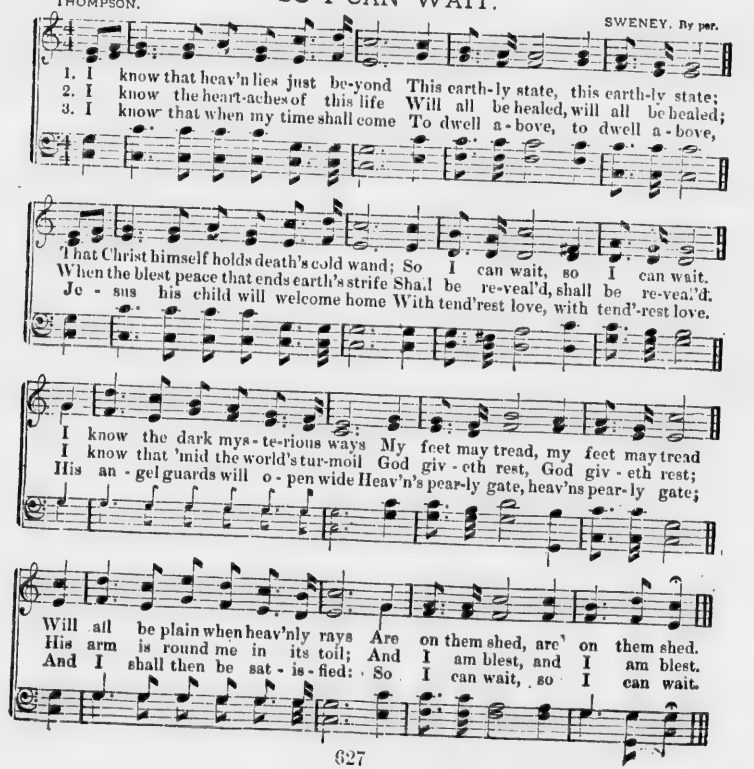
SMITH. MURRAY.
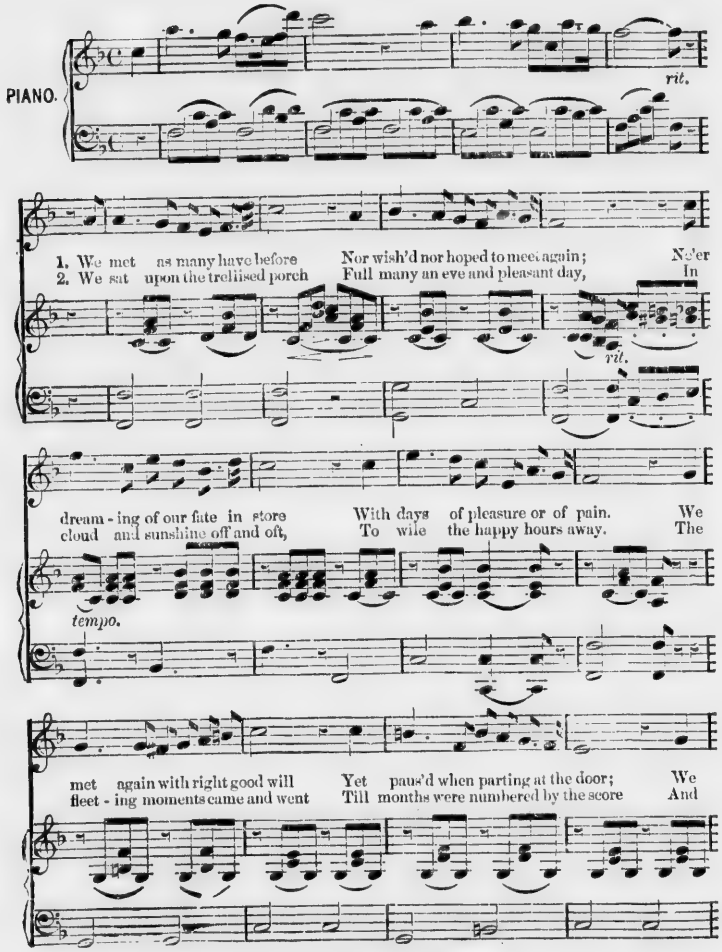




SO I CAN WAIT.

THOMPSON. SWENEY. By per.
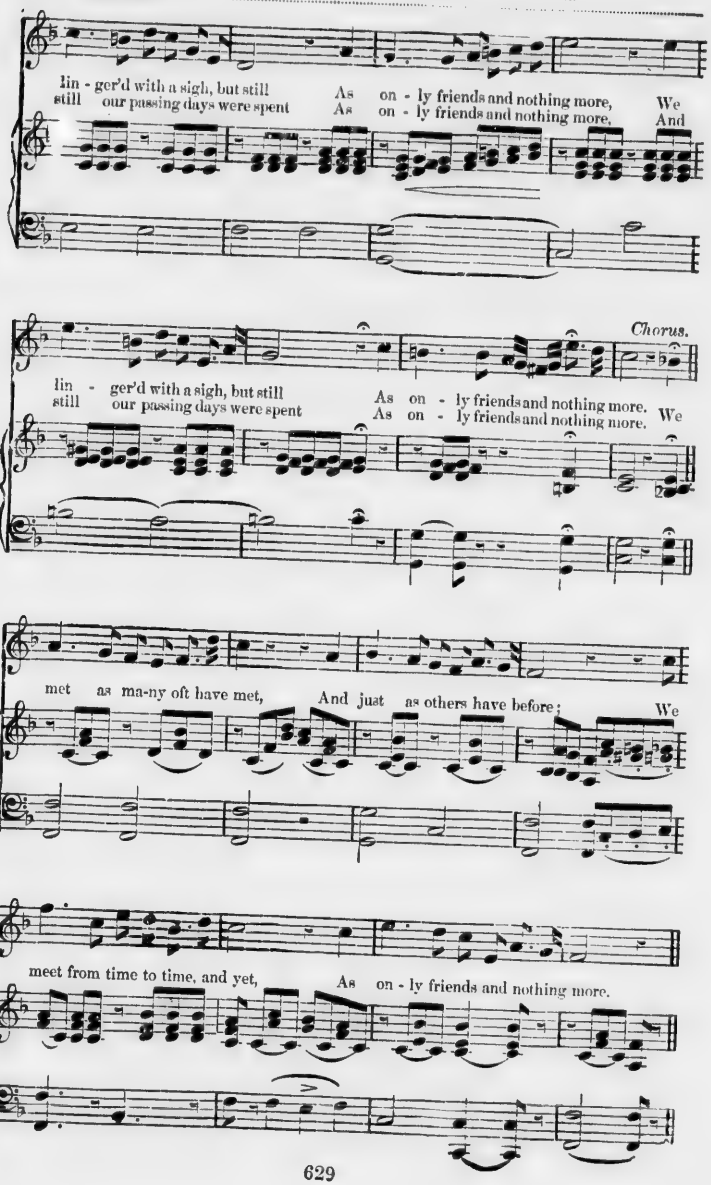


Only Friends and Nothing More.

Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE. Music by SEPTIMUS WINNER.
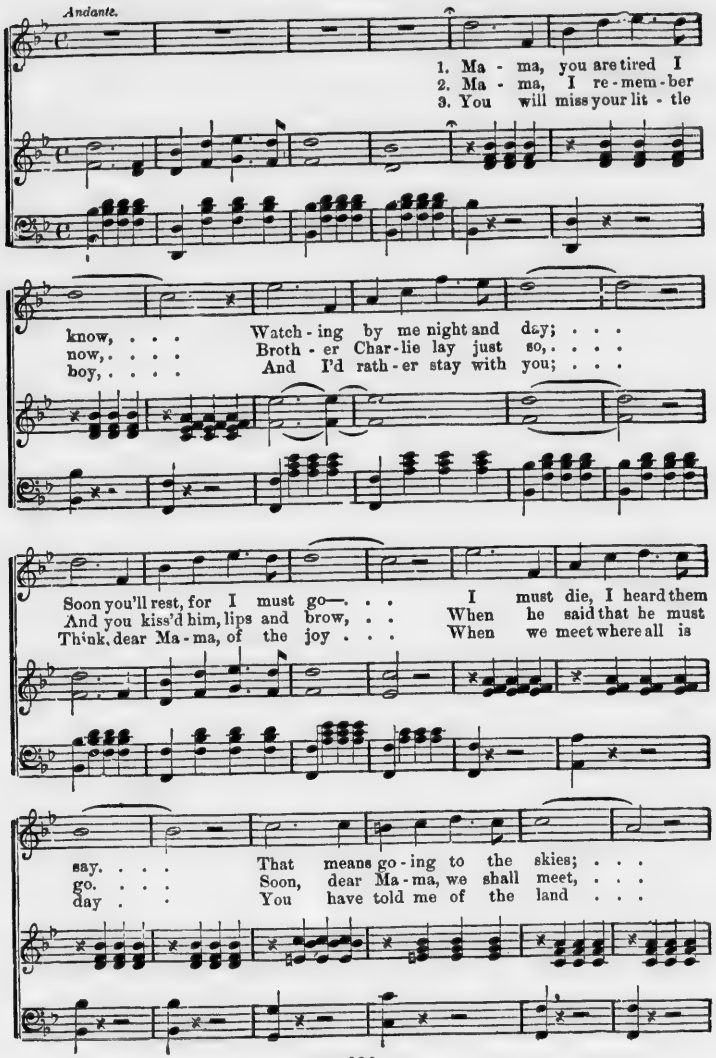


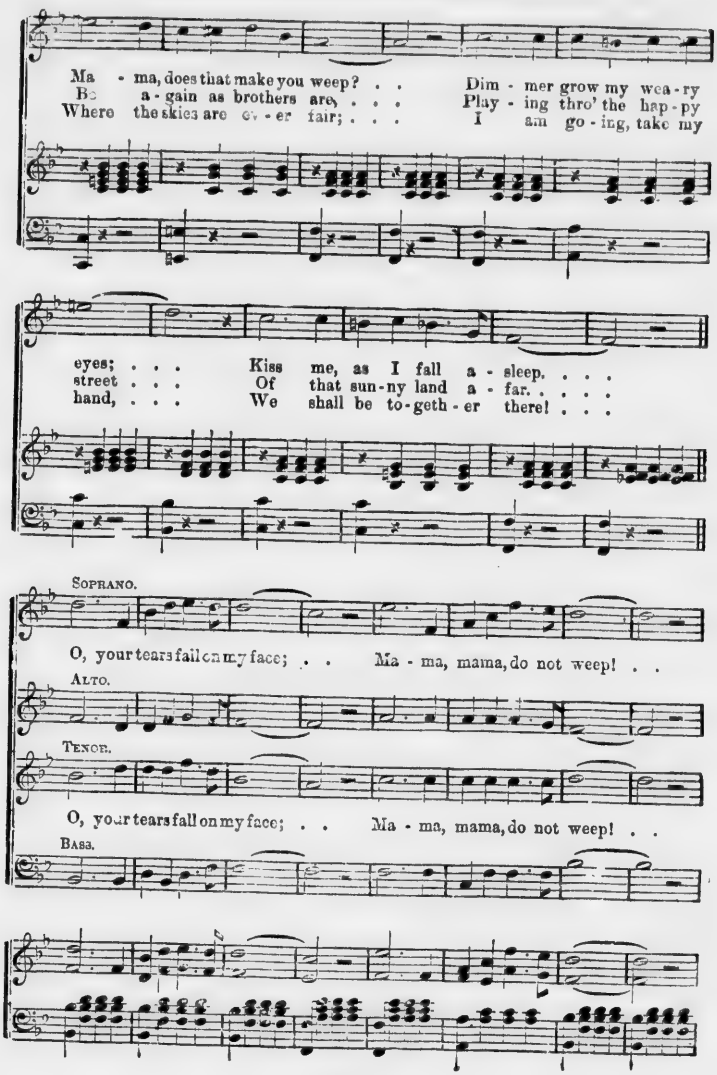
By permission of SEP. WINNER & SON.

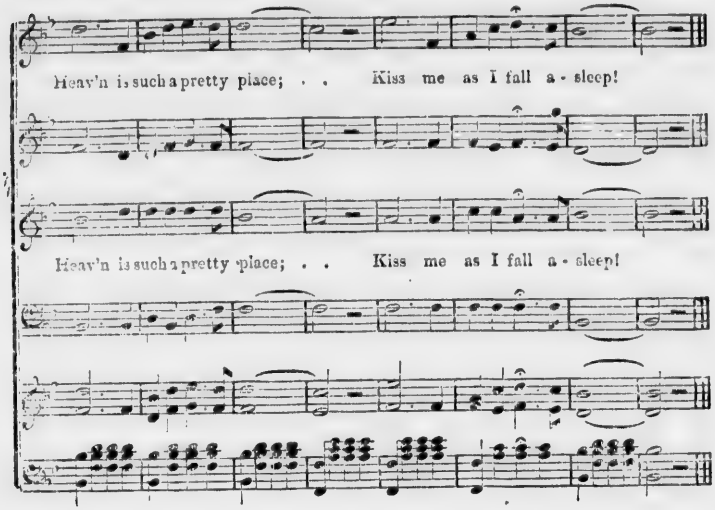

lin - ger'd with a sigh, but still
still our passing days were spent
As on - ly friends and nothing more,
As on - ly friends and nothing more,
We
And
Chorus.
lin - ger'd with a sigh, but still
still our passing days were spent
As on - ly friends and nothing more.
As on - ly friends and nothing more.
We
met as ma-ny oft have met,
And just as others have before;
We
meet from time to time, and yet,
As on - ly friends and nothing more.

Kiss Me, as I Fall Asleep.

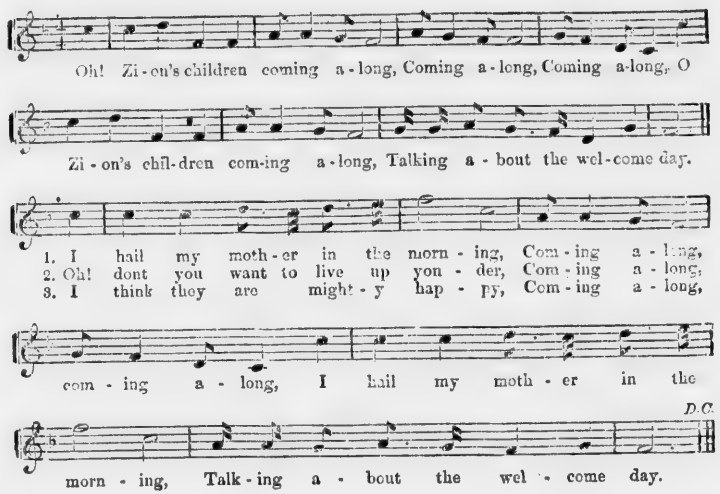
BIRDSEYE. DOUGHERTY.




Ma - ma, does that make you weep? . . Dim - mer grow my wea - ry
Be a - gain as brothers are, . . . Play - ing thro' the hap - py
Where the skies are ev - er fair; . . . I am go - ing, take my
eyes; . . . Kiss me, as I fall a - sleep. . . .
street . . . Of that sun - ny land a - far. . . .
hand, . . . We shall be to - geth - er there! . . .
Soprano.
O, your tears fall on my face; . . Ma - ma, mama, do not weep! . .
Alto.
Tenor.
O, your tears fall on my face; . . Ma - ma, mama, do not weep! . .
Basa.



ZION'S CHILDREN.
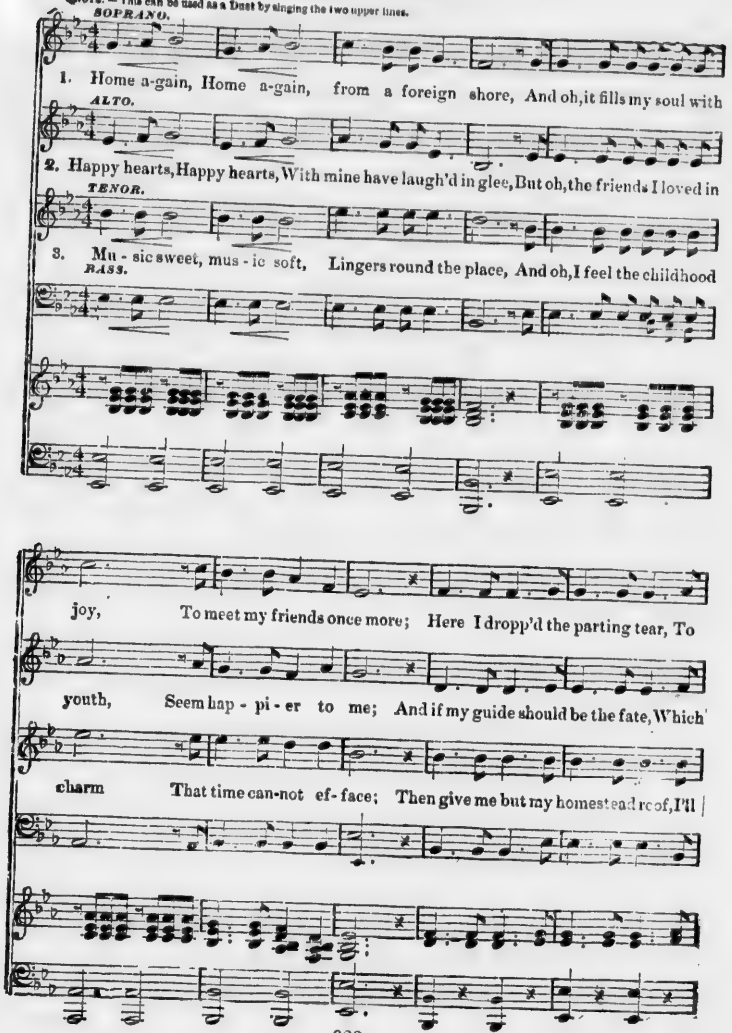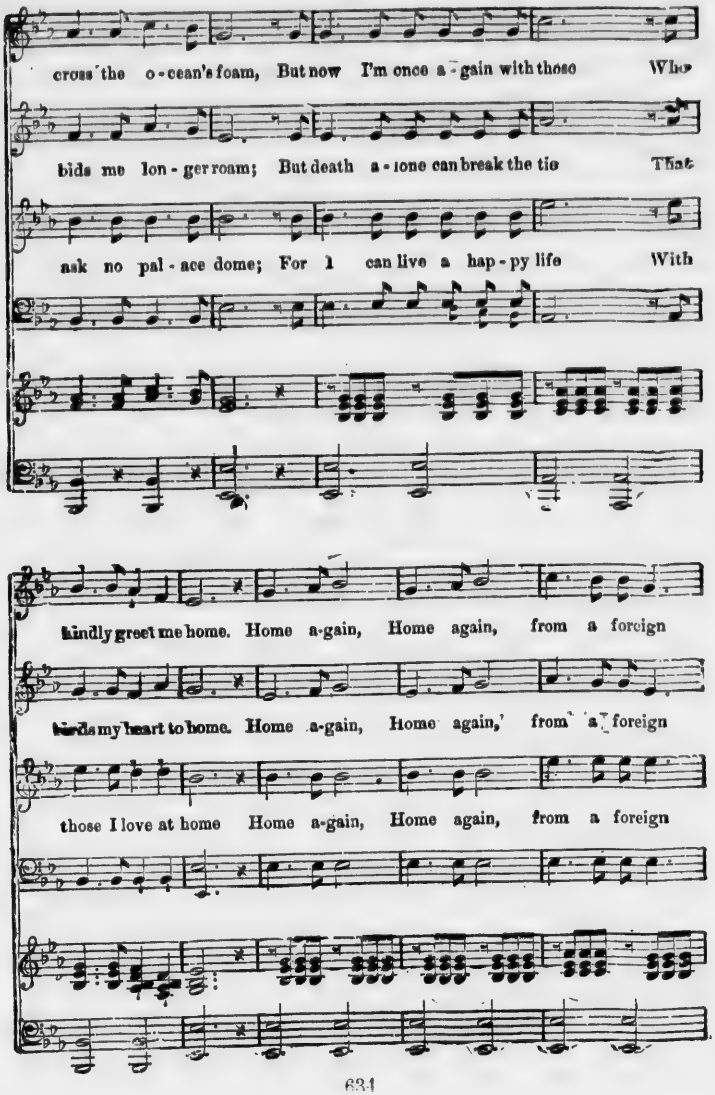


Home Again.

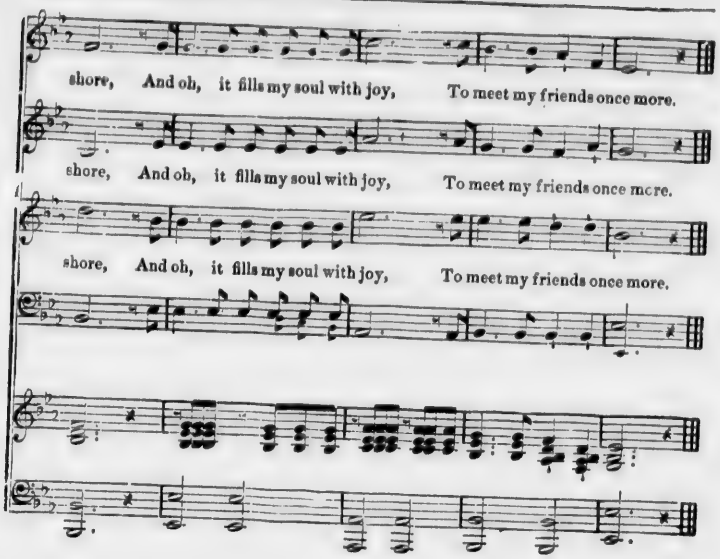
QUARTET.

PIKE.

Note. — This can be used as a Duet by singing the two upper lines.
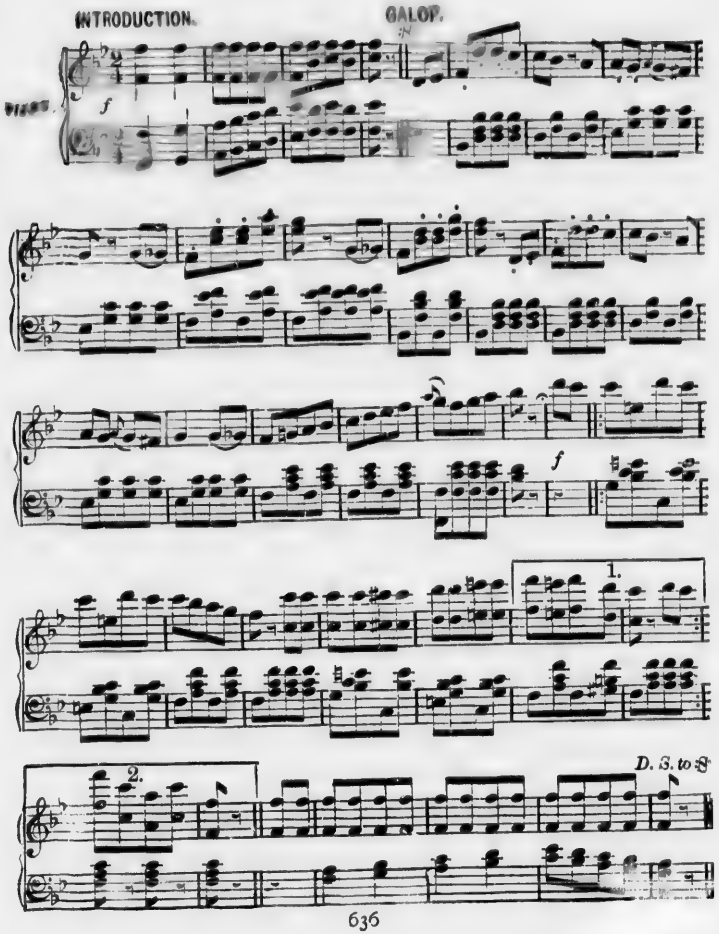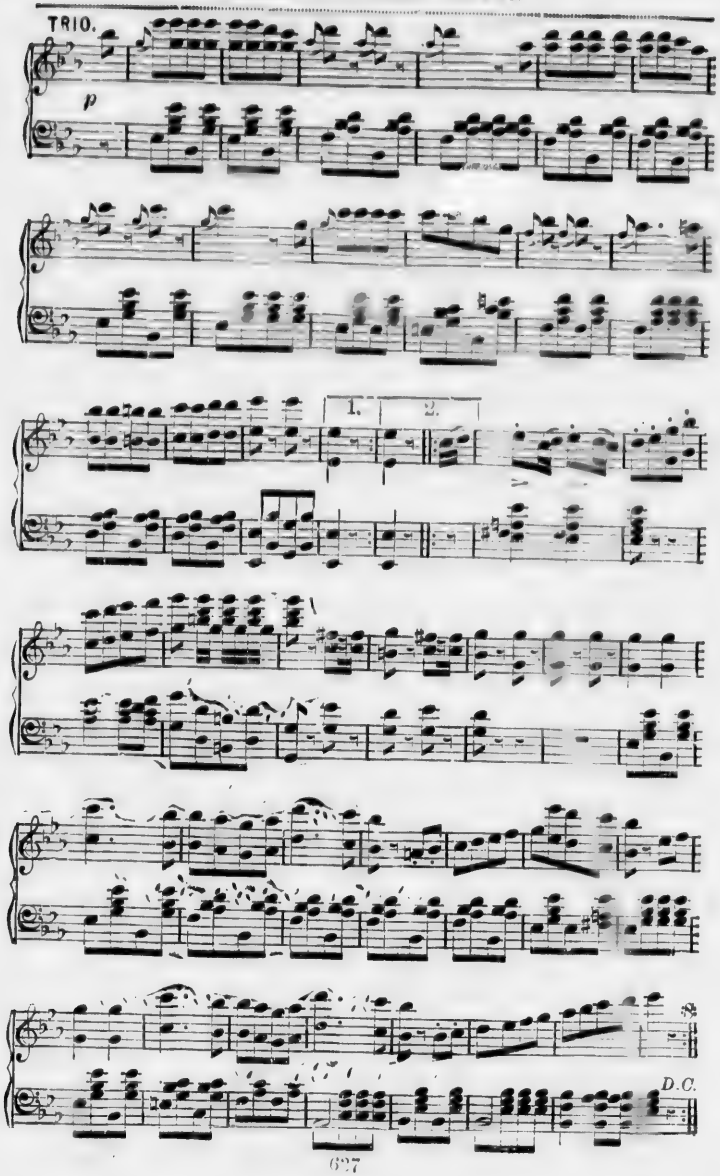



cross the o-cean's foam, But now I'm once a-gain with those Who
bids me lon-ger roam; But death a-lone can break the tie That
ask no pal-ace dome; For I can live a hap-py life With
kindly greet me home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign
birds my heart to home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign
those I love at home Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign


shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.
shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.
shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

Jolly Brothers Galop.

FRANZ BUDIK.
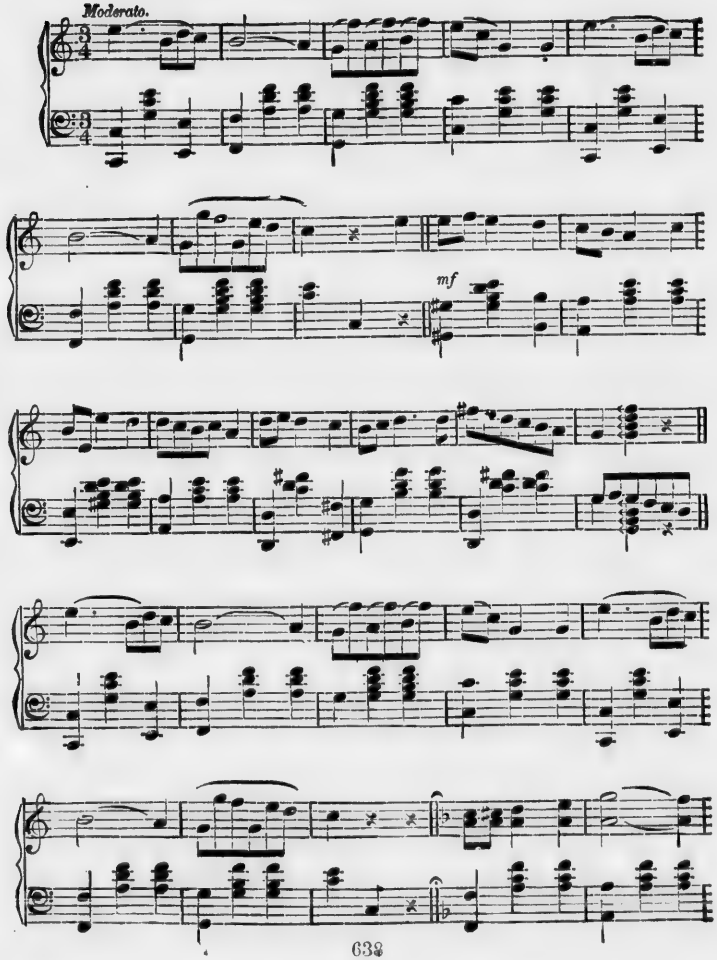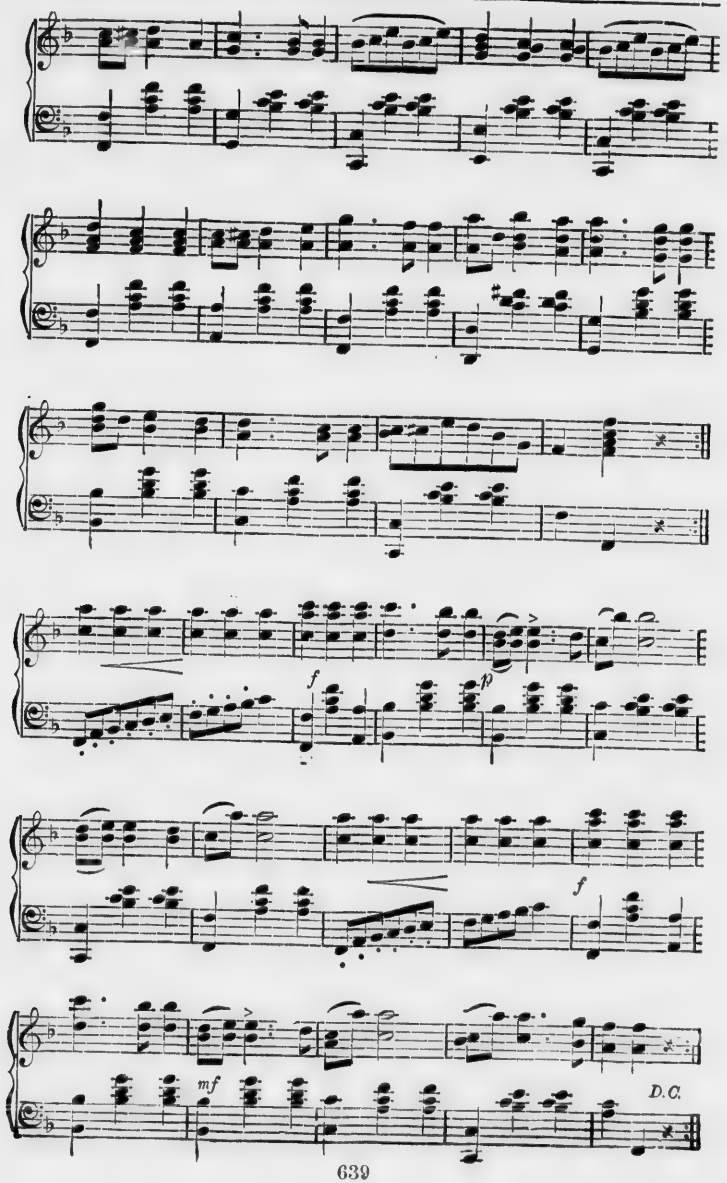



TRIO.
p
1.
2.
D.C.

"Wild Flower."

POLKA REDOWA.

JAMES L. ABBOTT.
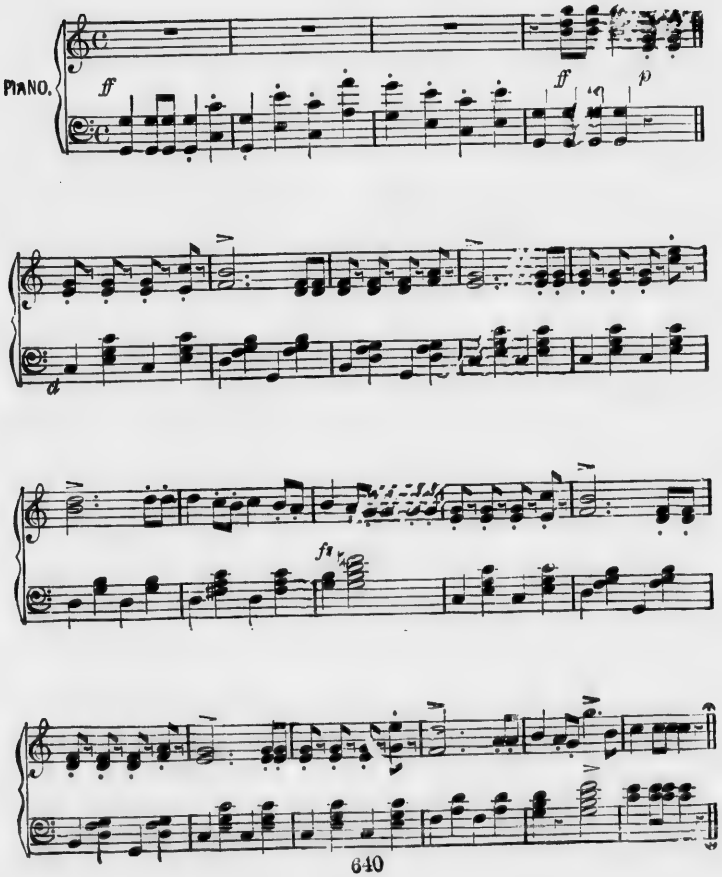


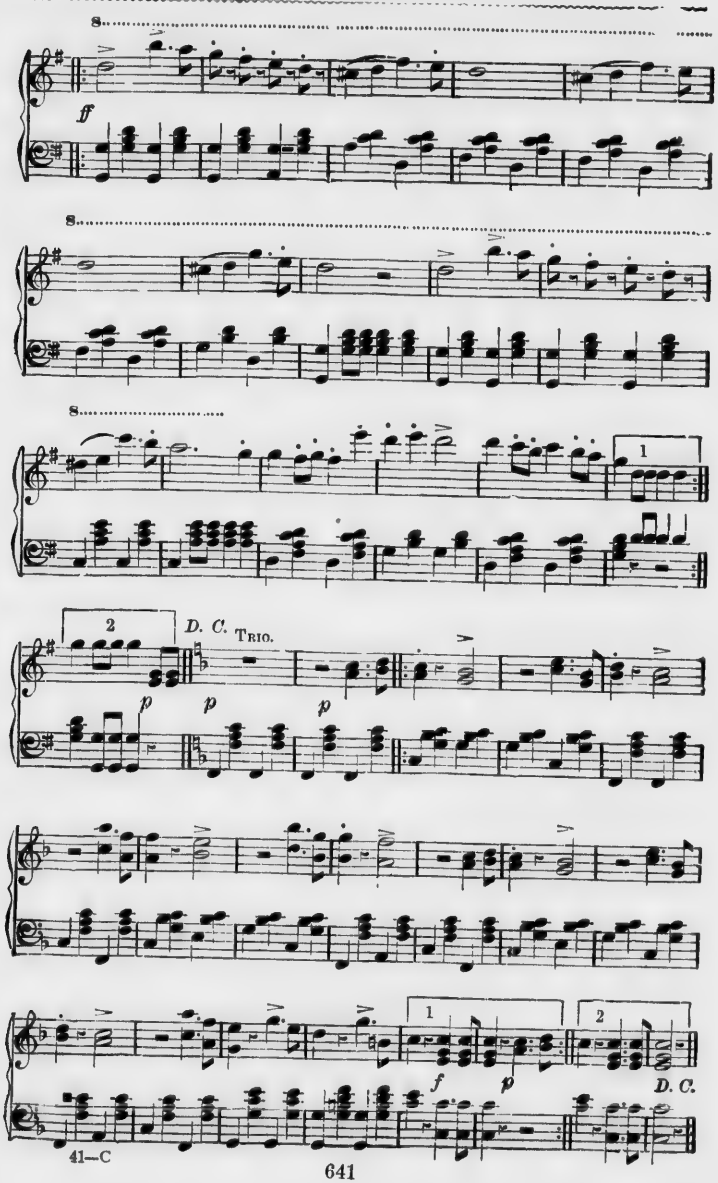

f
p
f
mf
D.C.

Sharp-Shooters' March.

Composed for the Piano-Forte.

By CARL FAUST.
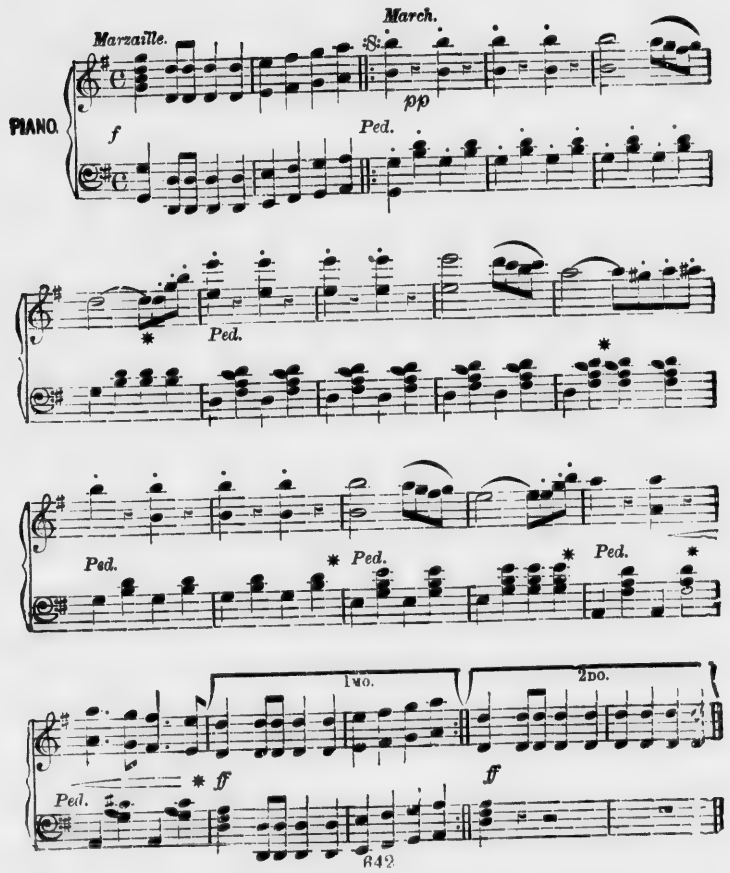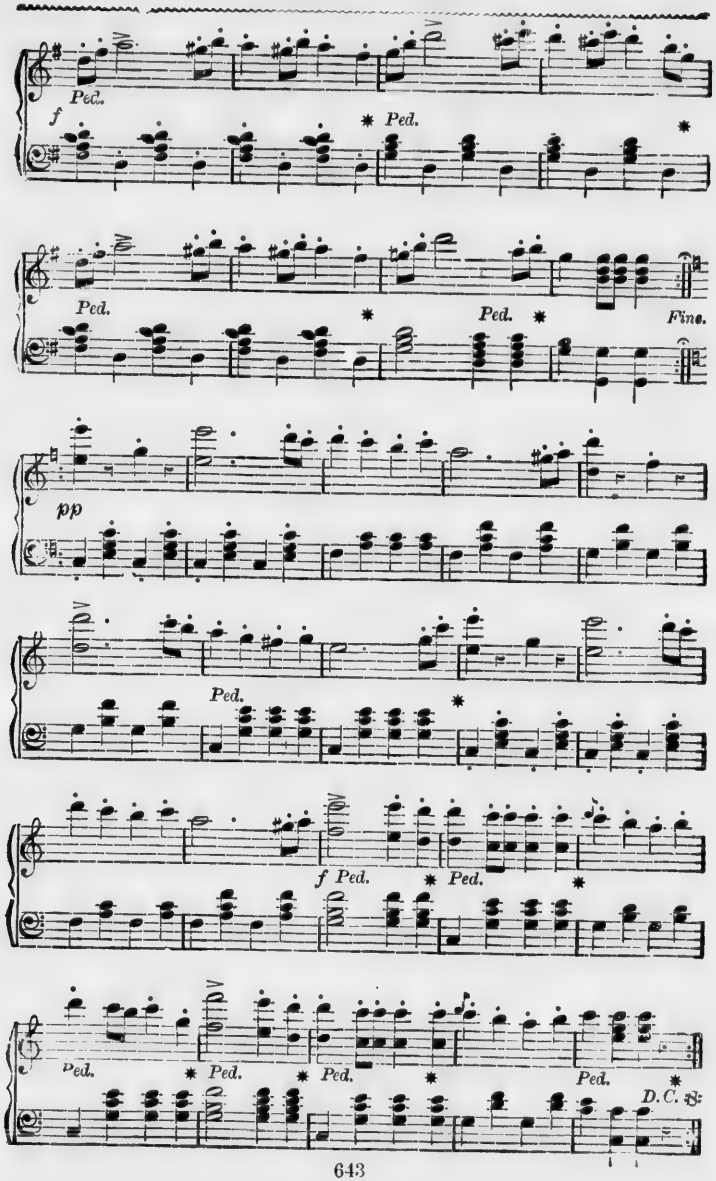



S.
ff
S.
S.
1
2
D. C.
TRIO.
p
p
p
1
2
f
p
D. C.

Cecelia March.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.
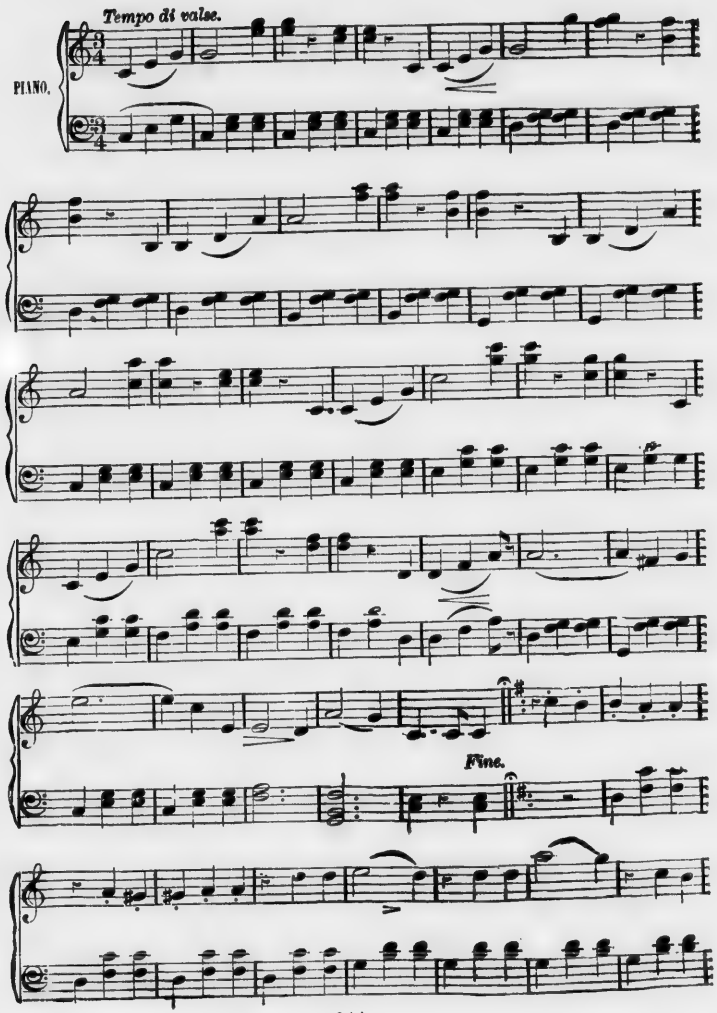
By B. BILSE.
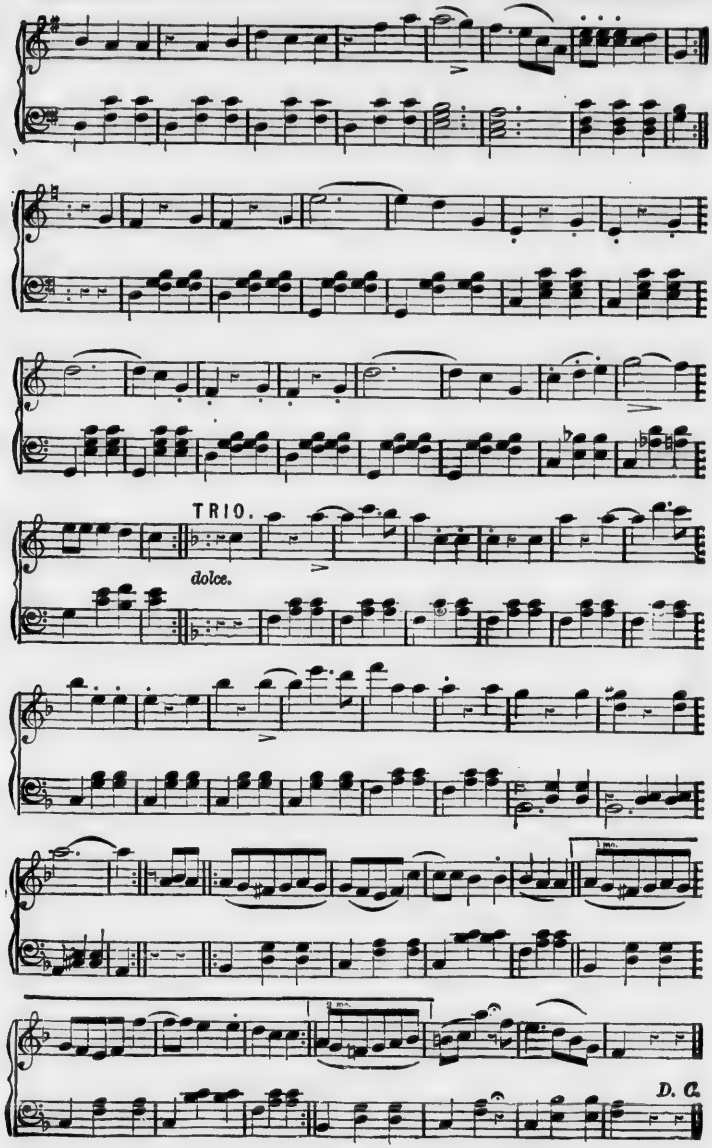



Ped.
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Fine.
pp
Ped.
f Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
D.C.

Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz.
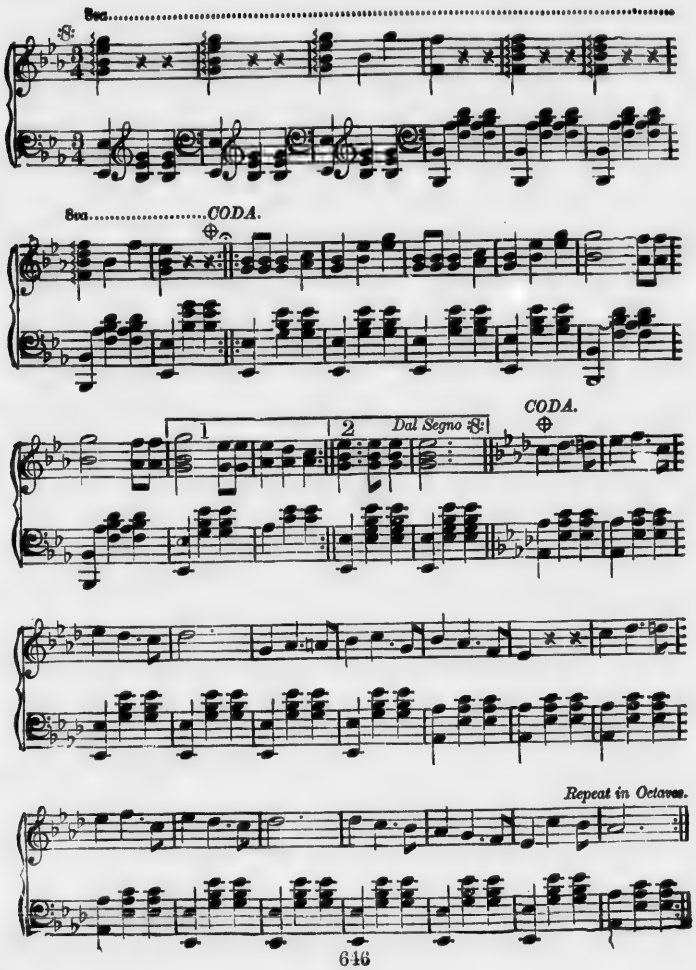
Arranged by SEP. WINNER.
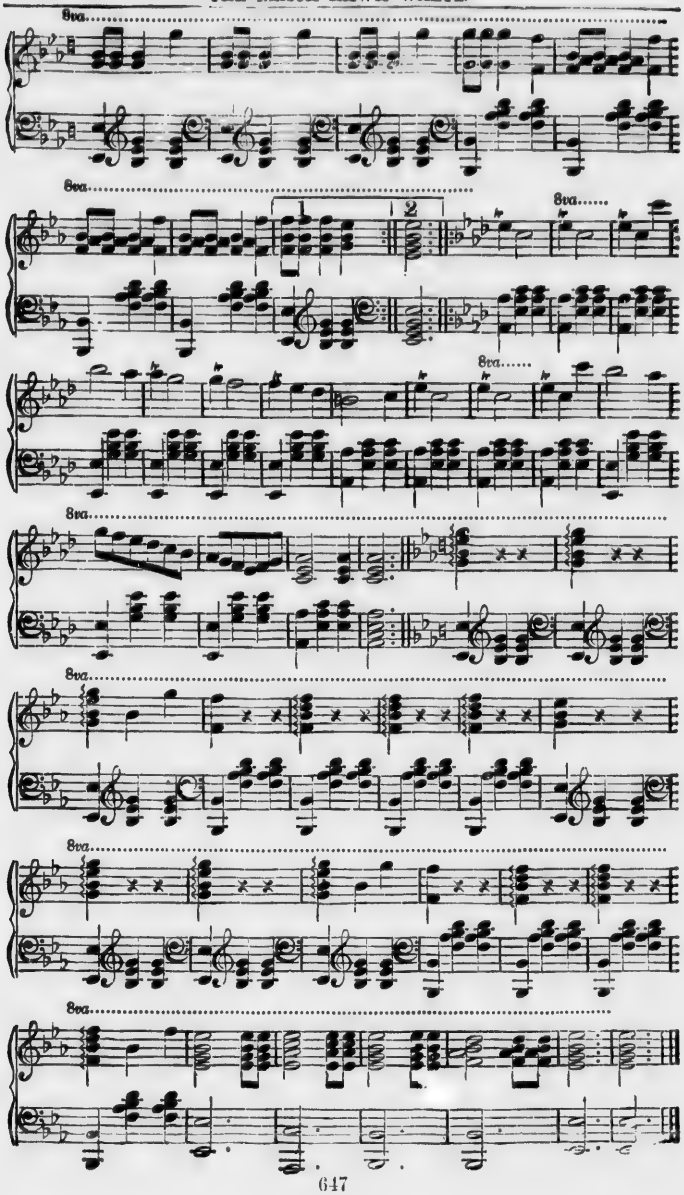



TRIO.
dolce.
D. C.

The Black Hawk Waltz.
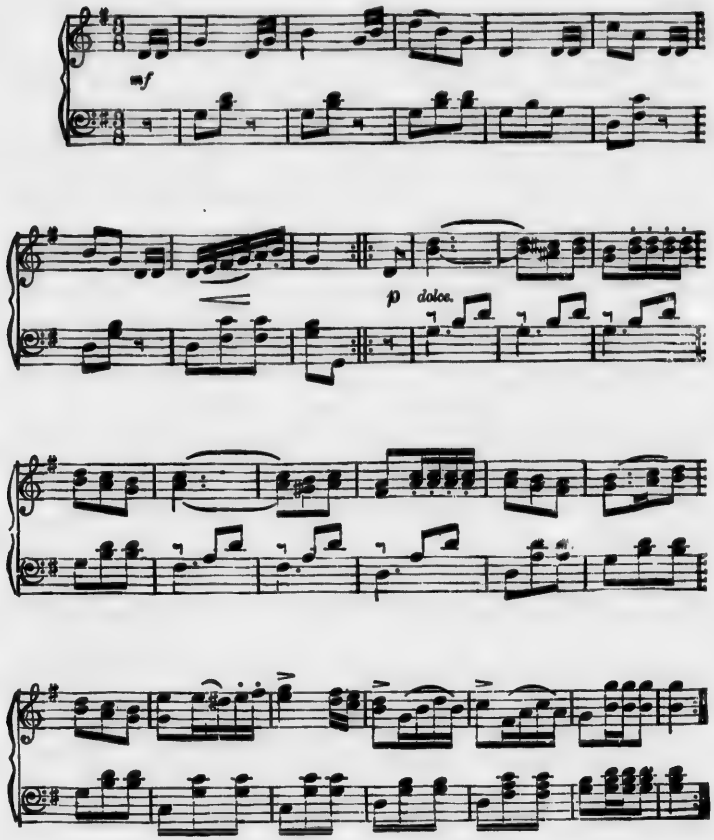
By MARY E. WALSH.
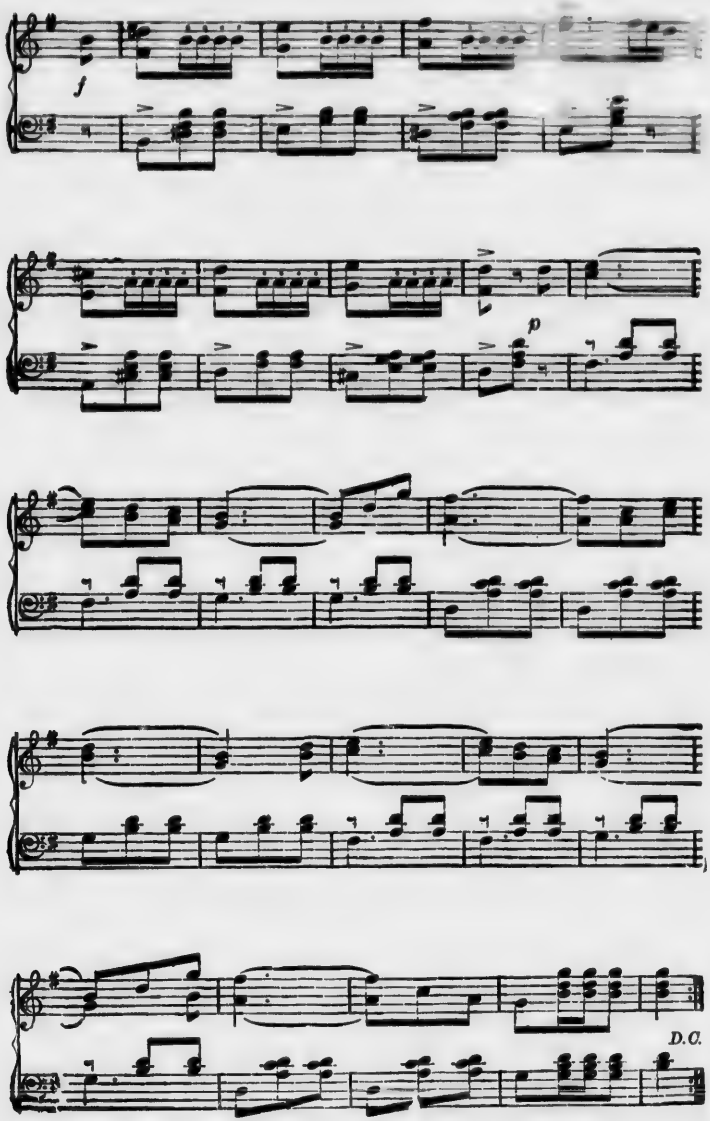



8va.
8va.
1
2
8va.
8va.
8va.
8va.
8va.
8va.

Grafulla's Favorite Waltz.
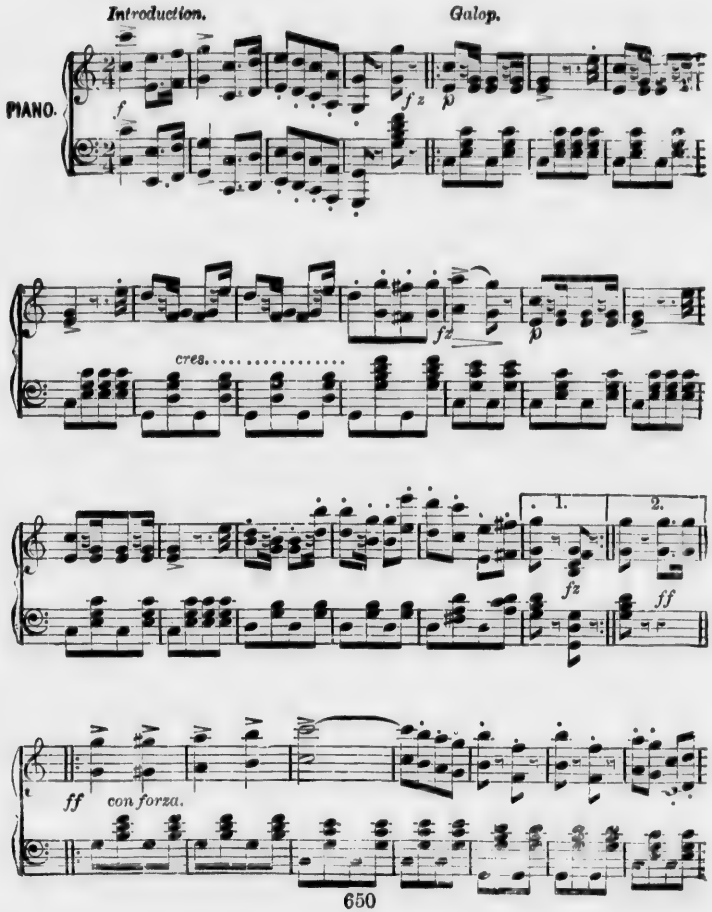
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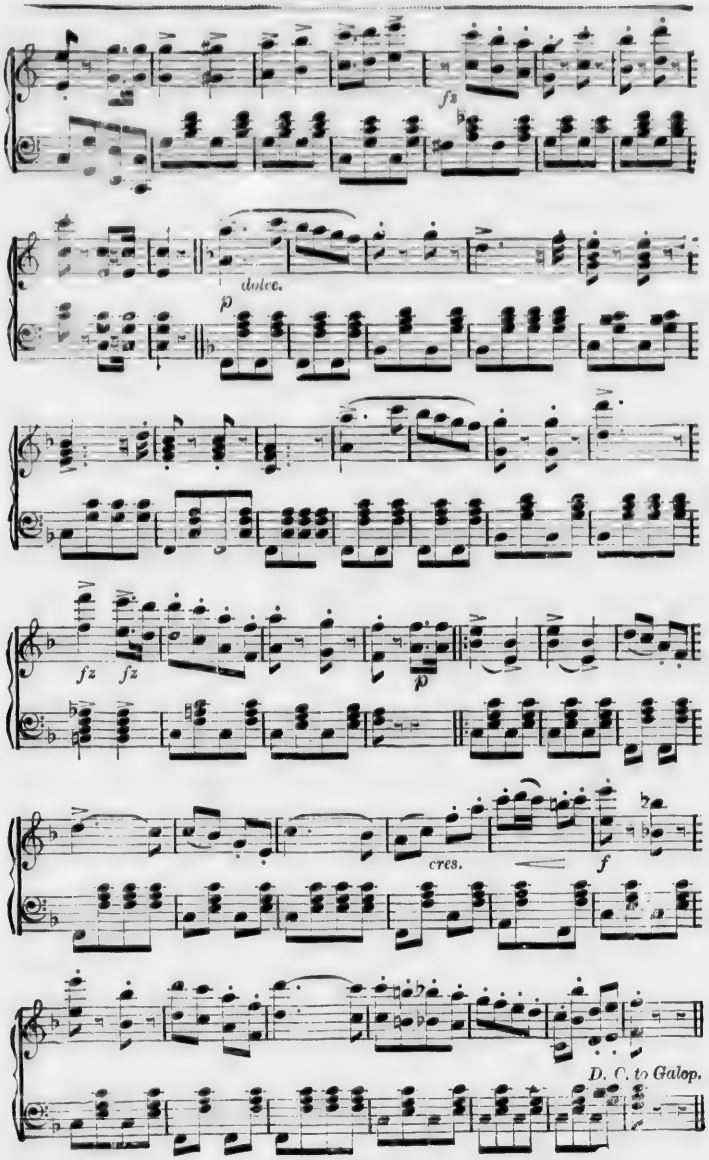



f
p
D.C.

Attack Galop.

F. ZIKOFF.




fz
dolce.
p
fz
fz
p
cres.
f
D. C. to Galop.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A baby's feet, like sea-shell pink	383
A barking sound the shepherd hears	107
A beautiful and graceful head	152
Above the city of Berlin	443
Abram and Zimri owned a field together	416
A brooklet and a pretty maid o'er mossy stones	495
A captain went to Gettysburg	500
A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall	199
A counsel in the "Common Pleas"	481
A country life is sweet	75
A cottage home with sloping lawn	378
A dew-drop once	389
Afar in the desert I love to ride	65
A fair girl was sitting in the greenwood shade	387
A fearless shape of brave device	69
A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet	510
Again to the battle, Achains	230
Against the baffling winds, with slow advance	97
Ah, Clemens, when I saw thee last	431
A hidden choir of dear Southern birds	160
A jovial farmer boy I'll be	577
Ah, how sweet it is to love	179
Ah, many a time we look on starlit nights	430
Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from your wheel	193
Ah, sweet, thou little knowest how	191
Ah! 'tis like a tale of olden time	204
Ah, yes—the fight! Well, messmates, well	241
Alas, that moon should ever beam	398
A letter came for me to-day so very quaint	382
Alexis calls me cruel	146
A little face to look at	369
A long time ago, in the years that have flown	311
All Afric, winged with death and fire	254
All day long the house was glad	359
All day long the river flowed	118
All day the wife had been toiling	279
All hail! thou noble land	227
All hail! superior sex, exalted fair	237
All moveless stand the ancient cedar trees	420
All silent now the clash of war, the Roman hosts	122
All the world's a stage	18
Although I enter not	194
Amidst the city's din are heard	418
A monarch on his death-bed lay	127
Among their graven shapes to whom	433
A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er	287
A mother came when stars were paling	395
A mother gave her darling a fair gift	404
A mother's love	28
An angel floating o'er the waste of snow	239
And canst thou, mother, for a moment think	40
And is the swallow gone	85
And now a maid in russet gown	159
And now, my memory fondly plays	56
And now, behold! as at the approach of morning	403
An ivy-mantled cottage smiled	188
A nine days' wonder had Tattlerstown	129
Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old	23
An old man sat by a fireless hearth	136
And thou hast walked about (how strange a story)	257
A pinsion-claim agent! Will, then, sor	479
Approach, Sir. Can you call to mind the hour	469
A roar like thunder strikes the ear	457
Art thou weary, art thou languid	400
A seed came floating near me	253
A sensitive plant in the garden grew	83
A stitch is always dropping out	510
A sweet disorder in the dress	30
As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow	336
As Collinet and Phebe sat	236
As I stood by the lakelet of love, to my view	166
As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day	456
As near beauteous Boston lying	234
As slow our ship her foamy track	273
As snowdrops come to a wintry world	204
As thou these ashes, little brook! wilt bear	437
"A temple to Friendship," cried Laura, enchanted	144
A traveller through a dusty road	258
At midnight, in his guarded tent	246
At midnight in the month of June	273
At morning, when the earth and sky	66
At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping	268
At the gate of old Granada	294
Autumn's sighing	94
Awake thee, my lady-love!	160
A weary lot is thine, fair maid	162
A youth, light-hearted and content	264
Aye, scatter me well, 'tis a moist spring day	59
Aye, tear her tattered ensign down	102
Bachelors' Hall! what a quare lookin' place it is	501
Bad was the wife of Barney O'Linn	499
Bear them not from grassy dells	21
Beautiful world! though bigots condemn thee	290
Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead	339
Because I feel that in the heavens above	41
Before his lion-court	112
Behold her single in the field	249
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms	189
Bell! thou soundest merrily	279
Beloved! amid the earnest woes	28
Bend o'er me with those starry eyes	154
Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed	67
Beside a massive gateway	25

	PAGE
Beside the engine-driver grim	114
Beside the loom of life I stand	255
Beyond the smiling and the weeping	424
"Big time to-night," the drummers said	380
Bitter and bleak is the closing day	50
Blessings on the hand of woman	248
Blue gulf all around us	323
Bluebird! on yon leafless tree	76
Boys were as blithe, and girls were as gay	28
Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art	340
Bright things can never die	277
Bring them into the sunshine	366
Bruised and bleeding, pale and weary	284
Burly, dozing humble-bee	60
But Enoch yearned to see her face again	31
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes	198
But to the west the spent day kisses night	53
By broad Potomac's silent shore	432
By the bed the old man, waiting	274
By the brink of the river our parting was fond	208
By the blue Alsatian mountains	461
By the rude bridge that arched the flood	219
By the wayside, on a mossy stone	346
By wind and wave the sailor brave has fared	225
Calanthe here! My poor, fond girl!	466
Can any one say what fun there is	370
Can I see another's woe	342
"Cannot you do your sum, dear?"	367
Canst thou forget, beloved, our first awaking	206
Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry	184
Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry	452
Clang, clang! the massive anvils rang	238
Cleon hath a million acres—ne'er a one have I	252
Close beside the river Hudson stood a fortress	214
Cock-a-doodle-doo	362
Columbus stood upon the deck	508
Come and sit beside me, Elsie	301
Come, boys, I have something to tell you	614
Come, come, make ready. Brother, you and he	465
Come, follow, follow me	394
Come, gentlemen tories, firm, loyal, and true	237
Come, golden evening! in the west	61
Come, hoist the sail, the fast let go	74
Come into the garden, Maud	151
Come let us rejoice	304
Come, listen to me, you gallants so free	96
"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day	54
Come live with me and be my love	196
Come not to my grave with your mournings	354
Come o'er the sea	226
"Come one! come all!" the farmer cries	364
Come, poor child, say the flowers	328
Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer	157
Come unto these yellow sands	396
Come where my love lies dreaming	457
Come ye so early	91
Could I bring lost love back again	171
Could love impart by nicest art	168
Could ye come back to me, Douglas	588
Crabbed age and youth	284
Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud	440
Day hath put on his jacket, and around	42
Dear Betty, come give me sweet kisses	194
Dear child! how radiant on thy mother's knee	357
"Dear Jesus, let me sleep," she said	417
Dear little hand that clasps my own	371
Did ever swain a nymph adore	488
Did you hear of the Widow Malone?	498
Dim vales—and shadowy floods	392
Distracted with care	183
Doggie dancing in the May	363
Dong—dong—the bells rang out	466
Don't crowd and push on the march of life	247
Don't you talk to me about women	293
Do not tell us life is dreary	248
Dost thou love me, sister Ruth?	566
Do they miss me at home? do they miss me?	455
Do we have any accidents here, sir?	317
Do we have many accidents here, sir?	128
Down on de Mississippi floatin'	460
Down to the wharves, as the sun goes down	260
Do you call to mind the meeting in the village	480
Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing	282
Do you think I've forgotten the day	378
Dried be that tear, my gentlest love	200
Drowsy sunshine, noonday sunshine, shining full	329
Early, alone, from shortened rest	399
Earth has not anything to show more fair	72
Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders	246
Fair daffodils, we weep to see	55
Fair dweller by the dusty way	68
Fair lady, in my dream	161
Fair, sweet, and young, receive a praise	183
Falsely luxurious, will not man awake	50
Far dearer the grave or the prison	223
Far in the West lies a desert land	98
Far out at sea—the sun was high	272
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour	203
Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter	306
Farewell! life! my senses swim	342
Farewell! my love, nay do not weep	454
Farewell, old friend—we part at last	22
Father and I went down to camp	450
Father, I know that all my life	402
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer	44
Five weary months sweet Inez numbered	101
Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea	73
Flooded are the brakes and dell	92
Flutes in the sunny air	444
For aught that ever I could read	151
Foremost among the first	217
For every shooting star she claimed a kiss	491

	Page
Forget me not, when, friends and fortune smiling	171
For her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes	179
Forms of saints and kings are standing	265
For the few-and-far between	487
For thee was a house built	345
For twenty years and over our good parson had been toiling	344
Freeman! if you pant for glory	236
Freshly the cool breath of the coming eve	406
Fret not for fame, but in perfection rest	280
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears	467
Furl that banner, for 'tis weary	222
From pain and peril, by land and main	292
Gayly through the mountain glen	397
Gayly bedight	289
Gentle and lovely form	214
Gentle spring! in sunshine clad	90
Girt round with rugged mountains the fair Lake Constance lies	134
"Give me but two brigades," said Hooker	224
Give me the boon of love	189
"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried	211
Gloomy and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omawhaws	82
God give us men, a time like this demands	239
God save our gracious king	223
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith	423
Go forth, for she is gone	148
Gold! gold! gold! gold!	286
Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom	206
Go set the table, Mary, an' let the cloth be white	29
Good news from home—good news for me	452
"Good-night, good-night." She heard him speak	487
Grandpapa's hair is very white	18
Grave of waters gone to rest	84
Great keeper of the magic keys	435
Green little vaulter in the sunny grass	75
Grown to man's stature, O my little child	385
Ha! the bird has fled my arrow	272
Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly	406
Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove	52
Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good	55
Hans and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side by side	498
Hard is the truth to comprehend	340
Hark! that burst of silver laughter	380
Hark! the faint bells of the sunken city	393
Hark! I hear an angel sing	458
Has sorrow thy young days shaded	349
Hast thou seen that lordly castle	341
Have you not oft in the still wind	392
Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure	562
He came to town one winter day	506
He came across the meadow-pass	196
He had played for his lordship's levee	328
He is gone, O my heart, he is gone	320
He is gone where the woodbine twineth	582
"Heimgang!" so the German people	429
He killed the noble Mudjakiwis	480
He leads us on	420
He liveth long who liveth well	427
Hell's gates swing open wide	72
He made a new invention nearly every other week	480
Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised	138
Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere	76
Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can	441
Here lies our sovereign lord the king	436
Here rests, and let no saucy knave	478
Here's the garden she walked across	153
He raised the golden cup from the board	109
He sat at the dinner table there	143
He says he loves my daughter	159
He sees when their footsteps falter, when their hearts grow weak and faint	406
He stood in the station; she at his side	494
He wandered o'er the dreary earth	431
He was a man whom danger could not daunt	435
He was an Emperor, but he saw around him	516
He was in logic a great critic	503
Here's a song for old Dobbin	27
He woes me with those honied words	201
Hide and seek! Two children at play	377
Hide, hide, hide! under the great oak tree	375
High in the pear tree's branches	75
High on the banks of Delaware	235
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles	164
Hold the lantern aside, and shudder not so	468
Home again, home again	455
Home of our childhood! Now affection clings	45
How beautiful is the rain	87
How aromatic evening grows! The flowers	472
How can I leave thee?	616
How dear to my heart were the boots of my boyhood	475
How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood	47
How easy it is to spoil a day	259
How happy am I, having you along side	254
How have I thought of thee? as flies	150
How pleasant the life of a bird must be	51
How pleasant a sailor's life passes	279
"How shall I a habit break?"	277
How sleep the brave who sink to rest	217
How sweet the answer Echo makes	156
How sweetly on the wood-girt town	115
Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber	385
I am a jovial collier lad	463
I am dying, Egypt, dying!	444
I am going far away	449
I am old and blind!	354
I am only a farmer's lass	327
I am sailing to the leeward	281
"I am sick of the world," he said	201

	Page
I am the stub of a Faber	495
I arise from dreams of thee	170
I cannot make him dead!	353
I cannot see, with my small human sight	414
I cannot sing the old songs	457
I can't jes' tell what's come to her	41
I classed and counted once	167
I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn	112
I die, dear life, unless to me be given	183
I die for thy sweet love! The ground	193
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be	401
I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way	80
I'd rather drink cold water from the brook	267
I dwelt alone	278
If all our life were one broad glare	275
If a prince should come and cast him down	263
If by any device or knowledge	363
If I had thought thou could'st have died	170
If, sitting with this little, worn-out shoe	329
If spring has maids of honor	81
If that the world and love were young	196
If thou shalt be in heart a child	423
If thou hast crushed a flower	282
If we knew the cares and crosses	424
If you cannot give aid to another	285
If Zeus chose us a king of flowers in his mirth	84
I gathered the gold I had hid in the earth	203
I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid	169
I had a dream of gently straying	394
I had an uncle once—a man	315
I haf von funny leedle poy	491
I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink	191
I have found violets. April hath come on	59
I have lived long enough to be rarely mistaken	496
I have no cares, O blessed Will!	402
I have read, in some old, marvellous tale	291
I have wandered on through many a clime	453
I heard a brooklet gushing	87
I heard a mother singing to her babe	459
I heard him, Joe, I heard him	334
I heard the trailing garments of the night	86
I know a maiden fair to see	157
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows	178
I know a haughty little elf	372
I know that heav'n lies just beyond	627
I lay me down to sleep	412
I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls	416
I'll bid my hyacinth to blow	175
I'll sing you a good old song	448
"I'll tell you how the leaves come down"	366
I loaf aroun' the deepo just to see the Pullman scoot	477
I love it, I love it, and who shall dare	604
I love him, I dream of him	188
I love my pretty cousin Kate	373
I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me	488
I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone	161
I loved them so	374
I'm a very little baby	371
I'm born in a crystal bower	70
I met a little girl one day	404
I miss you, my darling, my darling	331
I'm not romantic, but, upon my word	58
I must leave thee, lady sweet	180
I never said I loved you, John	161
In a dream of the night I was wafted away	245
In a pioneer's cabin, out west, so they say	500
In building up "natur" he thought the Creator	493
In Christian world Mary the garland wears	18
In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fire-place	29
In eastern lands they talk in flowers	82
In happy moments day by day	598
In him Demosthenes was heard again	436
In his chamber, weak and dying	126
In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes	49
In meadows where lambkins used to sport	479
I need not praise the sweetness of his song	433
Into the homes of sorrow and distress	381
In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed	211
In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars	156
In that soft mid-land where the breezes bear	104
In the ancient town of Bruges	113
In the deepening shades of twilight	325
In the deepest dearth of midnight	133
In the down-hill of life, when I find	287
In the greenest of our valleys	104
In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping	457
In the hour of twilight shadows	117
In the long sleepless watches of the night	198
In the molten-golden moonlight	182
In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown	105
In the ranks of the Austrian you found him	225
In the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise	396
In the southern clime	384
In their ragged regimentals	229
In the woods, hunters say	496
In youth I saw but a maiden fair	166
I once had a sweet little doll, dears	373
I once knew a darkey, and his name was Uncle Ned	459
I own I like not Johnson's turgid style	436
I reached the village on the plain	383
I read it, my letter, my letter	205
I sadden when thou smilest to my smile	22
I said in the gladness of my heart	353
I saw, as in a dream sublime	274
I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining	345
I saw him, Lucy, only once	496
I saw the curl of his waving lash	44
I saw two birds perched on the wire	332
I send a question to my dear	150
I sent a letter to my love	612
Is all the counsel that we two have shared	149
Is life worth living? Yes, so long	276

	PAGE
Is there no secret place on the face of the earth	39
Is there, for honest poverty	248
I thy name Mary, maiden fair?	164
I shot an arrow into the air	281
I sit within my ingle-nook	47
I sit where the wild bee is humming	
I spoke to her of books renowned	501
I stood upon the hills when heaven's wide arch	76
I stood at Rimmel's window	478
I suppose if all the children	365
I think of thee when morning springs	161
I think her living yet	420
It found a valley young and fair	264
It had passed in all its grandeur, that sounding summer shower	210
It is a place where poets crowned may feel the hearts decaying	440
It is not in the mountains	28
It is not the tear at this moment shed	349
It isn't a scrumptious thing to see	37
It isn't the thing you do, dear	406
It may not be, it cannot be	447
It's easy to talk of the patience of Job	497
It's mighty good to git back to the old town	463
It was a gallant cavalier	110
It was the wild midnight	139
It was the nightingale and not the lark	
It was in a grocer's window	507
It was on Mr. Peroy's land	304
I've been caught in a net by a dear little pet	459
I've come to the cabin he danced his wild jigs in	108
I've just bin down ter Thompson's, boys	474
I've read in the *Examiner*	505
I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree	331
I was sitting in my study	377
I wish to make my sermon brief—to shorten my oration	192
I wonder when that day will be	258
I wonder if in Nazareth	401
I would ask of you, my darling	449
I would have gone; God bade me stay	429
"Jennie!" mother cries, "Jen-*nie!*"	367
Jennie, my own true loved one	455
Jerusalem, my happy home	426
John Anderson, my Jo, John	584
John Day he was the biggest man	504
Just as I thought I was growing old	38
Just before the battle, mother	451
Jove had gathered his band, and to every one	106
Just beyond the rolling river	608
Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie	61
Kate Ketchem, on a winter's night	131
Kate, there's a trembling at my heart, a coldness on my brow	39
King Almanzor of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound	123
King Christian stood by the lofty mast	233
Knows he who tills this lonely field	347
Lars Porsena of Clusium	311
Laugh, and the world laughs with you	356
Lay him beneath his snows	443
Leave thee, Rienzi! Speak not thus	209
Let greener lands and bluer skies	202
Let me lie down	238
Let me move slowly through the street	256
Let's oftener talk of noble deeds	413
Let time and chance combine, combine	163
Let us love one another	167
Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears	449
Life, believe, is not a dream	282
Lift up the curtains of thine eyes	157
Life! I know not what thou art	403
Like a gentle joy descending	68
List! thou child of wind and sea	86
Little inmate, full of mirth	84
Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day	244
Lo! death has reared himself a throne	100
Lo, in the middle of the wood	54
Lo, in the painted oriel of the West	56
Lonely and wild it rose	63
Longing already to search in and round	405
Long, long ago, in the sweet Roman spring	440
Look how the snow falls and falls	94
Look out upon the stars, my love	193
Look, white man, well on all around	63
Lo! over ether's glorious realm	90
Lord, let me know mine end, and of my days	409
Loud and chill was the blast	197
Loud roared the dreadful thunder	461
Love knoweth every form of air	177
Love launched a gallant little craft	163
Love's no irregular device	154
Love wakes and weeps, while beauty sleeps	205
Low hung the moon, the wind was still	430
Lullaby, oh, lullaby	511
Maiden, crowned with glossy blackness	189
Maiden! with the meek brown eyes	177
Make me no vows of constancy, dear friend	203
"Mamma, is there too many of we?"	357
Mamma loosens the baby's frock	373
Mamma, you are tired I know	636
Man longs to view his destiny completed	269
Man, man loves his steed	184
Many a beautiful, artless child	57
Many a long hard-working day	362
Margarita first possessed	191
Martial, the things that do attain	20
Maxwelton Braes are bonny	462
Meet me by moonlight alone	447
Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning	195

	Page
Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do	499
Men of thought, be up and stirring night and day	247
Methinks I love all common things	94
Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand	321
Mighty ones. Love and death	206
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour	436
Mine is the fame most blazoned of all	321
Miss Annabel McCarty	379
Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square	483
"Mister," the little fellow said	375
Mourn, O rejoicing heart	26
Morn breaketh in the east. The purple clouds	415
"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey"	220
Mr. Caudle had a scolding wife	504
Must I tell thee, Georgiana	181
Mute is thy wild harp now, O bard sublime	439
Muzzer's bought a baby	385
My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt	38
My birthday!—O beloved mother	30
My country, 'tis of thee	213
"My dear," said Mr. Bunny on a pleasant summer day	380
My eyes! how I love you	212
My fairest child, I have no song to give you	285
My good man is a clever man	264
My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf	456
My heart is beating with all things that are	152
My grandmother she at the age of eighty-three	564
My heart is wasted with my woe	146
My love, thou'rt fairer than the dawn	506
My mother says a girl she knows	364
My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane	620
My sister, with this mortal eye	401
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up	144
Mysterious keeper of the key	20
Mysterious night! when our first parent knew	77
Near the lake where drooped the willow	186
Nestling so gracefully	359
New being is from being ceased	400
No more by Lugar, Ayr or Doon	439
No more the summer floweret charms	22
Nor second he, that rode sublime	437
Not a sound was heard but a terrible hum	503
Not far advanced was morning day	109
Not in the shadowy wood	79
Not in the solitude	253
Not in the swaying of the summer trees	30
Nothing to give save a crust of bread	421
Now, by the blessed Paphian queen	200
Now had the season returned, when the nights grew longer and colder	91
Now let me alone! though I know you won't	503
Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height	218
Now the widow McGee	495
Now what are you crying for, Nelly	208
O breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade	439
Occasions drew me early to this city	445
O child of that white-crested mountain whose springs	127
O Christmas, merry Christmas!	370
O deem not they blest alone	412
O Elsie Carr, that single goose	367
O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppressed	216
O faint, delicious spring-time violet	49
Of all the ages ever known	305
Of all the doctors that there be	488
Of all the mighty nations in the east or in the west	460
Of all the mem'ries of the past	590
Of all the wives as e'er you know	458
O, fly to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me	66
Oft has it been my lot to mark	114
Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray	382
Of the beauties of old	205
O happy love! where love like this is found	151
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches	201
O how her faithful hand we miss	331
Oh! a jolly old place is grandpa's barn	451
Oh, Arranmore, loved Arranmore	73
Oh, call us not weeds, but flowers of the sea	95
Oh! did you ne'er hear of "the Blarney"	486
Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high	316
Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own	211
Oh! how the merry laugh and shout	371
Oh, I did love her dearly	202
Oh, I'm not myself at all	211
Oh, it was a sight fearsome, fit to curdle the blood of the stoutest	99
Oh listen, listen, ladies gay!	309
Oh, never did a mighty truth prevail	441
Oh, never talk again to me	195
Oh, Paddy, dear, and did you hear	452
Oh, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth	467
Oh saw ye not fair Ines	175
Oh saw ye the lass with the bonnie blue een	203
Oh, say not so! A bright old age is thine	18
Oh! that from far away mountains	168
Oh! that the chemist's magic art	342
Oh, the Fourth of July!	232
Oh! the gallant fisher's life	64
Oh! the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise	308
Oh, there are moments for us here, when, seeing	400
Oh, there are times	40
Oh, those New Year resolutions that we made with holy awe	482
Oh, water for me! Bright water for me!	286
Oh, weep not that our beauty wears	188
Oh, weak alike are pen and tongue	475
Oh, fairest of the rural maids	185
Oh, what is the love or the hate of men?	262
Oh, where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone?	314
Oh! Zion's children coming along	632

	Page
Old Chronos strikes the lingering blow	263
Old Farmer Grudge was determined to trudge	253
Old Parson Kelly's fair young wife Irene	335
O, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best	194
O love divine! lay on me burdens if thou wilt	411
O majestic night!	79
O, melancholy sphinx! the haunting air	278
O Muse, approach no fun unto	501
On a bleak ridge, from whose granite edges	24
On a cold winter's evening, when business is done	456
On a dark November morning	425
Once again, once again	17
Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered	149
Once in the flight of ages past	267
Once it smiled a silent dell	405
One Christmas day, in seventy-six	236
One by one the sands are flowing	343
One came with light and laughing air	280
One day as I wandered I heard a complaining	507
One day at a time' That's all it can be	269
One in the living link	429
One moment, oh, stay one moment	408
One morning when spring was in her teens	498
One sweetly solemn thought	585
One—two—three—four	382
One was fair as fair could be	372
One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward	283
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore	163
O nightingale that on your bloomy spray	183
Only a baby small	357
Only a face at the window	624
Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road	285
Only a rose, you say	275
Only a seed—but it chanced to fall	265
Only a smile that was given me	281
Only a word his lips let fall	250
O no, no—let me lie	256
On the banks of Allan-water	199
On the deep is the mariner's danger	295
On the distant prairie, where the heather wild	451
On the mat he's sitting there	243
On the shore a child was standing	371
On the sunny slope and beechen swell	123
On this frail glass, to other's view	187
O say, what is that thing called light	359
O sleep divine! surcease of pain!	404
O strong soul, by what shore	442
O thou that rollest above	93
O thou, to whom this heart ne'er yet	453
Our band is few, but true and tried	242
Our bugles sang truce; for the night cloud	42
Our life is twofold; sleep hath its own world	260
Our love is not a fading earthly flower	171
Out in the field where a babbling brook	376
Over hill, over dale	395
Over that solemn pageant mute and dark	332
Over the billows and over the brine	477
O waft me back to that fairy isle	394
O welcome, yes, welcome, thou blessed night	262
O what are you waiting for here? young man!	161
O who does not know Kitty Clyde?	453
O ye feline brutes erotic	477
O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!	276
Pale is the February sky	482
Peace! Let the long procession come	348
Peace, what can tears avail?	342
Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray	361
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!	350
Point to the summits where the brave have bled	217
Poor little Willie	363
Poor, lone Hannah! sitting at the window	453
Prince Eugene, our noble leader	213
Pushing the clods of earth aside	67
Rejoice, Americans, rejoice	303
Remember, three things come not back	247
Remember thee? Yes, while there's life	213
Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow	33
Rich and rare were the gems she wore	99
Rise! Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn	57
Rob and I were playmates once	360
Rocked in the cradle of the deep	451
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll	69
Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave	433
Round the meadows am a-ringing	446
Rouse every generous thoughtful mind	234
Run? Now you bet you; I rather guess so	129
Said a smile to a tear	191
Sail home as straight as an arrow	458
Says bould Barney Milligan	476
Scion of a mighty stock	223
See how the great old forest vies	95
See how the orient dew	52
See how yon flaming herald treads	101
Seek me the cave of silver	138
See the mountains kiss high heaven	199
See the soft green willow springing	53
Serene I fold my hands and wait	207
Seven long years has the desert rain	186
Shall we roam, my love	145
She came as comes the summer wind	190
She came—she is gone—we have met	148
She dwells on the mountain and sports	398
Shed no tear! Oh, shed no tear!	387
She is a woman—one in whom	197
She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps	170
She loves him yet	162
She never told her love	152
"She ought to be in, she ought to be in"	142
She shook her head and pursed her lips	184
She stood upon the loftiest peak	122
She took her song to beauty's side	280
She walks in beauty like the night	145

	Page
She was a phantom of delight	145
She was a winsome country lass	482
She wears a saucy hat	147
She wears no jewel upon hand or brow	403
She wore a wreath of roses	166
Should joy our days and years illume	156
Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing	64
Sir Marmaduke was a hearty knight	320
Sister, it is growing late; the sun I think is set	422
Sitting all day in a silver mist	425
Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings	370
Sleep, love, sleep!	283
Sleep on—sleep on—above thy corse	356
Sleep on and dream of heaven a while	157
Sleep! The ghostly winds are blowing	473
Softly	343
Softly the evening came. The sun	48
Some day—so many tearful eyes	268
Some prophet of that day said	437
So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me	207
Some time, when all life's lessons	399
Somewhat back from the village street	20
Somewhere alone he is waiting for me	148
Soon as I saw those beauteous eyes	176
Speak naught, move not, but listen	68
Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!	110
Spring is coming, spring is coming	88
Spring it is cheery	353
Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form	284
Star of the twilight, beautiful star	457
Star that bringest home the bee	61
Step in, pray, Sir Toby, my picture is here	481
Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove	62
Storm upon the mountain, night upon its throne	361
Strange looked that lady old, reclined	443
Strange that one lightly-whispered tone	156
Strength for to-day is all that we need	419
Stretched on a rude plank the dead pauper lay	340
Sublime was the warning that liberty spoke	239
Suddenly rose from the south a light	121
Sunset is burning like the seal of God	78
Sure, to the mansions of the blessed	277
"Suspense is worse than bitter grief"	142
Swans sing before they die. 'Twere no bad thing	495
Sway to and fro in the twilight gray	386
Sweet are the joys of home	19
Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content	43
Sweet babe, true portrait of thy father's face	369
Sweet bard of Ettrick's glen	442
Sweet bird that sing'st away the earthly hours	52
Sweet birdie sing again	618
Sweet love of mine, my soul and thine	568
Sweet is the hour that brings us home	45
Sweet nurslings of the vernal sky	84
Take a large sized tablecloth	490
Take back the virgin page	252
Take this kiss upon the brow	280
Tell me a story, or sing me a song	165
Tell us a story, grandpa, do	102
Thank Heaven! the crisis	45
That sky of clouds is not the sky	81
That song again! its wailing strain	184
That you have wronged me doth appear in this	471
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold	125
The baby's writing—oh, who shall say	370
The bark that held a prince went down	334
The barn, the old barn, oh! its dark walls	43
The blasts of Autumn drive the winged seeds	89
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter	273
The bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary	181
The boats go out and the boats come in	321
The boat went out with the ebb to sea	333
The breezes went steadily through the tall pines	297
The bright red sun in ocean slept	108
The broken moon lay in the autumn sky	172
The chimney thunders, the weather-boards crack	272
The conference meeting through at last	190
The conflict is over, the struggle is past	189
The dames of France are fond and free	447
The day is cold, and dark, and dreary	57
The day is done, and the darkness	249
The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep	421
The day is ending	88
The dove's in the bough, and the lark's in the corn	198
The drunkard dreamed of his old retreat	141
The earth has grown old with its burden of care	419
The earth is waking at the voice of May	208
The evening star rose beauteous above	300
The fire-flies are lighting the flowers to bed	33
The first flower of the spring is not so fair	169
The first, the first! O naught like it	153
"The fools are not all dead," said he	479
The frost looked forth, one still clear night	94
The game of love requires two	172
The glories of our blood and state	252
The green leaves as we pass	86
The harp that once through Tara's halls	232
The hero lives on in the pages of story	96
The home has been so strangely still	372
The horse! the brave, the gallant horse	320
The lady watched her lover—and that hour	181
The lovely purple of the noon's bestowing	78
The melancholy days have come that no householder loves	493
The midday sun in this deep gorge	51
The mightiest of the Hebrew seers	435
The moonbeams lay upon the hill	87
The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds	427
The morning is cheery, my boys, arouse	221
The morn of life is past	446
The morn was fresh, and pure the gale	185
The music ceased, the last quadrille was o'er	32
The music of the wakened lyre	176
Then fare thee well my own dear love	160
The night comes stealing o'er me	398
The night is come, but not too soon	144
The night is dim with snow-flakes falling fast	190

	Page
Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell	158
The night was dark and fearful	309
The nose of Miss Dolly, as ev'ry one knows	475
The plain was grassy, wild and bare	79
The play is done—the curtain drops	26
The pleasant rain, the pleasant rain	80
The pomp of death was there	336
The poor old folks at home, you mind	602
The post-boy drove with fierce career	363
The p[illegible]yer of Ajax was for light	348
The ra[illegible]n, the desolate rain	74
The rain's come at last	92
There are certain things—as a spider, a ghost	489
There are deep things of God	419
There are no ills but what we make	17
There are songs enough for the hero	355
There are three ways in which men take	474
There came to port, last Monday night	500
There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin	298
There comes, each dying day to bless	79
There dwelt a miller hale and bold	448
There have been poets that in verse display	442
There's a star in the North that can guide	436
There in seclusion and remote from men	432
There is a garden in her face	452
There is a mystic thread of life	200
There is a reaper whose name is Death	42
There is in all this cold and hollow world, no fount	33
There'll come a day when the supremest	449
There never was a day so long	279
There never was a grandma half so good	381
The ring is on my hand	29
The rising moon has hid the stars	176
The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain	422
The rivers rush into the sea	271
There sat an old man on a rock	486
There stands an ancient castle	140
There's a city that lies in the kingdom of clouds	396
There's a frigate on the waters	387
There's a low green valley	460
There's a pair of little hands	626
There's never a day so sunny	271
There's never an always cloudless sky	416
There's not a fibre in my trembling frame	168
There was a giant in time of old	43
There was a place in childhood	207
There was a jolly miller	448
There was never a castle seen	324
There were ninety and nine	428
There were no footmarks in the sand	376
There were three maidens who loved a king	295
There were three sailors of Bristol city	481
There, where death's brief pang was quickest	439
The Sea-king woke from the troubled sleep	116
"These gloves? I bought them for my wedding day"	216
These lovely shores! how lone and still	63
The setting sun with dying beam	348
The shadows lay along Broadway	139
The sky is changed, and such a change	54
The small birds rejoice in the green leaves	219
The song of Kilvany. Fairest she	340
The soul of man is larger than the sky	437
The spearmen heard the bugle sound	295
The spirit of beauty unfurls her light	265
The Sphinx is drowsy	250
The spring day was all of a flutter	217
The stainless snow descends from Russian skies	464
"The stars that we saw in the quiet blue"	270
The summer and autumn had been so wet	296
The summer dawn's reflected hue	54
The summer sun was sinking	398
The summer sun was soft and bland	191
The sun has gone down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond	178
The sun is bright, the air is clear	58
The sun is careering in glory and night	77
The sun is setting and the hour is late	600
The sunlight is beautiful, mother	454
The sunrise waits behind heaven's gates	53
The sun sets in night and the stars	243
The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill	51
The supper is o'er, the hearth is swept	355
The surging sea of human life	268
The sword was sheathed: in April's sun	226
The tale is as old as the oldest hills	201
The thread she spun, it gleamed like gold	397
The undersigned desires	127
The very flowers that blend and meet	145
The violet loves a sunny bank	189
The wall-flowers to the frolic wind	178
The Wandering Jew once said to me	143
The warrior bowed his crested head	120
The waters rushed and babbled by	100
The way is dark, Father! Cloud on cloud	421
The way is dark, my child! but leads to light	422
They bid me strike the idle strings	21
The wife sat thoughtfully turning over	269
The wind, the wind where Erie plunged	306
The wind one morning sprang up from sleep	48
They bill and coo before they're wed	479
The years they come and go, love	170
They know not my heart, who believe there can be	
The wisest of the wise	264
The world is a queer old fellow	249
"They made her a grave too cold and damp"	314
They may rail at this life	177
They led a lion from his den	228
They said she might recover if we sent	365
They sailed away in a gallant bark	578
They sat and combed their beautiful hair	259
They say that afar in the land of the west	188
They tell me you're goin', Robbie	368
They were two princes doomed to death	322
This book is all that's left me now	417
This is simply addenda to what I last wrote	511
This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling	218
Thirty years ago, my baby	386

	Page
This truth came borne with bier and pall	172
Those bonny glades of Girvan woods	622
Those eyes, those eyes, how full of Heaven	166
Thou art come from the spirits' land, thou bird	247
Thou comest, autumn, heralded by rain	91
Though Delia oft retires	151
Though the day of my destiny's over	159
Though the last glimpse of Erin	227
Thou little siren, when the nymphs of yore	85
Thou look'dst on me all yesternight	154
Thou marvelest why so oft her eyes	209
Thou rememberest	179
Thou wast all that to me, love	144
Thou who dost dwell alone	417
Three horsemen halted the inn before	331
Thrice at the heights of Fontenoy	240
Through the chill of an early April rain	49
Through the darkness and rain	381
Through many a year of troubles and of joys	349
Through the blue and frosty heavens	337
Throw an apple up a hill	185
Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life	49
Thus Adam looked, when from the garden driven	499
Thy smile is sad, Elella	208
Thy soul shall find itself alone	333
Tiger! tiger! burning bright	77
Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour	197
Tim Dolan and his wife, wan night	478
Tiny slippers of gold and green	265
'Tis an everlasting pity that the youngsters	492
'Tis but poorly I'm lodged in a little side street	199
'Tis midnight's holy hour	405
'Tis morn; and on the mountain top	318
'Tis said that absence conquers love	187
'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills	48
'Tis strange with how much power and pride	145
'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping	58
'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark	77
'Tis the last rose of summer	56
'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night	388
'Tis time this heart should be removed	222
'Tis true I love her madly, this maid	482
'Tis weary watching, wave on wave	260
To battle! to battle!	245
To heal the wound the bee had made	205
To him who sang of "Home, sweet home"	431
To me the world's an open book	78
Too wasteful and too fierce the light would beat	18
To the sound of timbrels sweet	164
To the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled	226
Touch once more a sober measure	310
Touch us gently, time	26
Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men	449
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!	322
Triumphal arch that fill'st the sky	93
Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms	445
'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago	141
'Twas as bonnie an ash-staff as ever was seen	32
'Twas daybreak, and the fingers of the dawn	413
'Twas in my easy-chair at home	132
'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills	219
'Twas in the prime of summer time	298
'Twas on a calm still night	462
'Twas Pentecost, the feast of gladness	99
'Twas summer and softly the breezes were blowing	446
Underneath the sod low-lying	356
Underneath this stone doth lie	147
Upbraid me not! I never swore	502
Up, mortal, and act while the angel of light	349
Upon a rock that, high and sheer	473
Upon the barren sand	185
Up! pilgrim and rover, we double thy haste!	288
Up the airy mountain	395
Upon the hill he turned	328
Up yonder on the mountain	339
Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old	441
"Vas marriage a failure?" Vell, I vow, it depends	512
Very quietly they sleep	285
Violet, sweet violet	55
Walk with the beautiful and with the grand	276
"We all like sheep," the tenor shrill	511
We are born; we laugh; we weep	253
We are living in the border land	429
We are living—we are dwelling	283
We don't take vagrants in, sir	230
We know not what it is, dear, this sleep	266
Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan	259
Welcome, wild north-easter	90
We laid her in the hallowed place	212
We'll be true to each other	165
Well, here's a situation	179
Well thou art happy, and I feel	175
We measured the riotous baby	366
We meet as many have before	628
We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting	186
We sat by the fisher's cottage	41
We shall not rest together, love	154
We shall not die until our work be done	427
We shall meet, but we shall miss him	449
We talked with open heart and tongue	255
We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground	450
We were driving the down express	119
"What are little girls good for?"	360
What are the wild waves saying	455
What constitutes a state?	216
What did mother Rumor do?	489
What did you say, dear—breakfast?	336
What do I do for a living, you ask	362
Whatever duty waits for thee	273
Whate'er you wish in landscape to excel	491
What is home without a hair-pin	46
What is the little one thinking about?	371
"What is the real good?"	286
What are we looking at, guv'nor?	125
What reverent soul loves not to tread	410

	Page
What saith the river to the rushes gray	74
What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod	228
What's the hardest of all things to follow	476
What the bee is to the floweret	170
What will you do, love, when I am going	595
When all thy mercies, O my God	426
When blushing cheeks and downcast eyes	168
When Byron's eyes were shut in death	441
When cats run home and light is come	81
When descends on the Atlantic	251
Whene'er with haggard eyes I view	492
When first descending from the moorlands	341
When he, who adores thee, has left but the name	151
When I am dead no pageant train	442
When I approach	182
When I consider now my light is spent	437
When I hear the waters fretting	373
When Israel was in Egypt land	587
When I was a boy—I'm an old man now	32
When Jack, the king's commander	303
When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year	377
When Loveless married Lady Jenny	152
When maidens such as Hester die	164
When mid the festive scene we meet	162
When my mother died I was very young	364
When my ship comes home from sea	328
When on the barn's thatched roof is seen	25
When other friends are round thee	190
When roaming o'er the marshy field	66
When stars are in the quiet skies	204
When, stricken by the freezing blast	439
When the charms of spring awaken	459
When the corn is waving	580
When the Creator	254
When the hours of day are numbered	19
When the humid shadows hover	50
When the warm sun, that brings	89
When things don't go to suit us	271
When thou wert nigh, I did not heed	160
When twilight had deepened to darkness	276
When, with his lively ray, the potent sun	74
When woman loves and will not show it	190
Where are the swallows fled	85
Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands	187
Where is Miss Myrtle? Can any one tell?	487
Where the golden hand of morn	184
Where the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep	324
When you see a ragged urchin	376
Which is the maiden I love best	178
Whin the mornin' is foine an' early	480
Who cares for nothing alone is free	325
Who is it that cures the ills of life	482
Who rides so late through the grisly night?	98
Whose humor as gay as the firefly's light	436
Who will say the world is dying?	275
Who would true valor see	362
Why are you wandering here, I pray?	203
Why don't the men propose, mamma	486
Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears	52
Why is that graceful female here?	103
Why, Love, my love is a dragon fly	164
Why should I blush to own I love	171
Why sits she thus in solitude? Her heart	24
Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown	150
Wild blew the gale in Gibraltar one night	198
Wild offspring of a dark and sullen sire	136
Wild rose of Alloway! my thanks	53
"Will you walk into my parlor?" said a spider	437
Will you come with me, my Phillis	108
With all thy country's blessings on thy head	463
With an aching tooth, one morning bright	432
With brine upon its breath the soft breeze floats	508
With diamond dew the grass was wet	55
With husky-haughty lips, O sea	323
Within the twilight came forth tender snatches	73
Within the forest's emerald heart	78
Without haste, without rest	392
With sable-draped banners	286
With shy brown eyes she comes again	233
With what a glory comes and goes a year	89
Word was brought to the Danish King	72
Workmen of God! oh, lose not heart	137
Worn with the battle, by Stamford town	421
Wouldst thou a neighbor be where'er thou art	231
Wouldst thou view the lion's den	248
"Write me an epic," the warrior said	62
Years ago when plain and forest stretched	293
Yea, tell them now, who so often deplore	319
Ye banks and braes, and streams around	147
Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again	182
Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore	223
Ye men of wit and social eloquence	171
Yes, dear departed, cherished days	436
Ye sons of Columbia who bravely have fought	23
Ye sons of France, awake to glory!	220
Yesterday thy head was brown	461
Yes, the year is growing old	93
Yonder is a little drum, hanging on the wall	290
You are not what you were, Robin	291
You ask me whether I am High Church	610
You ask me why upon my breast	507
You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier	447
You may give over plough, boys	434
You meaner beauties of the night	288
You must wake and call me early	202
Young Agnes stood before her judge	350
Young Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day	412
Young friends to whom life's early days	481
Young ladies in town, and those that live round	369
You're a kind woman, Nan! ay, kind	235
You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride	464
Your heart is a music-box, dearest	289
Your little arms are round my neck	187
Your murmurs bring the pleasant breath	586
You schust vants me to dells you apout it	68
You think I have a merry heart	508

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